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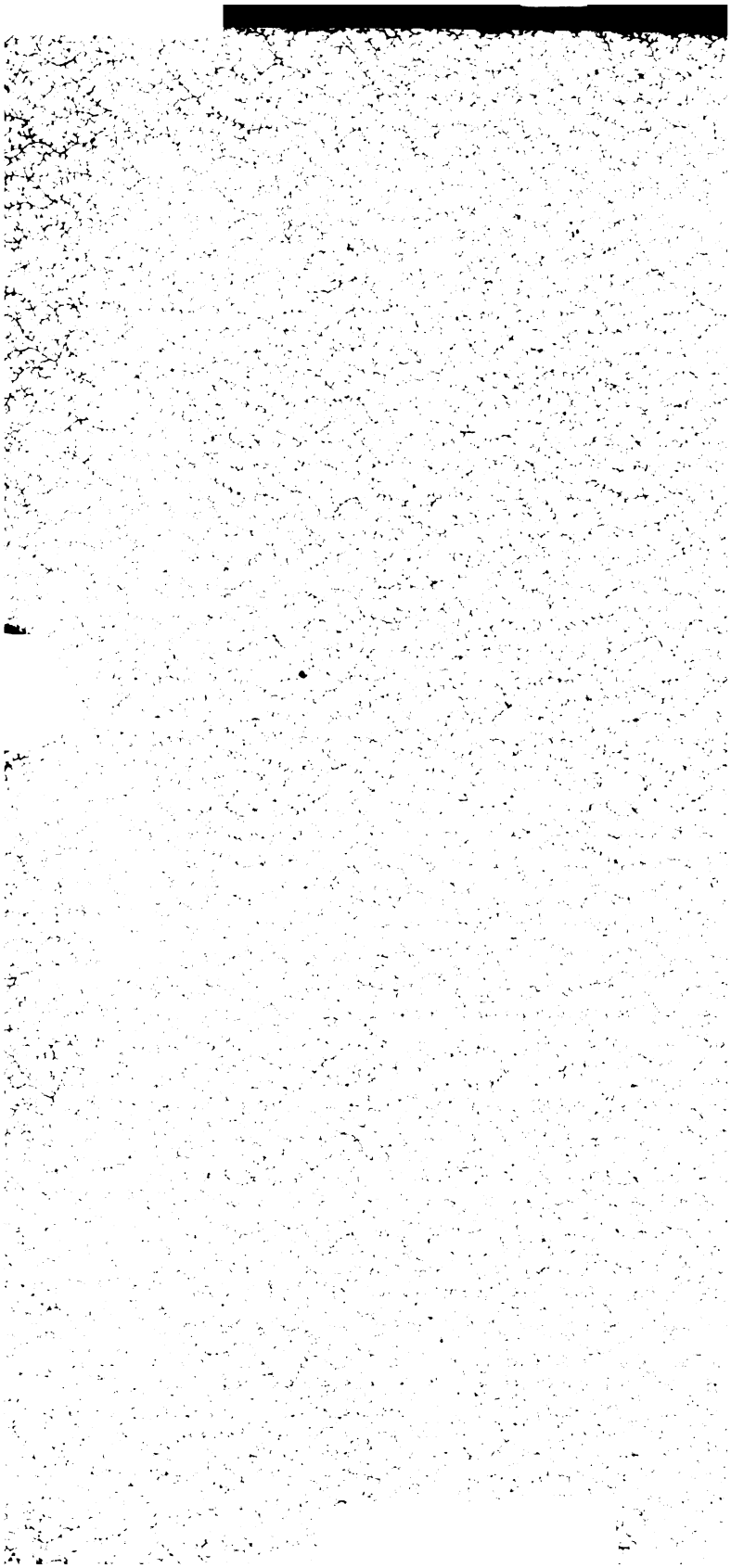

THE

WORKS

OF

BEN JONSON,

IN NINE VOLUMES.

WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,

AND A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR,

BY W. GIFFORD, ESQ.

The Muses' fairest light in no dark time;
The wonder of a learned age; the line
Which none can pass; the most proportion'd wit,
To nature, the best judge of what was fit;
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen;
The voice most echo'd by consenting men;
THE SOUL WHICH ANSWER'D BEST TO ALL WELL SAID
BY OTHERS, AND WHICH MOST REQUITAL MADE.

CLEVELAND.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

CONTAINING

THE ALCHEMIST.
CATILINE.
BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

LONDON:

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1816.

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THE

ALCHEMIST.

THE ALCHEMIST.] This inimitable comedy was first acted in 1610; it was printed in quarto two years afterwards, with this motto:

——*Neque, me ut miretur turba, laboro,*
Contentus paucis laboribus.

In 1616 the author inserted it in the folio edition of his works, without any variations of moment; and, as *Albumazar* had appeared in the interval, took the opportunity of thus asserting his own originality:

——— *petere inde coronam,*
Unde PRIUS *nulli velarint tempora Musæ.*

This motto should have convinced Dryden of his error, in charging Jonson with plagiarism; but truth was seldom Dryden's care: he wanted to raise the character of *Albumazar*, and was little solicitous of the means; had he been employed to write a prologue for *the Alchemist* he would have been equally ready to reverse the decision. His lines are well known:

——— "Jonson chose this,
"As the *best model* of his master-piece:
"Subtle was got by our Albumazer,
"That Alchemist by this Astrologer!
"Here he was fashioned," &c.

To say that all this is unfounded in fact, is nothing; it is an absurdity of the grossest kind. There is not a shadow of resemblance between the stories of the two plays; and their style and manner form an absolute contrast. *Albumazar* is a dull, dry, pedantic piece, perfectly uninteresting, and abhorrent from our language, customs, and prejudices. That it should ever have passed for an original composition, is surprizing; even if we had not been assured by Steevens and others, that it was taken from the "*Astrologo* of *Battista Porta*," it would still be impossible for any one, who had the slightest knowledge of the Italian drama, to mistake its real source. Langbaine seems to have known nothing of the date of *Albumazar;* and Oldys contents himself with remarking, that "*if* it was first acted at Cambridge in 1614, *then* the resemblance of this astrologer's cheats were drawn from those of Jonson's *Alchymist*, printed four years before." *MS. notes to Langbaine.* It is strange that Oldys should express any doubts on this subject, when the time of *Albumazar's* appearance is expressly fixed in the title-page of the first quarto, to the 9th of March 1614. His conclusions are not more reasonable than his doubts: *Albumazar* is no more "drawn" from the *Alchemist*, than from the

"*Cheats of Scapin:*" and his judgment must have totally failed him when he made the remark, which, yet, has been frequently re-echoed.

The *Alchemist* continued to be represented with success till the theatres were shut up; it was one of the first plays revived at the Restoration, and, with *the Fox* and *Silent Woman*, as Downes informs us, constituted the delight of the town. Jonson gives the names of the principal actors, Burbadge, Lowin, Condel, Cooke, Armin, Hemings, Ostler, Underwood, Tooly, and Eglestone. Lowin, we are told by the sensible author of *Historia Histrionica*, who seems to speak from personal knowledge, "played Mammon, with mighty applause," Taylor, who probably succeeded to the parts of Burbadge, "was celebrated in Face." How the other parts were distributed cannot be known; but if the list of names, in the old copies, answers to that of persons, Robert Armin, famous for his clowns, played Drugger. Cooke, who was the principal stage heroine at this time, probably took the part of Dol Common.

The Alchemist.] By this expression is meant, one who pretends to the knowledge of what is called the philosopher's stone, which had the faculty of transmuting baser metals into gold. The professors of the art of chemistry, (as well as the critics) are not entirely agreed about the meaning and etymology of the word: Menage derives it from an Arabic term, signifying the *occult science:* and Julius Firmicus, who lived in the time of Constantine, is said to be the first writer who uses the word *Alchymia.* If the curious reader would be more fully informed of the origin and progress of chemistry, I refer him to the history of it, prefixed to *Boerhaave's Chemistry*, published by Dr. Shaw. But with regard to our poet, in the choice of his subject he was happy; for the age was then extremely addicted to the study of chemistry, and favourable to the professors of it. The following comedy was therefore no unseasonable satire upon the reigning foible; since among the few real artists there was undoubtedly a far greater number of impostors. There was also at this time a particular controversy on foot, with the famous Dr. Anthony, about his *Aurum Potabile*, which was warmly agitated by the members of the faculty; and we shall find that our poet alludes to this dispute in some passages of the play. WHAL.

This is, at best, very defective. Whalley seems to confound Alchemy with Chemistry, of which it is but a branch. If the reader wishes for a detail of the various impostors of the science, he may consult Kircher; if he merely wishes for a popular account of its rise and progress, he may turn to the bishop of Landaff's *Chemical Essays.*

TO THE

LADY MOST DESERVING HER NAME AND BLOOD,

LADY MARY WROTH.[1]

MADAM,

IN the age of sacrifices, the truth of religion was not in the greatness and fat of the offerings, but in the devotion and zeal of the sacrificers: else what could a handful of gums have done in the sight of a hecatomb? or how might I appear[2] *at this altar, except with those affections that no less love the light and witness, than they have the conscience of your virtue? If what I offer bear an acceptable odour, and hold the first strength, it is your value of it, which remembers where, when, and to whom it was kindled. Otherwise, as the times are, there comes rarely forth that thing so full of authority or example, but by assiduity and custom grows less, and loses. This, yet, safe in your judgment (which is a* SIDNEY'S*) is forbidden to speak more, lest it talk or look like one of the ambitious faces of the time, who, the more they paint, are the less themselves.*

Your Ladyship's true Honourer,

BEN JONSON.

[1] This lady was daughter to Robert earl of Leicester, a younger brother of sir Philip Sidney. She wrote a romance, called *Urania*, and seems to have been a woman of very considerable attainments. See the 103d *Epigram*.

[2] *Or how might I appear, &c.*] Before this sentence the quarto has a passage which is worth preserving. Jonson probably conceived it to break in upon the integrity of his metaphor, and therefore omitted it, upon the revision of his dedication. "How, yet, might a grateful mind be furnish'd against the iniquity of fortune, except, when she fail'd it, it had power to impart itself? A way found out, to overcome even those, whom, fortune hath enabled to return most, since they yet leave themselves more. In this assurance am I planted, and stand with those affections at this altar, as shall no more avoid the light and witness, than they do the conscience of your virtue."

TO THE READER.

If thou beest more, thou art an understander, and then I trust thee. If thou art one that takest up, and but a Pretender, beware of what hands thou receivest thy commodity; for thou wert never more fair in the way to be cosened, than in this age, in Poetry, especially in Plays: wherein, now the concupiscence of dances and of antics so reigneth, as to run away from nature, and be afraid of her, is the only point of art that tickles the spectators. But how out of purpose, and place, do I name art? When the professors are grown so obstinate contemners of it, and presumers on their own naturals, as they are deriders of all diligence that way, and, by simple mocking at the terms, when they understand not the things, think to get off wittily with their ignorance. Nay, they are esteemed the more learned, and sufficient for this, by the many, through their excellent vice of judgment. For they commend writers, as they do fencers or wrestlers; who if they come in robustuously, and put for it with a great deal of violence, are received for the braver fellows: when many times their own rudeness is the cause of their disgrace, and a little touch of their adversary gives all that boisterous force the foil. I deny not, but that these men, who always seek to do more than enough, may some time happen on some thing that is good, and great; but very seldom: and when it comes it doth not recompense the rest of their ill. It sticks out, perhaps, and is more eminent, because all is sordid and vile about it: as

lights are more discerned in a thick darkness, than a faint shadow. I speak not this, out of a hope to do good to any man, against his will; for I know, if it were put to the question of theirs and mine, the worse would find more suffrages: because the most favour common errors. But I give thee this warning, that there is a great difference between those, that, to gain the opinion of copy, utter all they can, however unfitly; and those that use election and a mean. For it is only the disease of the unskilful, to think rude things greater than polished; or scattered more numerous than composed.*†

* Copy, i. e. copiousness.

† I have retrieved this address (which is not in the folios) from the 4to. 1612. It is a spirited composition, and every way worthy of the author, whose prose, I think with that shrewd old critic, E. Bolton, to be the best of the time. Had the commentators on Shakspeare (the enemies of our author) been aware of the existence of this little piece, they would have derived excellent materials from it for the display of "much clumsy sarcasm."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Subtle, *the* ALCHEMIST.
Face, *the house-keeper.*
Dol Common, *their colleague.*
Dapper, *a lawyer's clerk.*
Drugger, *a tobacco-man.*
Lovewit, *master of the house.*
Sir Epicure Mammon, *a knight.*
Pertinax Surly, *a gamester.*
Tribulation Wholesome, *a pastor of Amsterdam.*
Ananias, *a deacon there.*
Kastrill, *the angry boy.*
Dame Pliant, *his sister, a widow.*
Neighbours.

Officers, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, London.

THE

ALCHEMIST.

ARGUMENT.

T *he sickness hot,*[2] *a master quit, for fear,*
H *is house in town, and left one servant there;*
E *ase him corrupted, and gave means to know*

A *Cheater, and his punk; who now brought low,*
L *eaving their narrow practice, were become*
C *ozeners at large; and only wanting some*
H *ouse to set up, with him they here contract,*
E *ach for a share, and all begin to act.*
M *uch company they draw, and much abuse,*
I *n casting figures, telling fortunes, news,*
S *elling of flies,*[3] *flat bawdry with the stone,*
T *ill it, and they, and all in fume are gone.*

[2] *The* sickness *hot*, &c.] This, as has been already observed, was the term in use for that species of *plague* with which London was so frequently afflicted in the 16th and 17th centuries. On the first decisive symptoms, the alarm became general, and all who could, hastened into the country, leaving their houses in the charge of some confidential servant. Lilly tells us, in the history of his life, that he was left, in 1625, "to take care of his master's house, which had much money and plate in it." He appears to have spent his time in frivolous dissipations; "for "ease corrupted him" also, though it did not make him quite as profligate as Face.

[3] *Selling of* flies,] i. e. of familiar spirits. See p. 25.

PROLOGUE.

Fortune, that favours fools,[4] *these two short hours*
We wish away, both for your sakes and ours,
Judging spectators; and desire, in place,
To th' author justice, to ourselves but grace.
Our scene is London, 'cause we would make known,
No country's mirth is better than our own:
No clime breeds better matter for your whore,
Bawd, squire, impostor, many persons more,
Whose manners, now call'd humours, feed the stage;
And which have still been subject for the rage
Or spleen of comic writers. Though this pen
Did never aim to grieve, but better men;
Howe'er the age[5] *he lives in doth endure*
The vices that she breeds, above their cure.
But when the wholesome remedies are sweet,
And in their working gain and profit meet,
He hopes to find no spirit so much diseased,
But will with such fair correctives be pleased:
For here he doth not fear who can apply.
If there be any that will sit so nigh
Unto the stream, to look what it doth run,
They shall find things, they'd think or wish were done;
They are so natural follies, but so shown,
As even the doers may see, and yet not own.

[4] *Fortune that favours fools*, &c.] We had this expression in *Every Man out of his Humour*. Jonson seems conscious of the surpassing attractions of this drama: he could not well, indeed, be ignorant of them; and if great merit could justify boasting, (which it cannot,) would need little apology for his bold appeal to the *judgment*, instead of the candour, of his audience.

[5] *Howe'er the age* &c.] From Livy's preface to his history: *Ad hæc tempora, quibus nec vitia nostra, nec remedia pati possumus, perventum est.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in Lovewit's *House.*

Enter FACE, *in a captain's uniform, with his sword drawn, and* SUBTLE *with a vial, quarrelling, and followed by* DOL COMMON.

Face. Believe 't, I will.
Sub. Thy worst. I fart at thee.
Dol. Have you your wits? why, gentlemen! for love—
Face. Sirrah, I'll strip you——[6]
Sub. What to do? lick figs[7]
Out at my——

[6] Face. *Sirrah, I'll strip you*——] "Our poet could not possibly have chosen a happier incident to open his play with. Instead of opening with a dull narration, you have action; and such action too, as cannot possibly be supposed to happen at any other time, than this very present time. Two rogues with their punk, are introduced quarrelling, and just so much of their secrets is discovered to the audience, as is sufficient for the audience at present to know." So far Upton talks judiciously:—but when he proceeds to inform the reader that "our learned comedian does not deal in vulgar English here, but in vulgar Attic or Roman expressions," and quotes Aristophanes and Horace, to prove his assertion; it is impossible to suppress a smile at such a ridiculous abuse of learning. The "vulgarity," with the leave of this tasteless idolater of the ancients, is truly English, and had been used to good effect, long before Jonson's time, by numbers of his countrymen, who never heard of the *Plutus*, or the *Ibam forte via.*

[7] *What to do? lick figs* &c.] This alludes to a story told by Rabelais. In revenge for an insult offered to the empress by the Milanese, the emperor, Frederic Barbarossa, led her mule into the public square; there "*par son ordonnance le bourreau*

Face. Rogue, rogue!—out of all your sleights.
Dol. Nay, look ye, sovereign, general, are you madmen?
Sub. O, let the wild sheep loose. I'll gum your silks
With good strong water, an you come.
Dol. Will you have
The neighbours hear you? will you betray all?
Hark! I hear somebody.
Face. Sirrah——
Sub. I shall mar
All that the tailor has made, if you approach.
Face. You most notorious whelp, you insolent slave,
Dare you do this?
Sub. Yes, faith; yes, faith.
Face. Why, who
Am I, my mungrel? who am I?
Sub. I'll tell you,
Since you know not yourself.
Face. Speak lower, rogue.
Sub. Yes, you were once (time's not long past) the good,
Honest, plain, livery-three-pound-thrum,[8] that kept
Your master's worship's house here in the Friers,
For the vacations——
Face. Will you be so loud?

mist es membres honteuses de l'animal une figue, presents et voyants les citadins captifs: puis cria de par l'empereur à son de trompe, que quiconques d'iceulx vouldroit la mort évader, arrachast publicquement la figue avec les dents, puis la remist en propre lieu sans aide des mains." Lib. iv. c. 45.

[8] *Three*-pound-thrum,] One whose livery was made of the ends of a weaver's warp, (thrums,) or coarse yarn, of which three pounds were sufficient to make him a suit. WHAL.

O. does it mean that his livery, which, in those days, was usually laced and badged, cost but three pounds?

Sub. Since, by my means, translated suburb-captain.

Face. By your means, doctor dog!

Sub. Within man's memory,
All this I speak of.

Face. Why, I pray you, have I
Been countenanced by you, or you by me?
Do but collect, sir, where I met you first.

Sub. I do not hear well.[9]

Face. Not of this, I think it.
But I shall put you in mind, sir;—at Pie-corner,
Taking your meal of steam in, from cooks' stalls,
Where, like the father of hunger, you did walk
Piteously costive, with your pinch'd-horn-nose,
And your complexion of the Roman wash,
Stuck full of black and melancholic worms,
Like powder-corns shot at the artillery-yard.

Sub. I wish you could advance your voice a little.[1]

Face. When you went pinn'd up in the several rags
You had raked and pick'd from dunghills, before day;
Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your kibes;
A felt of rug, and a thin threaden cloke,
That scarce would cover your no buttocks——

Sub. So, sir!

[9] Sub. *I do not* hear well.

Face. Not of this, *I think it.*] A pleasant pun on the Latin sense of *hear well*, to be well reputed. Just below, there is an allusion, equally facetious, to the *Aureli, pater esuritionum* of Catullus.

[1] *I wish you could advance your voice a little.*] i. e. speak louder. Face, who is the servant of the house, is afraid of being overheard by the neighbours, and therefore persists in speaking low, till he is completely roused by the sarcasms of Subtle. There is not a scene in any comedy in the English language, which, for genuine spirit and humour, and a close observance of nature, can pretend to vie with this.

Face. When all your alchemy, and your algebra,
Your minerals, vegetals, and animals,
Your conjuring, cozening, and your dozen of trades,
Could not relieve your corps with so much linen
Would make you tinder, but to see a fire;
I gave you countenance,[2] credit for your coals,
Your stills, your glasses, your materials;
Built you a furnace, drew you customers,
Advanced all your black arts; lent you, beside,
A house to practise in——

Sub. Your master's house!

Face. Where you have studied the more thriving skill
Of bawdry since.

Sub. Yes, in your master's house.
You and the rats here kept possession.
Make it not strange. I know you were one could keep
The buttery-hatch still lock'd, and save the chippings,
Sell the dole beer to aqua-vitæ men,[3]
The which, together with your Christmas vails
At post-and-pair,[4] your letting out of counters,

[2] *I gave you countenance,*] i. e. credit, &c. See vol. ii. p. 111.

[3] *Sell the* dole *beer to aqua-vitæ men,*] i. e. defraud the poor of the beer which was meant for them. It was usual, at that time,—

"And pity 'tis, so good a time had wings
"To fly away,"

to distribute, at the buttery-hatch of great houses, a daily or weekly dole of broken bread and beer to the indigent families of the neighbourhood.

[4] ——— *your Christmas vails*
At post-and-pair,] "Post-and-pair," the author of the *Compleat Gamester* says, "is a game on the cards very much played in the west of England." If we may trust our old dramatists, it was "very much played" every where. The author's account of it, I do not very clearly understand; it seems, however, to have somewhat resembled Brag. Like most of our old games of

Made you a pretty stock, some twenty marks,
And gave you credit to converse with cobwebs,
Here, since your mistress' death hath broke up house.

Face. You might talk softlier, racal.

Sub. No, you scarab,
I'll thunder you in pieces: I will teach you
How to beware to tempt a Fury again,
That carries tempest in his hand and voice.

Face. The place has made you valiant.

Sub. No, your clothes.—
Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of dung,
So poor, so wretched, when no living thing
Would keep thee company, but a spider, or worse?
Rais'd thee from brooms, and dust, and watering-pots,
Sublimed thee, and exalted thee, and fix'd thee
In the third region, call'd our state of grace?
Wrought thee to spirit, to quintessence, with pains
Would twice have won me the philosopher's work?
Put thee in words and fashion, made thee fit
For more than ordinary fellowships?
Giv'n thee thy oaths, thy quarrelling dimensions,
Thy rules to cheat at horse-race, cock-pit, cards,
Dice, or whatever gallant tincture else?
Made thee a second in mine own great art?
And have I this for thanks! Do you rebel,
Do you fly out in the projection?
Would you be gone now?

Dol. Gentlemen, what mean you?
Will you mar all?

Sub. Slave, thou hadst had no name——

chance, it was of a complicated nature, and highly favourable to gambling. It appears from this passage that *card-money* is of venerable antiquity. *Letting out of counters*, which occurs in the same line, means supplying the gamesters with pieces of ivory, or base metal, to count with at play; for which the servants received a small gratuity.

Dol. Will you undo yourselves with civil war?
Sub. Never been known, past *equi clibanum*,
The heat of horse-dung, under ground, in cellars,
Or an ale-house darker than deaf John's; been lost
To all mankind, but laundresses and tapsters,
Had not I been.
Dol. Do you know who hears you, sovereign?
Face. Sirrah——
Dol. Nay, general, I thought you were civil.
Face. I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus loud.
Sub. And hang thyself, I care not.
Face. Hang thee, collier,
And all thy pots, and pans, in picture, I will,
Since thou hast moved me——
Dol. O, this will o'erthrow all.
Face. Write thee up bawd in Paul's, have all thy tricks
Of cozening with a hollow cole,[5] dust, scrapings,
Searching for things lost,[6] with a sieve and sheers,

[5] *Of cozening with a hollow cole*, &c.] This is a well known artifice; but the particular allusion is to an anecdote in "the *Chanons Yeomans Tale*," where a priest is imposed upon by it. —Under pretence of converting quicksilver into metal, "this cursed Chanon," as Chaucer calls him, while the honest priest was busied elsewhere,

"Out of his bosome toke a bechen *cole*,
In which ful subtelly was made an *hole*,
And therein was put of sylver lymayle,
An unce, und stopped was without fayle,
The hole with waxe to kepe the lymayle in," &c.

Lymayle is the "dust and scrapings" of gold and silver.

[6] *Searching for things lost*, &c.] This species of divination, which is of the remotest antiquity, yet retains its credit among the vulgar. By "erecting figures," &c. in the next line, is meant delineating schemes of the different positions of the

Erecting figures in your rows of houses,
And taking in of shadows with a glass,[7]
Told in red letters;[8] and a face cut for thee,
Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey's.[9]

planets, with respect to the several constellations. *House*, in astrology, is the twelfth part of the zodiac.

[7] *And taking in of shadows with a glass,*] This mode of divination was very common in Jonson's time, and indeed long before and after it. What he calls the *glass*, was a globular crystal or beryl, into which the angels Uriel, Gabriel, &c. entered, and gave responses, as Lilly says, "in a voice, like the Irish, much in the throat." This, if it proves nothing else, will serve to shew that the Irish was the primitive language! Of all the various modes of imposture, this was at once, the most artful and the most impudent. It was usually conducted by confederacy, for the possessor of the glass seldom pretended to see the angels, or hear their answers. His part was to mumble over some incomprehensible prayers: after which a *speculatrix*, a virgin of a pure life, (for the angels were very delicate on this point,) was called in to inspect the crystal. "I was very familiar," Lilly says, "with one Sarah Skelhorn, who had been speculatrix to Arthur Gauntlet. This Sarah had a perfect sight, and indeed the best eyes for that purpose I ever yet did see. Sir Robert Holborn," he continues," brought me one Gladwell, of Suffolk, who had formerly had conference with Uriel and Raphael, but lost them both by carelessness. He would have given me two hundred pounds to have assisted him for their recovery, but *I am* no such *man I*"—Gladwell's beryl "was of the largeness of a good big orange, set in silver, with a cross on the top, and another on the handle, and round about engraved the names of these angels, Raphael, Gabriel, Uriel," &c. Lilly's Life, p. 150.

[8] *Told in red letters,*] i. e. says Upton, letters written in blood, —but he mistakes the whole sense of the passage. Instead of turning to Aristophanes, as he does upon the present occasion, he should have looked at some of our old song books, where he would have seen that those *red letters* were, as Whalley truly observes, the material parts of them tricked out in this manner to catch the eye of passengers. Rubric titles to ballads, stories, &c. were then to be seen upon every post. It is the knavery of Subtle, which Face threatens to put into red letters, with his figure (as the manner was), printed at the top of the ballad, to put the subject of it out of all doubt.

[9] *and a face cut for thee*
Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey's.] Gamaliel Ratsey was a

Dol. Are you sound?
Have you your senses, masters?
Face. I will have
A book, but barely reckoning thy impostures,
Shall prove a true philosopher's stone to printers.
Sub. Away, you trencher-rascal!
Face. Out, you dog-leach!
The vomit of all prisons——

notorious highwayman, who always robbed in a mask, which was undoubtedly made as hideous as possible, in order to strike terror. In the title page of an old pamphlet, (which I have not seen,) containing the history of his exploits, he is said to be represented with this frightful visor. In allusion to which, I suppose, he is called by Gab. Hervey, "Gamaliel Hobgoblin." On the books of the Stationers Company, (May 1605,) is entered a work called "the lyfe and death of Gamaliel Ratsey, a famous theefe of England, executed at Bedford." There are also several "Ballats," on the subject, entered about the same time. But the achievements of Gamaliel have been sung in more than one language,—a proof, at least, of their celebrity. In a small volume, belonging to Mr. Bindley, of the Stamp Office, intitled "Schediasmata Poetica, sive Epigrammatum Libellus, authore J. Johnson, in artibus Magistro Cantab. &c. Londini, 1615," are the following testimonials to the notoriety of this hero. The first has some of the quaint humour of the times: the second is a complete failure: the author should have parodied Horace instead of Virgil:

In Ratseum, furem famosissimum.

Cereus in vitium flecti, tu cerite cerâ,
Tu brevibus Gyaris, Ratsee, dignus eras.
Præcoqua præcedens properavit funera funis,
Funis funestus quæ tibi finis erat:
O tu qui superes, si bacchanalia vivas,
Quæ tua sunt perdas, haud aliena clepe.

Ejusdem Sermo ad Socios,

O Socii, (neque enim nos hi latuere dolores)
O passi mala fata, dabit Deus his quoque finem.
Per varios casus et tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus in laqueum, sedes ubi fata molestas
Ostendunt, illic fas colla refringere nostra.

Dol. Will you be
Your own destructions, gentlemen?
Face. Still spew'd out
For lying too heavy on the basket.[1]
Sub. Cheater!
Face. Bawd!
Sub. Cow-herd!
Face. Conjurer!
Sub. Cut-purse!
Face. Witch!
Dol. O me!
We are ruin'd, lost! have you no more regard
To your reputations? where's your judgment?
'slight,
Have yet some care of me, of your republic —
Face. Away, this brach![2] I'll bring thee, rogue,
within
The statute of sorcery,[3] tricesimo tertio
Of Harry the eighth: ay, and perhaps, thy neck
Within a noose, for laundring gold and barbing
it.[4]

[1] ——————— *Still spew'd out*
For lying too heavy on the basket.] i. e. for eating more than his share of the broken provisions collected, and sent in for the prisoners. This is mentioned by Shirley: "you shall howl all day at the grate for a meal at night from the *basket*." *Bird in a Cage.* WHAL.

[2] *Away, this brach!*] "A mannerly name for a b—h," as the old book on sports says. See Massinger, vol. i. 210.

[3] *I'll bring thee, rogue, within*
The statute of sorcery, &c.] By this statute, which Face has very accurately dated, all witchcraft and sorcery was declared to be felony without benefit of clergy. This was confirmed by the famous statute 1 Jac. I. c. 12.

[4] *For laundring gold and barbing it.*] To *launder* gold is, probably, to wash it in *aqua regia;* a practice, it is to be feared, (while gold was,) not uncommon. This verb is not found in our dictionaries; though it is as regularly formed as the substantive, (laundress,) and seems altogether as necessary.

Dol. [*Snatches Face's sword.*] You'll bring your
head within a cockscomb, will you?
And you, sir, with your menstrue—[*dashes Subtle's
vial out of his hand.*]—gather it up.—
'Sdeath, you abominable pair of stinkards,
Leave off your barking, and grow one again,
Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your throats.
I'll not be made a prey unto the marshal,
For ne'er a snarling dog-bolt of you both.
Have you together cozen'd all this while,
And all the world, and shall it now be said,
You've made most courteous shift to cozen your-
selves?
You will accuse him! you will *bring him in*
[*to Face.*
Within the statute! Who shall take your word?
A whoreson, upstart, apocryphal captain,
Whom not a Puritan in Blackfriers will trust
So much as for a feather:[5] and you, too, [*to Subtle.*
Will give the cause, forsooth! you will insult,
And claim a primacy in the divisions!
You must be chief! as if you only had
The powder to project with, and the work
Were not begun out of equality?
The venture tripartite? all things in common?

Laundring occurs in Shakspeare; or in "one deformed that goes up and down under his name."

"*Laundring* the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelletted in tears!"
A Lover's Complaint.

Barbing is clipping. This is sufficiently obvious. This also was felony without benefit of clergy; so that Subtle was really in danger.

[5] *Whom not a Puritan in Blackfriers will trust*
So much as for a feather:] Blackfriers was celebrated for the residence of Puritans at this time; the principal dealers in *feathers* and other vanities of the age! This is noted by many of our old dramatists; but see vol. ii. p. 466.

Without priority? 'Sdeath! you perpetual curs,
Fall to your couples again, and cozen kindly,
And heartily, and lovingly, as you should,
And lose not the beginning of a term,
Or, by this hand, I shall grow factious too,
And take my part, and quit you.
Face. 'Tis his fault;
He ever murmurs, and objects his pains,
And says, the weight of all lies upon him.
Sub. Why, so it does.
Dol. How does it? do not we
Sustain our parts?
Sub. Yes, but they are not equal.
Dol. Why, if your part exceed to-day, I hope
Ours may, to-morrow, match it.
Sub. Ay, they *may*.
Dol. May, murmuring mastiff! ay, and do.
Death on me!
Help me to throttle him. [*Seizes Sub. by the throat.*
Sub. Dorothy! mistress Dorothy!
'Ods precious, I'll do any thing. What do you
mean?
Dol. Because o' your fermentation and cibation?[6]
Sub. Not I, by heaven——
Dol. Your Sol and Luna——help me. [*to Face.*

[6] *Because of your* fermentation *and* cibation?] I trust the reader will not expect me to explain all the technical terms of this art. An adept himself, perhaps, would be puzzled by some of them; and I am a mere tyro. *Fermentation* is the sixth process in alchemy, and means the mutation of any substance into the nature of the ferment, after its primary qualities have been destroyed. *Cibation* (the seventh process) is feeding the matter in preparation, with fresh substances, to supply the waste of evaporation, &c. *Sol* and *Luna*, with which mistress Dorothea reproaches Subtle just below, are gold and silver; for in the cant of alchemy, nothing goes by its right name.

Sub. Would I were hang'd then! I'll conform myself.

Dol. Will you, sir? do so then, and quickly: swear.

Sub. What should I swear?

Dol. To leave your faction, sir,
And labour kindly in the common work.

Sub. Let me not breathe if I meant aught beside.
I only used those speeches as a spur
To him.

Dol. I hope we need no spurs, sir. Do we?

Face. 'Slid, prove to-day, who shall shark best.

Sub. Agreed.

Dol. Yes, and work close and friendly.

Sub. 'Slight, the knot
Shall grow the stronger for this breach, with me.
[*They shake hands.*

Dol. Why, so, my good baboons! Shall we go make
A sort of sober, scurvy, precise neighbours,
That scarce have smiled twice since the king came in,[7]
A feast of laughter at our follies? Rascals,[8]
Would run themselves from breath, to see me ride,
Or you t' have but a hole to thrust your heads in,
For which you should pay ear-rent? No, agree.
And may don Provost ride a feasting long,
In his old velvet jerkin and stain'd scarfs,
My noble sovereign, and worthy general,
Ere we contribute a new crewel garter
To his most worsted worship.[9]

[7] *Since the king came in,*] James succeeded to the throne in 1603, and this was written in 1610.

[8] ——————— *to see me ride*, &c.] "To see me (as Upton says) carted as a bawd; and you, as a couple of rogues, to lose your *ears* in the pillory."

[9] *Ere we contribute a new crewel garter*

Sub. Royal Dol!
Spoken like Claridiana,[1] and thyself.
Face. For which at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,
And not be styled Dol Common, but Dol Proper,
Dol Singular: the longest cut at night,
Shall draw thee for his Dol Particular.
[*Bell rings without.*
Sub. Who's that? one rings. To the window, Dol: [*Exit Dol.*]—pray heaven,
The master do not trouble us this quarter.
Face. O, fear not him. While there dies one a week
O' the plague, he's safe, from thinking toward London:
Beside, he's busy at his hop-yards now;
I had a letter from him. If he do,
He'll send such word, for airing of the house,
As you shall have sufficient time to quit it:
Though we break up a fortnight, 'tis no matter.

Re-enter DOL.

Sub. Who is it, Dol?
Dol. A fine young quodling.[2]

To his most worsted *worship.*] Dol grows quite facetious at "don Provost's" expense. *Crewel*, a word which frequently occurs in our old poets, and seldom without suggesting a pun, as here, means a finer kind of yarn, of which trimmings were occasionally made. "His most *worsted* worship," in the present exaltation of Dorothy's mind, is, perhaps, his most *baffled* worship. Not the worst quibble in these volumes.

[1] *Spoken like Claridiana,*] The heroine of that interminable romance, the *Mirror of Knighthood*, who, after a world of turmoil and fighting, espouses the knight of the sun, the darling of "the fair Lindabrides," so often mentioned by our poet.

[2] Dol. *A fine young* quodling.] "A *quodling*, or *codling*; metaphorically, a *too soon ripe-headed young boy*. By the same metaphor below he is called a *puffin*, i. e. *malum pulmoneum*."

This strange note Whalley found in Upton, and continued,

Face. O,
My lawyer's clerk, I lighted on last night,
In Holborn, at the Dagger.[3] He would have

as it stands here, in his corrected copy. That Upton knew his own meaning is highly probable, (though I will not affirm it,) but that he knew his author's I cannot possibly believe. A "quodling" is not a *whitlow*, neither is a "puffin," a *shortness of breath*.

In *Twelfth Night*, Malvolio says—"as a squash before 'tis a peascod, or a *codling* when 'tis almost an apple." On which Steevens observes, that a *codling* anciently meant an immature apple; and produces this passage of Jonson to confirm it. An apple, though *immature*, is still, I presume, an apple, which the *codling* of Shakspeare is not, unless *almost* have the same meaning as *altogether*. The fact is, that Steevens spoke by guess, and was not lucky. Codling (a mere diminutive of cod,) is not necessarily restricted to this or that——it means an involucrum or kell, and was used by our old writers for that early state of vegetation, when the fruit, after shaking off the blossom, began to assume a globular and determinate form. This is what Shakspeare means. "I have seen Summer go up and down with hot codlings," says a character in the *Sun's Darling*. "This," exclaims the editor of Ford, "*plainly* proves the assertion of Steevens that codlings are immature apples, as none but such could be had in summer." Mr. Weber is always positive in proportion to his want of knowledge. The "codling" of Shakspeare is perfectly distinct from the "hot codlings" of Ford, which, as any one but his editor would have discovered, are not *apples* but *young peas;* which under this name were cried, ready dressed, about the streets of London. With respect to the *quodling* of the text, to which it is more than time to return, and which has been so often and so ridiculously quoted to confirm what Shakspeare never meant, it is neither an apple nor a pea, but a sportive appellation for a young quill-driver, derived from the *quods* and *quids* of legal phraseology, which have given so many other cant terms to the language. Dapper was dressed as youths of his grave profession usually were in Jonson's time, in a band and gown. Hence Dorothy's knowledge of his occupation, and Face's instant recognition of her description.

[3] *In Holborn, at the Dagger.*] Jonson is attentive to the decorum of his scene in the minutest point. The Dagger is not mentioned at random: it was an ordinary or gambling-house of the lowest and most disreputable kind; and sufficiently points

(I told you of him) a familiar,[4]
To rifle with at horses, and win cups.
Dol. O, let him in.
Sub. Stay. Who shall do't?
Face. Get you
Your robes on: I will meet him, as going out.
Dol. And what shall I do?
Face. Not be seen; away! [*Exit Dol.*
Seem you very reserv'd.
Sub. Enough. [*Exit.*
Face. [*aloud and retiring.*] God be wi' you, sir,
I pray you let him know that I was here:
His name is Dapper. I would gladly have staid, but—
Dap. [*within.*] Captain, I am here.
Face. Who's that?—He's come, I think, doctor.

Enter DAPPER.

Good faith, sir, I was going away.
Dap. In truth,
I am very sorry, captain.
Face. But I thought
Sure I should meet you.
Dap. Ay, I am very glad.
I had a scurvy writ or two to make,
And I had lent my watch last night[5] to one
That dines to day at the sheriff's, and so was robb'd
Of my pass-time.

out the views and connections of Dapper. It occurs again in the last act.

[4] *A* familiar.] i. e. an attendant spirit or demon; such as witches always carried about them.

[5] *And I had lent my* watch *last night, &c.*] This little burst of vanity is pleasant and characteristic. Watches, at this time, were scarce and dear, and seem to have conferred some kind of distinction on their possessors; they were, of course, much coveted by those who aspired to be thought fashionable, or to frequent good company. Our old dramatists are full of allusions

Re-enter SUBTLE *in his velvet cap and gown.*

Is this the cunning-man?
Face. This is his worship.
Dap. Is he a doctor?
Face. Yes.
Dap. And have you broke with him, captain?
Face. Ay.
Dap. And how?
Face. Faith, he does make the matter, sir, so dainty,
I know not what to say.
Dap. Not so, good captain.
Face. Would I were fairly rid of it, believe me.
Dap. Nay, now you grieve me, sir. Why should you wish so?
I dare assure you, I'll not be ungrateful.
Face. I cannot think you will, sir. But the law
Is such a thing——and then he says, Read's matter
Falling so lately.[6]

to this circumstance. Thus Brome, who probably had his master, Jonson, in his thoughts,

——"when every puisne clerk can carry
"The time o' the day in his breeches." *Antipodes.*

And Marmion:

Pet. Ne'er a *watch!* 'tis the greatest solecism in society that ever I heard of: ne'er a *watch!*
Lion. How deeply you conceive of it!
Pet. You have not a gentleman, that's a true gentleman, without one." *The Antiquary.*

[6] ——*And then he says,* Read's *matter Falling so lately.*] In Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. xvi. p. 666, we meet with a pardon from James I. to the person here meant, for practising the black art: "*Simon Read* of St. George's "Southwark, professor of physic, who was indicted for the in-"vocation of wicked spirits, in order to find out the name of "the person who had stole 37*l.* 10*s.* from Tobias Matthews of

Dap. Read! he was an ass,
And dealt, sir, with a fool.
Face. It was a clerk, sir.
Dap. A clerk!
Face. Nay, hear me, sir, you know the law
Better, I think——
Dap. I should, sir, and the danger:
You know, I shew'd the statute to you.
Face. You did so.
Dap. And will I tell then! By this hand of flesh,
Would it might never write good court-hand more,
If I discover. What do you think of me,
That I am a chiaus?
Face. What's that?[7]

St. Mary Steynings in London." This was in 1608. This *Simon Read* and one Roger Jenkins stood suit with the college of physicians in 1602, for practising without a license, in which they were both cast. WHAL.

[7] *That I am a* chiaus?—*What's that?—The Turk was here.*] A *chiaus* was an envoy sent from the Port on special occasions; for the Turk, at that time, kept no leiger ambassadors in any part of Europe. Dapper uses the term for a cheat or swindler, in consequence of a circumstance which took place a short time before this comedy appeared. In 1609, sir Robert Shirley sent a messenger or *chiaus*, (as our old writers call him,) to this country, as his agent, from the Grand Signior, and the Sophy, to transact some preparatory business. Sir Robert followed him, at his leisure, as ambassador from both those princes; but before he reached England, his agent had *chiaused* the Turkish and Persian merchants here of 4000*l.* and taken his flight, unconscious, perhaps, that he had enriched the language with a word of which the etymology would mislead Upton and puzzle Dr. Johnson. This is "the Turk was here" in Dapper's time. Two other chiauses are mentioned by our annalists, as visiting us in 1618 and 1625; these, however, were more respectable characters, and are only noticed for the degree of pomp with which James and Charles I. respectively, received them. After all, *chouse* is not so remote from cozen (an old word, from the Dan. *kosa*,) but that we may easily believe something very like it had long been familiar to us. The frequent use of the word, however, at this period, is undoubtedly owing to the celebrity conferred upon it by the knavery of Sir Robert's chians. The word

Dap. The Turk was here.
As one would say, do you think I am a Turk?
Face. I'll tell the doctor so.
Dap. Do, good sweet captain.
Face. Come, noble doctor, pray thee let's prevail;
This is the gentleman, and he is no chiaus.
Sub. Captain, I have return'd you all my answer.
I would do much, sir, for your love——But this
I neither may, nor can.
Face. Tut, do not say so.
You deal now with a noble fellow, doctor,
One that will thank you richly; and he is no chiaus:
Let that, sir, move you.
Sub. Pray you, forbear———
Face. He has
Four angels here.
Sub. You do me wrong, good sir.
Face. Doctor, wherein? to tempt you with these spirits?
Sub. To tempt my art and love, sir, to my peril.
Fore heaven, I scarce can think you are my friend,
That so would draw me to apparent danger.
Face. I draw you! a horse draw you, and a halter,
You, and your flies together———
Dap. Nay, good captain.
Face. That know no difference of men.
Sub. Good words, sir.
Face. Good deeds, sir, doctor dogs-meat. 'Slight, I bring you
No cheating Clim o' the Cloughs,[8] or Claribels,

occurs in Shirley, spelt as here— "We are in a fair way to be ridiculous. What think you, madam, *chiaus'd* by a scholar!" *Honoria and Mammon.*

[8] *No cheating* Clim o' the Cloughs, or Claribels,] i. e. no ranting heroes of old ballads and romances. Clim of the Clough

That look as big as five-and-fifty, and flush;[9]
And spit out secrets like hot custard—
Dap. Captain!
Face. Nor any melancholic under-scribe,
Shall tell the vicar; but a special gentle,
That is the heir to forty marks a year,
Consorts with the small poets of the time,
Is the sole hope of his old grandmother;
That knows the law, and writes you six fair hands,
Is a fine clerk, and has his cyphering perfect,
Will take his oath o' the Greek Testament,[1]
If need be, in his pocket; and can court
His mistress out of Ovid.
Dap. Nay, dear captain——
Face. Did you not tell me so?
Dap. Yes; but I'd have you
Use master doctor with some more respect.
Face. Hang him, proud stag, with his broad velvet head!—
But for your sake, I'd choak, ere I would change
An article of breath with such a puckfist:
Come, let's be gone. [*Going.*

was a celebrated archer often mentioned in the histories of Robin Hood:

"For he brought Adam Bell, and *Clim of the Clough*,
"And William a Cloudes-lee,
"To shoot with our Forester for forty marks,
"And the Forester beat them all three."

Nash uses the word for a roaring bully, a drunkard.

[9] *That look as big as five-and-fifty, and flush;*] *Five-and-fifty*, it appears, was the highest number to stand on at the old game of Primero. If a *flush* accompanied this, the hand was irresistible, and swept the table; the holder, therefore, might well *look big* on it.

[1] *Will take his oath o' the Greek Testament,*] This is the reading of the quarto, and seems better adapted to the case of Dapper (as Whalley justly observes) than that of the folio 1616, which has the "Greek Xenophon." The alteration is easily accounted for; but appears no longer necessary.

Sub. Pray you let me speak with you.
Dap. His worship calls you, captain.
Face. I am sorry
I e'er embark'd myself in such a business.
Dap. Nay, good sir; he did call you.
Face. Will he take then?
Sub. First, hear me———
Face. Not a syllable, 'less you take.
Sub. Pray you, sir——
Face. Upon no terms, but an *assumpsit.*
Sub. Your humour must be law.
[*He takes the four angels.*
Face. Why now, sir, talk.
Now I dare hear you with mine honour. Speak.
So may this gentleman too.
Sub. Why, sir—— [*Offering to whisper Face.*
Face. No whispering.
Sub. Fore heaven, you do not apprehend the loss
You do your self in this.
Face Wherein? for what?
Sub. Marry, to be so importunate for one,
That, when he has it, will undo you all:
He'll win up all the money in the town.
Face. How!
Sub. Yes, and blow up gamester after gamester,
As they do crackers in a puppet-play.
If I do give him a familiar,
Give you him all you play for; never set him:
For he will have it.
Face. You are mistaken, doctor.
Why, he does ask one but for cups and horses,
A rifling fly; none of your great familiars.
Dap. Yes, captain, I would have it for all games.
Sub. I told you so.
Face. [*Taking Dap. aside.*] 'Slight, that is a new business!

I understood you, a tame bird, to fly
Twice in a term, or so, on Friday nights,
When you had left the office, for a nag
Of forty or fifty shillings.
Dap. Ay, 'tis true, sir;
But I do think now I shall leave the law,[a]
And therefore——
Face. Why, this changes quite the case.
Do you think that I dare move him?
Dap. If you please, sir;
All's one to him, I see.
Face. What! for that money?
I cannot with my conscience; nor should you
Make the request, methinks.
Dap. No, sir, I mean
To add consideration.
Face. Why then, sir,
I'll try.—[*Goes to Subtle.*] Say that it were for all games, doctor?
Sub. I say then, not a mouth shall eat for him
At any ordinary, but on the score,
That is a gaming mouth, conceive me.
Face. Indeed!
Sub. He'll draw you all the treasure of the realm,
If it be set him.
Face. Speak you this from art?
Sub. Ay, sir, and reason too, the ground of art.
He is of the only best complexion,
The queen of Fairy loves.
Face. What! is he?

[a] *Ay, 'tis true;*
But I do think now *I shall leave the law,* &c.] This is excellent; the avarice of Dapper begins to operate; and his desires expand in consequence of what he had been permitted to overhear: the keen observation and art of Jonson are eminently conspicuous in every part of this wonderful drama.

Sub. Peace.
He'll overhear you. Sir, should she but see him —
Face. What?
Sub. Do not you tell him.
Face. Will he win at cards too?
Sub. The spirits of dead Holland, living Isaac,
You'd swear, were in him;[3] such a vigorous luck
As cannot be resisted. 'Slight, he'll put
Six of your gallants to a cloke,[4] indeed.
Face. A strange success, that some man shall be born to!
Sub. He hears you, man——
Dap. Sir, I'll not be ingrateful.
Face. Faith, I have confidence in his good nature:
You hear, he says he will not be ingrateful.
Sub. Why, as you please; my venture follows yours.
Face. Troth, do it, doctor; think him trusty, and make him.
He may make us both happy in an hour;[5]
Win some five thousand pound, and send us two on't.

[3] Sub. *The spirits of dead* Holland, *living* Isaac,
You'd swear, were in him;] The poet alludes to the two famous chemists *Isaac*, and *John Isaac Hollandus*, who flourished about this time, and wrote several treatises on Alchemy. WHAL.
The works of the latter were published in 1617, with this title; *M. Joannis Isaaci Hollandi Opera mineralia et vegetatilia, sive de lapide philosophico quæ reperiri potuerunt, omnia.*

[4] ——— *He'll put*
Six of your gallants to a cloke,] i. e. strip them to the cloke; the last thing which "a galliant" parted with, as it served to conceal the loss of the rest. Cartwright, a devoted follower of Jonson, has imitated, or rather caricatured, much of this dialogue in the *Ordinary*.

[5] *He may make us both* happy *in an hour;*] i. e. *rich*. We

Dap. Believe it, and I will, sir.
Face. And you shall, sir. [*Takes him aside.*
You have heard all?
Dap. No, what was't? Nothing, I, sir.
Face. Nothing!
Dap. A little, sir.
Face. Well, a rare star
Reign'd at your birth.
Dap. At mine, sir! No.
Face. The doctor
Swears that you are———
Sub. Nay, captain, you'll tell all now.
Face. Allied to the queen of Fairy.
Dap. Who? that I am?
Believe it, no such matter——
Face. Yes, and that
You were born with a cawl on your head.[6]
Dap. Who says so?
Face. Come,
You know it well enough, though you dissemble it.
Dap. I'fac, I do not: you are mistaken.
Face. How!
Swear by your fac, and in a thing so known

have had this Grecism before. See vol. ii. p. 404. Thus, too, Cartwright:

"I see the tide of fortune rolling in
"Without resistance. Go, be close and *happy*."
Ordinary, A. ii. sc. 3.

[6] *You were born with a cawl on your head.*] This prognostication of good fortune is alluded to by many of our old writers. Thus in *Elvira*:

"Were we not *born with cawls upon our heads*,
"Think'st thou, Chichon, to come off thrice a-row,
"Thus safely from such dangerous adventures?"

This superstition, which is of very ancient date, is even now prevalent in many weak minds.

Unto the doctor? how shall we, sir, trust you
In the other matter? can we ever think,
When you have won five or six thousand pound,
You'll send us shares in't, by this rate?
Dap. By Jove, sir,
I'll win ten thousand pound, and send you half.
I' fac's no oath.[7]
Sub. No, no, he did but jest.
Face. Go to. Go thank the doctor: he's your friend,
To take it so.
Dap. I thank his worship.
Face. So!
Another angel.
Dap. Must I?
Face. Must you! 'slight,
What else is thanks? will you be trivial?—
Doctor, [*Dapper gives him the money.*
When must he come for his familiar?
Dap. Shall I not have it with me?
Sub. O, good sir!
There must a world of ceremonies pass;

[7] *I' fac's no oath.*] An allusion, perhaps, to the petty *salvos* by which the Puritans contrived to evade the charge of swearing: unless it be rather aimed at the strictness with which the Masters of the Revels affected to revise the language of the stage. That some revision was but too necessary, is abundantly clear; but these tasteless and officious tyrants acted with little discrimination, and were always more ready to prove their authority than their judgment. The most hateful of them, sir Henry Herbert, in his examination of *the Wits* of D'avenant, had marked, it appears, a number of harmless interjections, which might have subjected the poet to some punishment: but the good natured Charles interfered, and sir Henry has thus recorded his spleen and disappointment. "The kinge is pleased to take *faith*, *death*, *slight*, &c., for asseverations, and no oathes—to which I doe humbly submit as my master's judgment; but under favour do conceive them to be oathes, and enter them here, to declare my submission and opinion."

You must be bath'd and fumigated first:
Besides, the queen of Fairy does not rise
Till it be noon.
Face. Not, if she danced, to-night.
Sub. And she must bless it.
Face. Did you never see
Her royal grace yet?
Dap. Whom?
Face. Your aunt of Fairy?
Sub. Not since she kist him in the cradle, captain;
I can resolve you that.
Face. Well, see her grace,
Whate'er it cost you, for a thing that I know.
It will be somewhat hard to compass; but
However, see her. You are made, believe it,
If you can see her. Her grace is a lone woman,
And very rich; and if she take a fancy,
She will do strange things. See her, at any hand.
'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has:
It is the doctor's fear.
Dap. How will't be done, then?
Face. Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you
But say to me, captain, I'll see her grace.
Dap. *Captain, I'll see her grace.*
Face. Enough. [*Knocking within.*
Sub. Who's there?
Anon.—Conduct him forth by the back way.—
[*Aside to Face.*
Sir, against one o'clock prepare yourself;
Till when you must be fasting; only take
Three drops of vinegar in at your nose,
Two at your mouth, and one at either ear;
Then bathe your fingers ends and wash your eyes,
To sharpen your five senses, and cry *hum*

Thrice, and then *buz*[8] as often; and then come.
[*Exit.*

Face. Can you remember this?

Dap. I warrant you.

Face. Well then, away. It is but your bestowing
Some twenty nobles 'mong her grace's servants,
And put on a clean shirt: you do not know
What grace her grace may do you in clean linen.[9]
[*Exeunt Face and Dapper.*

Sub. [*within.*] Come in! Good wives, I pray
you forbear me now;
Troth I can do you no good till afternoon—

[8] *And then cry* buz, &c.] From a singular passage in Selden relating to the punishment of witchcraft, it would seem that *buz* was a kind of cabalistical word, used by the impostors of those days in their invocations. "If one should profess, that by turning his hat *thrice, and crying buz!* he could take away a man's life, (though in truth he could do no such thing,) yet this were a just law made by the state, that whosoever should turn his hat thrice and cry *buz!* with an intention to take away a man's life, shall be put to death." Vol. iii. p. 2077. Mr. Scott has misapprehended this passage (if it be this to which he alludes.) He says (Dryden's Works, vol. xv. p. 297,) that "it was the absurd and cruel doctrine of one of the English lawyers, that if a man firmly believes that, by *whirling his hat round his head*, and crying *bo*, he could occasion the death of an enemy, he becomes, by performing that ceremony, guilty of murder."—Here all the characteristics of the original are lost: not to observe, that Selden speaks of a law *to be passed* in consequence of a practice which might have very serious effects, and which must then be a direct and wilful violation of this supposed law.

[9] *You do not know*
What grace her grace may do you in clean linen.] It seems almost superfluous to observe, that the fairies are constantly represented as great enemies to uncleanliness. Thus, in Drayton's *Nymphidia:*

"These make our girls their *sluttery* rue,
"By pinching them both black and blue;
"And put a penny in their shoe,
"The house for *cleanly* sweeping."

Re-enters, followed by DRUGGER.

What is your name, say you, Abel Drugger?
Drug. Yes, sir.
Sub. A seller of tobacco?
Drug. Yes, sir.
Sub. Umph!
Free of the grocers?
Drug. Ay, an't please you.
Sub. Well——
Your business, Abel?
Drug. This, an't please your worship;
I am a young beginner, and am building
Of a new shop, an't like your worship, just
At corner of a street:—Here is the plot on't[1]—
And I would know by art, sir, of your worship,
Which way I should make my door, by necromancy,
And where my shelves; and which should be for boxes,
And which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, sir.
And I was wish'd to your worship[2] by a gentleman,
One captain Face, that says you know men's planets,
And their good angels, and their bad.
Sub. I do,
If I do see them————[3]

[1] *Here's the* plot *on't,*] i. e. the plan or *ground-plot.* Thus sir Henry Wotton: "Some Italians doe prescribe that when they have chosen the floore or *plot,*" &c. *Elements of Archit.* p. 24. WHAL.

[2] *And I was* wish'd *to your worship,* &c] i. e. recommended: See vol. ii. p. 308.

[3] *I do,*
If I do see them—] Subtle is facetious, and plays upon the word angel, which he takes for a coin, and poor Abel for an attendant spirit.

Re-enter FACE.

Face. What! my honest Abel?
Thou art well met here.
Drug. Troth, sir, I was speaking,
Just as your worship came here, of your worship:
I pray you speak for me to master doctor.
Face. He shall do any thing.—Doctor, do you hear?
This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow;
He lets me have good tobacco, and he does not
Sophisticate it with sack-lees or oil,
Nor washes it in muscadel and grains,
Nor buries it in gravel, under ground,
Wrapp'd up in greasy leather, or piss'd clouts:
But keeps it in fine lily pots, that, open'd,
Smell like conserve of roses, or French beans.
He has his maple block, his silver tongs,
Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper:[4]
A neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no goldsmith.[5]
Sub. He is a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on.

[4] *He has his maple block, his silver tongs,*
Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper.] It should be observed that the houses of druggists (tobacconists) were not merely furnished with tobacco, but with conveniences for smoaking it. Every well frequented shop was an academy of this "noble art," where professors regularly attended to initiate the country aspirant. Abel's shop is very graphically described, and seems to be one of the most fashionable kind. The *maple block* was for shredding the tobacco leaf, the *silver tongs* for holding the coal, and the *fire of juniper* for the customers to light their pipes. Juniper is not lightly mentioned; "when once kindled," Fuller says, "it is hardly quenched:" and Upton observes, from Cardan, that "a coal of juniper, if covered with its own ashes, will retain its fire a whole year."

[5] Mr. Bowle, the author of some very stupid notes on Milton, (see the late editions of that poet,) has chosen to "vent his

Face. Already, sir, have you found it? Lo thee, Abel!
Sub. And in right way toward riches—
Face. Sir!
Sub. This summer
He will be of the clothing of his company,
And next spring call'd to the scarlet;[6] spend what he can.
Face. What, and so little beard?

folly" on Jonson also, and to accuse him, in his *Reflections on Originality*, of "plagiarism, tediousness, and obscurity."

"A neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no goldsmith."

A quaint distinction—*and no goldsmith!* It *means* possibly that he had not the chrysosperme, (the philosopher's stone.) It is, however, by no *means* obvious that this is the real *meaning*, and *therefore* it must *remain hardly intelligible*, &c. p. 66. This egregious critic did not know that goldsmiths, in Jonson's age, were not only bankers, but brokers and money-lenders. Abel was a good, "honest fellow," and no *usurer*. This is the simple meaning of the passage, produced with such parade to convict Jonson of "obscurity." His "plagiarism" (for we may as well dismiss the critic at once) is proved by his taking a trite line from Martial —marked by the poet himself, be it observed, as a quotation; and—happily detected, after a lapse of two centuries, by this sagacious gentleman. The "tediousness" is thus brought home to him. Abel says, (p. 42,)

"Yes, I have a portague I have kept this half year."

"Holinshead mentions the *portague* as a piece very solemnly kept of divers. This custom we are sure from hence continued in his time. But a reader of Jonson is continually teazed with these!" p. 65. Why *these* should be more *teazing* in the poet than the historian, it is difficult to conjecture—but enough of Mr. Bowle, on whom I should not have wasted a syllable, had not all his trash been transcribed for the press, on the margin of Whalley's corrected copy.

[6] *This summer*
He will be of the clothing *of his company*,
And next spring call'd to the scarlet;] i. e. he will, this year, be brought upon the *livery* of the Grocers company, and the next, be drank to as sheriff.

Sub. Sir, you must think,
He may have a receipt to make hair come:
But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine for't;
His fortune looks for him another way.
Face. 'Slid, doctor, how canst thou know this so soon?
I am amused at that![7]
Sub. By a rule, captain,
In metoposcopy, which I do work by;
A certain star in the forehead, which you see not.
Your chesnut or your olive-colour'd face
Does never fail: and your long ear doth promise.
I knew't, by certain spots, too, in his teeth,
And on the nail of his mercurial finger.[8]
Face. Which finger's that?
Sub. His little finger. Look.
You were born upon a Wednesday?
Drug. Yes, indeed, sir.
Sub. The thumb, in chiromancy, we give Venus;
The fore-finger, to Jove; the midst, to Saturn;
The ring, to Sol; the least, to Mercury,
Who was the lord, sir, of his horoscope,
His house of life being Libra; which fore-shew'd,
He should be a merchant, and should trade with balance.

[7] *I am* amused *at that!*] i. e. *amazed.* The two words have the same origin, (which is not that given by Dr. Johnson,) and were once perfectly synonymous. Thus in *Mons. d'Olive*: "I am *amused*, or I am in a *quandary*, gentlemen;—for, in good faith, I remember not very well whether of them was my word." A. ii. Sc. 1. See vol. iii. p. 131.

[8] *I know't, by certain spots too, in his* teeth,
And on the nail *of his mercurial finger.*] Our poet's authority is Cardan: *Sunt etiam in nobis vestigia quædam futurorum eventuum in* unguibus, *atque etiam in* dentibus——*sed pro manus natura, et digitorum in quibus fiunt, et colorum, et mutatione eorum.* WHAL.

Face. Why, this is strange! Is it not, honest Nab?

Sub. There is a ship now, coming from Ormus,
That shall yield him such a commodity
Of drugs——This is the west, and this the south?
[*Pointing to the plan.*

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. And those are your two sides?

Drug. Ay, sir.

Sub. Make me your door, then, south; your broad side, west:
And on the east side of your shop, aloft,
Write Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baraborat;
Upon the north part, Rael, Velel, Thiel.
They are the names of those Mercurial spirits,
That do fright flies from boxes.

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. And
Beneath your threshold, bury me a load-stone
To draw in gallants that wear spurs: the rest,
They'll seem to follow.

Face. That's a secret, Nab!

Sub. And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice[9]

9 *And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice*] "The droll antic character, so often mentioned in our old plays." Whalley copied this from Upton, as usual; though nothing was ever more absurd. The "vice" is, simply, some kind of machinery; a doll, in short, moved by wires. Thus Holinshed describes the "Rood of Boxlie" in Kent, as "made with divers *vices* to moove the eyes and lips." And thus Chapman:

——————— "Every thing
"About your house so sortfully disposed,
"That even as in a turnspit, called a jack,
"One *vice* assists another; the great wheels
"Turning, but softly, make the less to whirr
"About their business."
Gentleman Usher, A. iii. Sc. 1.

And a court-fucus, to call city-dames:
You shall deal much with minerals.
Drug. Sir, I have
At home, already——
Sub. Ay, I know you have arsenic,
Vitriol, sal-tartar, argaile, alkali,
Cinoper: I know all.—This fellow, captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great distiller,
And give a say[1]—I will not say directly,
But very fair—at the philosopher's stone.
Face. Why, how now, Abel! is this true?
Drug. Good captain,
What must I give? [*Aside to Face.*
Face. Nay, I'll not counsel thee.
Thou hear'st what wealth (he says, spend what thou canst,)
Thou'rt like to come to.
Drug. I would gi' him a crown.
Face. A crown! and toward such a fortune? heart,
Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No gold about thee?
Drug. Yes, I have a portague,[2] I have kept this half year.
Face. Out on thee, Nab! 'Slight, there was such an offer—
Shalt keep't no longer, I'll give't him for thee. —Doctor,
Nab prays your worship to drink this, and swears

[1] *And give a* say &c.] i. e. make a shrewd attempt at, &c. See vol. ii. p. 549. Subtle alludes to this speech, p. 89.

[2] *Yes, I have a* portague, &c.] A gold coin worth about three pounds twelve shillings. It was very common in this country, not many years since, and principally on those parts of the coast most addicted to smuggling. See p. 39.

He will appear more grateful, as your skill
Does raise him in the world.
Drug. I would entreat
Another favour of his worship.
Face. What is't, Nab?
Drug. But to look over, sir, my almanack,
And cross out my ill days,[3] that I may neither
Bargain, nor trust upon them.
Face. That he shall, Nab:
Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst afternoon.
Sub. And a direction for his shelves.
Face. Now, Nab,
Art thou well pleased, Nab?
Drug. 'Thank, sir, both your worships.
Face. Away.— [*Exit Drugger.*
Why, now, you smoaky persecutor of nature!
Now do you see, that something's to be done,
Beside your beech-coal, and your corsive waters,
Your crosslets, crucibles, and cucurbites?
You must have stuff, brought home to you, to work on:
And yet you think, I am at no expense
In searching out these veins, then following them,
Then trying them out. 'Fore God, my intelligence
Costs me more money, than my share oft comes to,
In these rare works.
Sub. You are pleasant, sir.—

[3] *And* cross out *my ill days*, &c.] In our old almanacks, as may be collected from the dramatic poets, the days supposed to be favourable or unfavourable to buying and selling, were usually distinguished by particular marks. See vol. ii. p. 42. Mr. Steevens had one of them in his possession, dated 1562, and another, but of a more recent period, is mentioned by Aubrey, with similar advantages. There is some well meant ridicule of this practice in a curious old pamphlet called *the Owles Almanack*, in which every day of the month has its appropriate fortune annexed to it.

Re-enter DOL.

How now!
What says my dainty Dolkin?
Dol. Yonder fish-wife
Will not away. And there's your giantess,
The bawd of Lambeth.
Sub. Heart, I cannot speak with them.
Dol. Not afore night, I have told them in a voice,
Thorough the trunk, like one of your familiars.
But I have spied sir Epicure Mammon——
Sub. Where?
Dol. Coming along, at far end of the lane,
Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue
To one that's with him.
Sub. Face, go you, and shift. [*Exit Face.*
Dol, you must presently make ready, too.
Dol. Why, what's the matter?
Sub. O, I did look for him
With the sun's rising: 'marvel he could sleep.
This is the day I am to perfect for him
The magisterium, our great work, the stone;
And yield it, made, into his hands: of which
He has, this month, talk'd as he were possess'd.
And now he's dealing pieces on't away.—
Methinks I see him entering ordinaries,
Dispensing for the pox, and plaguy houses,
Reaching his dose, walking Moor-fields for lepers,
And offering citizens' wives pomander-bracelets,
As his preservative, made of the elixir;
Searching the spittle, to make old bawds young;
And the highways, for beggars, to make rich:
I see no end of his labours. He will make
Nature asham'd of her long sleep: when art,
Who's but a step-dame, shall do more than she,

In her best love to mankind, ever could:
If his dream last, he'll turn the age to gold.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An outer Room in Lovewit's *House.*

Enter sir EPICURE MAMMON *and* SURLY.

Mam. Come on, sir. Now, you set your foot on shore
In *Novo Orbe;* here's the rich Peru:
And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
Great Solomon's Ophir! he was sailing to't,
Three years, but we have reach'd it in ten months.
This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,
I will pronounce the happy word, BE RICH;
THIS DAY YOU SHALL BE SPECTATISSIMI.
You shall no more deal with the hollow dye,[4]

[4] *You shall no more deal with the* hollow dye,] This alludes to the way of cheating among gamesters, to make their *dice hollow*, and then, by loading them, to make them run high or low. The high were so loaden, as to run 4, 5, or 6; the low to run 1, 2. or 3. WHAL.

Cartwright dilates on this very pleasantly:

——— ——— "Your *high*
"And *low* men are but trifles; your *poised* dye,
"That's ballasted with quicksilver or gold,
"Is gross to this.—For the bristle dye, it is
"Not worth that hand that guides it; toys, fit only
"For *clerks* to win poor costermongers' ware with.
"Your hollow thumb join'd with your wriggled box,
"The slur, and such like, are not to be talk'd of,
"They're open to the eye." *Ordinary*, A. ii. Sc. 3.

Our present race of gamblers have not, I believe, much im-

Or the frail card. No more be at charge of keeping
The livery-punk for the young heir, that must
Seal, at all hours, in his shirt: no more,
If he deny, have him beaten to't, as he is
That brings him the commodity. No more
Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger
Of velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloke,
To be display'd at madam Augusta's,[5] make
The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before
The golden calf, and on their knees, whole nights,
Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets:
Or go a feasting after drum and ensign.
No more of this. You shall start up young viceroys,
And have your punks, and punketees, my Surly.
And unto thee I speak it first, BE RICH.
Where is my Subtle, there? Within, ho!
Face. [*within.*] Sir, he'll come to you by and by.
Mam. That is his fire-drake,
His Lungs,[6] his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals,
Till he firk nature up, in her own centre.
You are not faithful, sir.[7] This night, I'll change

proved on the tricks of their predecessors, on the dice. On the card, they unquestionably fall far short of them.

[5] *To be display'd at madam* Augusta's,] The mistress of a brothel; and probably the same whom he elsewhere calls madam Cæsarean. WHAL.

From what follows, I should rather suppose her to be the mistress of an ordinary, or gambling-house. Surly was a gambler. "One thing (says Purchas) I cannot forget, that in prodigall excesse, the *insides* of our clokes are richer than the *outsides*." *Microcosmus*, p. 268. This explains the preceding line.

[6] *His* Lungs,] *Lungs* was a term of art, for the under operators in chemistry, whose business principally was to take care of the fire. So Cowley, in his sketch of a philosophic college, in the number of its members reckons two *Lungs*, or chemical servants; and afterwards, assigning their salaries, "to each of the *Lungs* twelve pound." WHAL.

[7] *You are not* faithful, *sir.*] Not easy of faith, not believing.

All that is metal, in my house, to gold:
And, early in the morning, will I send
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
And buy their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury [8]
For all the copper.
Sur. What, and turn that too?
Mam. Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire, and Cornwall,
And make them perfect Indies![9] you admire now?
Sur. No, faith.
Mam. But when you see th' effects of the Great Medicine,
Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the moon,
Shall turn it to as many of the sun;
Nay, to a thousand, so ad infinitum:
You will believe me.
Sur. Yes, when I see't, I will.
But if my eyes do cozen me so, and I
Giving them no occasion, sure I'll have
A whore, shall piss them out, next day.
Mam. Ha! why?
Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the flower of the sun,
The perfect ruby, which we call elixir,
Not only can do that, but, by its virtue,
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life;

[8] ——— *And to* Lothbury,
For all the copper.] *Lothbury*, (Stow says) "is inhabited chiefly by founders, that cast candlesticks, chafing dishes, spice mortars, and such like *copper* works." p. 287.

[9] *And make them perfect Indies!*]—Transmute all their tin into gold. What follows may be explained from Chaucer:

"The bodies seven, lo! here hem anone,
"*Sol* gold is, and *Luna* silver we threpe,
"*Mars* yron, *Mercury* quicksilver we clepe,
"*Saturnus* leade, and *Jupiter* is tinne,
"And *Venus* copir." *Chaucer's Yeoman's Tale.*

Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,
To whom he will. In eight and twenty days,
I'll make an old man of fourscore, a child.
Sur. No doubt; he's that already.
Mam. Nay, I mean,
Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle,
To the fifth age; make him get sons and daughters,
Young giants; as our philosophers have done,
The ancient patriarchs, afore the flood,
But taking, once a week, on a knife's point,
The quantity of a grain of mustard of it;
Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids.
Sur. The decay'd vestals of Pict-hatch* would thank you,
That keep the fire alive, there.
Mam. 'Tis the secret
Of nature naturized[1] 'gainst all infections,
Cures all diseases coming of all causes;
A month's grief in a day, a year's in twelve;
And, of what age soever, in a month:
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.
I'll undertake, withall, to fright the plague
Out of the kingdom in three months.[2]

* *The decay'd vestals of* Pict-hatch] See vol. i. p. 17.

[1] *Of nature naturized*] Our poet seems here to allude to the theological distinction of *natura naturans*, and *natura naturata*. The former appellation is given to the *Creator*, who hath imparted existence and *nature* to all beings; and by the latter term the *creatures* are distinguished, as having received their *nature* and properties from the power of another. WHAL.

[2] *I'll undertake, withal, to fright the plague*
Out of the kingdom, in three months.] The defence which Dr. Anthony published of himself at Cambridge in 1610, is called *Medicinæ chymicæ et veri potabilis auri assertio, ex lucubrationibus Fra. Anthonii Londinensis in medicina doctoris.* It is divided into seven chapters: the last enumerates the several distempers which his *aurum potabile* cures; among which is the plague itself; as he asserts to have been demonstrated by experience, in the plague which depopulated London in 1602. WHAL.

Sur. And I'll
Be bound, the players shall sing your praises, then,[3]
Without their poets.
Mam. Sir, I'll do't. Mean time,
I'll give away so much unto my man,
Shall serve the whole city, with preservative,
Weekly; each house his dose, and at the rate—
Sur. As he that built the Water-work, does with water?[4]
Mam. You are incredulous.
Sur. Faith I have a humour,
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your stone
Cannot transmute me.
Mam. Pertinax, [my] Surly,
Will you believe antiquity? records?
I'll shew you a book where Moses and his sister,
And Solomon have written of the art;
Ay, and a treatise penn'd by Adam—[5]

[3] *The players shall sing your praises, then,*] The theatres were always shut up during the plague. To this, Surly alludes.

[4] *As he that built the Water-work, does with water.*] *He*, viz. sir Hugh Middleton, as Mr. Upton too remarks: the New River was brought to London much about this time. WHAL.

Both Upton and Whalley are mistaken here. The New River was not admitted into the receptacle prepared for it, till Michaelmas day, 1613, three years, at least, after this passage was written. Jonson speaks of a water-work already built, and most probably of that constructed in 1595 by Bevis Bulmer, for conveying Thames water to the middle and west parts of the city. This engine is noticed by Stow in his "*Survey of Queen Hith ward.*"

[5] *I'll shew you a book, where Moses, and his sister,*
And Solomon have written of the art;
Ay, and a treatise penn'd by Adam.] "Fabricius," Upton tells us, "in his valuable account of ancient books, has given a collection of the writers on chemistry. In this collection *Moses*, *Miriam*, (his sister,) and *Solomon* are cited. So likewise is *Adam*. Zozimus Panoplita cites the prophet *Moses* εν χημειυτικη συνταξει."

Sur. How!
Mam. Of the philosopher's stone, and in High Dutch.
Sur. Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?[6]
Mam. He did;
Which proves it was the primitive tongue.
Sur. What paper?
Mam. On cedar board.
Sur. O that, indeed, they say,
Will last 'gainst worms.
Mam. 'Tis like your Irish wood,
'Gainst cob-webs. I have a piece of Jason's fleece, too,
Which was no other than a book of alchemy,
Writ in large sheep-skin, a good fat ram-vellum.[7]
Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub,
And, all that fable of Medea's charms,
The manner of our work; the bulls, our furnace,
Still breathing fire; our argent-vive, the dragon:
The dragon's teeth, mercury sublimate,
That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the biting;

[6] *Did Adam write, sir, in* High Dutch? &c.] "Joannes Goropius Becanus, a man very learned—fell thereby into such a conceit, that he letted not to maintain the Teutonic tongue to be the first and most ancient language of the world; yea, *the same that Adam spake in Paradise.*" *Verstegan*, p. 207. "If," as good master Eliot observes, in his *Orthoepia Gallica*, 1593, "the commicall Aristophanes were alive, he should here have a good argument to write a commedie." To this, also, Butler alludes:

"Whether the devil tempted her
"By a *High Dutch* interpreter" &c.

[7] ——— *I have a piece of Jason's fleece too,*
Which was no other than a book of alchemy,
Writ in large sheep skin, a good fat ram-vellum.] From Suidas, as Upton observes; Το μυθολογουμενον χρυσειον δερος βιβλιον ην εν δερμασι γεγραμμενον περιεχον ὁπως δει δια χημειας χρυσον εργασεσθαι· *in voc.* δερας.

And they are gather'd into Jason's helm,
The alembic,[8] and then sow'd in Mars his field,
And thence sublimed so often, till they're fix'd.
Both this, the Hesperian garden, Cadmus' story,
Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus' eyes,
Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more,
All abstract riddles of our stone.—

Enter FACE, *as a servant.*

How now!
Do we succeed? Is our day come? and holds it?
Face. The evening will set red upon you, sir;
You have colour for it, crimson: the red ferment
Has done his office; three hours hence prepare you
To see projection.[9]
Mam. Pertinax, my Surly,
Again I say to thee, aloud, Be rich.
This day, thou shalt have ingots; and, to-morrow,
Give lords th' affront.[1]—Is it, my Zephyrus, right?
Blushes the bolt's-head?[2]

[8] *Jason's helm, the alembic,*] It may be just necessary to observe here, that *alembic*, in Jonson's time, did not, as now, denote the whole of a certain apparatus for distilling; but only the *head* of it, or that part in which the distilled matter was collected. WHAL. Hence the allusion to *helmet*.

[9] *To see* projection.] This is the twelfth and last process in Alchemy. The adept has nothing to do now but to pour his *medicine* on the baser metals, and make gold and silver amain. The *red* or *crimson*, as Norton informs us, is

——————— "certainly,
"Last colour in work of Alkimy."

[1] *Give lords th'* affront.] i. e. meet, and look them in the face. This sense of the word was not obsolete in Dryden's time:

"*Olinda.* Do you affront my sister?
"*Florimel.* Ay: but thou art so *tall*, I think
"I shall never *affront* thee." *Wild Gallant.*

[2] *Blushes the* bolt's head?] A long, strait-necked glass vessel or receiver, gradually rising to a conical figure. WHAL.

Face. Like a wench with child, sir,
That were but now discover'd to her master.
Mam. Excellent witty Lungs!—my only care is,
Where to get stuff enough now, to project on;
This town will not half serve me.
Face. No, sir! buy
The covering off o' churches.
Mam. That's true.
Face. Yes.
Let them stand bare, as do their auditory;
Or cap them, new, with shingles.
Mam. No, good thatch:
Thatch will lie light upon the rafters, Lungs.—
Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace;
I will restore thee thy complexion, Puffe,
Lost in the embers;[3] and repair this brain,
Hurt with the fume o' the metals.
Face. I have blown, sir,
Hard for your worship; thrown by many a coal,
When 'twas not beech;[4] weigh'd those I put in, just,

[3] *I will restore thee thy complexion, Puffe,*
Lost in the embers;] Thus Chaucer:

"For rednesse have I non right well I knowe
"In my visage, for fumes dyverse
"Of metals which ye have herde me reherce,
"Consumed and wasted hath my *rednesse.*"
Chanon Yeoman's Tale.

[4] ——————— *thrown by many a coal*
When 'twas not beech;] I know not the peculiar property of beech-coal; but such only was used by the alchemists. Of this, there is frequent mention in the same Tale;

"This false chanon, the foule fende him fetche,
"Out of his bosom toke a *bechen* cole.

Again:

"When that our potte *is broke*, as I have said,
"Every man chyte and holte him well apayd.

To keep your heat still even; these blear'd eyes
Have wak'd to read your several colours, sir,
Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,
The peacock's tail, the plumed swan.[5]
Mam. And, lastly,
Thou hast descry'd the flower, the sanguis agni?
Face. Yes, sir.
Mam. Where's master?

"—It was not temperd as it ought to be.
"Nay (quoth the fourthe) stynte and herken me,
"Because our fyre was not made of *beche*,
"That is the cause, and none other so teche."

In Lilly's *Gallathea* there is much of this jargon. There too, the alchemist professes that he "can do nothing without *beechen coales*." This impostor, and his man Peter, are the pleasantest characters to be found in Lilly.

[5] ——— *To read your several colours, sir,*
Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,
The peacock's tail, the plumed swan.] These are terms made use of by adepts in the hermetic science, to express the several effects arising from the different degrees of fermentation. Thus we are told by one of them, from the putrefaction of the dead carcasses a *crow* will be generated, which putting forth its head, and the bath being somewhat increased, it will stretch forth its wings and begin to fly: at length being made white by a gentle and long rain, and with the dew of heaven, it will be changed into a white *swan*; but a new-born *crow* is a sign of the departed dragon. WHAL.

"These phylosophers speken so mistily
"In this craſte, that men cannot come thereby,
"For any witte that they have now adayes."

So said Chaucer; and the case is not much mended since his time: all these uncouth terms allude to the various colours which the materials assume in their progress towards perfection. The *crow* and the *green lion* seem to be of singular value, as the adept is frequently congratulated on their appearance. The white, or the *plumed swan*, is also of choice estimation, and ranks, in degree, only below the yellow, and the red, the *sanguis agni*, which, as I have already observed, is the last stage of the process. The exultation of Mammon, therefore, is highly natural.

Face. At his prayers, sir, he;
Good man, he's doing his devotions
For the success.
Mam. Lungs, I will set a period
To all thy labours; thou shalt be the master
Of my seraglio.
Face. Good, sir.
Mam. But do you hear?
I'll geld you, Lungs.
Face. Yes, sir.
Mam. For I do mean
To have a list of wives and concubines,
Equal with Solomon, who had the stone
Alike with me; and I will make me a back
With the elixir, that shall be as tough
As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night.—
Thou art sure thou saw'st it blood?
Face. Both blood and spirit, sir.
Mam. I will have all my beds blown up, not stuft:
Down is too hard: and then, mine oval room
Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took
From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses
Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse
And multiply the figures,[6] as I walk

[6] ——— ——— *Then, my glasses*
Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse,
And multiply the figures.] This species of lust, which the iniquitous Mammon is contriving, was really practised by one Hostius in the time of Nero; an account of whose impurities we have in the first book of Seneca's *Natural Questions: Hoc loco volo tibi narrare fabellam, ut intelligas quam nullum instrumentum irritandæ voluptatis libido contemnat, et ingeniosa sit ad incitandum furorem suum.* And afterwards he says, *Non quantum peccabat videre contentus, specula sibi, per quæ flagitia sua divideret, disponeretque circumdedit.* WHAL.

In the preceding lines, there is an allusion to Suetonius:

Naked between my succubæ. My mists
I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room,
To lose our selves in; and my baths, like pits
To fall into; from whence we will come forth,
And roll us dry in gossamer and roses.—
Is it arrived at ruby?——Where I spy
A wealthy citizen, or [a] rich lawyer,
Have a sublimed pure wife, unto that fellow
I'll send a thousand pound to be my cuckold.
Face. And I shall carry it?
Mam. No. I'll have no bawds,
But fathers and mothers: they will do it best,[7]
Best of all others. And my flatterers
Shall be the pure[8] and gravest of divines,
That I can get for money. My mere fools,
Eloquent burgesses, and then my poets
The same that writ so subtly of the fart,[9]

"*Cubicula plurifariam disposita tabellis ac sigillis lascivissimarum picturarum et figurarum adornavit; librisque Elephantidis instruxit.*" Tib. c. 43. It is not necessary to enter into further explanations of the impure images of this profligate voluptuary, who is pourtrayed with inimitable skill; but the reader who wishes for more on the subject, may turn to the notes of Faber on the Εκκλησιαζουσαι of Aristophanes. I may just add that Mammon's idea of "blowing up his beds," is taken from Heliogabalus, who introduced cushions filled with wind, at some of his ridiculous entertainments.

[7] *They will do it best,*] From Juvenal:

Improbitas ipsos audet tentare parentes;
Tanta in muneribus fiducia! Sat. x.

[8] *And my flatterers*
Shall be the pure, &c.] i. e. says Upton, "the puritans." I think not: the positive is used here, by a construction familiar to our old writers, for the superlative—"the *pure* and gravest," are the *purest* and gravest.

[9] ——————— *And then my poets*
The same that writ so subtley of the fart.] Who the author alluded to should be, I cannot say: in the collection of poems, called *Musarum Deliciæ*, or the *Muses Recreation*, by sir John Mennis, and Dr. Ia. Smith, there is a poem called the *fart censured in the parliament house;* it was occasioned by an escape of

Whom I will entertain still for that subject.
The few that would give out themselves to be
Court and town-stallions, and, each-where, bely
Ladies who are known most innocent, for them;
Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of:
And they shall fan me with ten estrich tails
A-piece, made in a plume to gather wind.
We will be brave, Puffe, now we have the med'cine.
My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells,
Dishes of agat set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies.
The tongues of carps,[1] dormice, and camels heels,
Boil'd in the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl,
Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy:[2]

that kind in the House of Commons. I have seen part of this poem ascribed to an author in the time of queen Elizabeth, and possibly it may be the thing referred to by Jonson. WHAL.

This "escape," as Whalley calls it, took place in 1607, long after the time of Elizabeth. The ballad is among the *Harleian MSS.* and is also printed in the *State Poems.* It contains about forty stanzas of the most wretched doggrel, conveying the opinion of as many members of parliament, on the subject; and as each of them is accompanied by a brief trait or description of the respective speakers, it might, notwithstanding its meanness, have interested or amused the politicians of those days. I subjoin a few of the characters, as a specimen:—

"Quoth *spruce* Mr. James of the Isle of Wight."—
"Philip Gawdy *stroak'd the old stubble of his face.*"—
"Then *modest* sir John Hollis,"—
"Sir Robert Cotton, *well read in old stories.*"—
"Then *precise* sir Antony Cope." &c. &c.

[1] *The* tongues *of carps,*] These have been always accounted delicious. Even honest Walton licks his lips at the mention of them. "The tongues of carps (he says) are noted to be *choice* and costly meat, especially to them that buy them: but Gesner says, carps have no tongue like other fish, but a piece of flesh-like fish in their mouth, like to a tongue, and should be called a palate: but it is certain it is *choicely good.*" Fuller gives the same account of them.

[2] *Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy:*] This (as Upton observes

And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.[3]
My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd[4] salmons,
Knots, godwits, lampreys: I my self will have
The beards of barbels served,[5] instead of sallads;
Oil'd mushrooms; and the swelling unctuous paps
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
Drest with an exquisite, and poignant sauce;
For which, I'll say unto my cook, *There's gold,*
Go forth, and be a knight.[6]

Face. Sir, I'll go look
A little, how it heightens. [*Exit.*

Mam. Do.—My shirts
I'll have of taffeta-sarsnet, soft and light

is from Lampridius: *Comedit sæpius ad imitationem Apicii calcanea camelorum, et cristas vivis gallinaceis demptas, linguas pavonum et lusciniarum: quod qui ederet ab epilepsia tutus diceretur. Vit. Heliogab.*

[3] ——— *spoons of amber,*
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.] The spoons of Jonson's time (and I have seen many of them) had frequently ornamented heads; usually small figures of amber, pearl, or silver washed with gold. Sir Epicure improves on this fashionable luxury.

[4] Calver'd *&c.*] This method of dressing fish is frequently mentioned by our old dramatists. See Massinger, vol. iii. p. 55. A more elaborate account of it may be seen in Walton's *Angler*, p. 449, edit. 1808. *Calvering*, at present, is a far more simple process than that formerly in use.

[5] *I myself will have*
The beards of barbels served, &c.] This too is from Lampridius: *Barbas sane mullorum tantas jubebat exhiberi, ut pro nasturtiis, apiastris, et facelaribus et fœnogræco exhiberet plenis fabatariis et discis.* Mullus, which Jonson and others translate "barbel," is a sur-mullet. See my notes on Juv. Sat. iv.

There's gold,
Go forth, and be a knight.] Covertly reflecting, as I believe, on the number of knights (many of them more unfit for the honour than sir Epicure's *cook*) who were made at the accession of James.

As cobwebs; and for all my other raiment,
It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,
Were he to teach the world riot anew.
My gloves of fishes and birds skins, perfumed
With gums of paradise, and eastern air——

Sur. And do you think to have the stone with this?

Mam. No, I do think t' have all this with the stone.

Sur. Why, I have heard, he must be *homo frugi*,
A pious, holy,[7] and religious man,
One free from mortal sin, a very virgin.

Mam. That makes it, sir; he is so: but I buy it;
My venture brings it me. He, honest wretch,
A notable, superstitious, good soul,
Has worn his knees bare, and his slippers bald,
With prayer and fasting for it: and, sir, let him
Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes.
Not a profane word afore him: 'tis poison.—

Enter SUBTLE.

Good morrow, father.

[7] *Why, I have heard he must be homo frugi,*
A pious, holy, &c.] All the pretenders to alchemy affected a more than ordinary degree of piety. Even the works of the most notorious cheats abound with grave exhortations to frequent prayer, and purity of life. "The study required (Lilly says) must be sedentary, of great reading, sound judgment! which no man can accomplish except he wholly retire, *use prayers*, and accompany himself with angelical consorts." p. 87. This hypocritical cant is often repeated in the course of his work, and the reason of it is sufficiently evident; for weak and worthy men were betrayed by it into a false confidence in their impostures.—But I need not dwell longer on this, for the whole conversation of Subtle with Mammon is a most correct and beautiful epitome of all that has been advanced on the subject.

Sub. Gentle son, good morrow,
And to your friend there. What is he, is with you?
Mam. An heretic, that I did bring along,
In hope, sir, to convert him.
Sub. Son, I doubt
You are covetous, that thus you meet your time
In the just point: prevent your day at morning.[8]
This argues something, worthy of a fear
Of importune and carnal appetite.
Take heed you do not cause the blessing leave you,
With your ungovern'd haste. I should be sorry
To see my labours, now even at perfection,
Got by long watching and large patience,
Not prosper where my love and zeal hath placed them.
Which (heaven I call to witness, with your self,
To whom I have pour'd my thoughts) in all my ends,
Have look'd no way, but unto public good,
To pious uses, and dear charity
Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein
If you, my son, should now prevaricate,
And, to your own particular lusts employ
So great and catholic a bliss, be sure
A curse will follow, yea, and overtake
Your subtle and most secret ways.
Mam. I know, sir;

[8] Prevent *your day, at morning.*] i. e. anticipate it: a very common expression in our old writers. In a note on this line, in the margin of Whalley's copy, in the hand-writing of Steevens, it is said that "the last of the moderns who uses the word in this sense is Prior:

"Then had I come, *preventing* Sheba's queen,
"To see the comliest of the sons of men." *Solomon.*

This is certainly not the latest instance:—but the matter is of little import.

You shall not need to fear me: I but come,
To have you confute this gentleman.
Sur. Who is,
Indeed, sir, somewhat costive of belief
Toward your stone; would not be gull'd.
Sub. Well, son,
All that I can convince him in, is this,
The WORK IS DONE, bright sol is in his robe.
We have a medicine of the triple soul,
The glorified spirit. Thanks be to heaven,
And make us worthy of it!--Ulen Spiegel![9]
Face. [*within.*] Anon, sir.
Sub. Look well to the register.[1]

[9] *Ulen Spiegel!*] i. e. Owl Glass! the hero of a German jest book, which seems to have been very popular, as it was translated into French and English at a very early period. Menage appears to consider him as a real personage. He was, he says, "un Alleman, du pais de Saxe, qui vivoit vers 1480, *nommé Till Ulespiegle, celèbre en ces petites tromperies ingenieuses. Sa vie aïant été composé en Alleman, on a appellé de son nom dans l'Allemagne Ulespiegle un fourbe ingenieux. Ce mot a passé ensuite en France dans la méme signification.*" Notwithstanding this precise account, we may be pretty sure that no such person ever existed. All nations have had their low cheats for the amusement of the vulgar. There is the "English Rogue," the "Spanish Rogue," and this dullest of all possible rogues, the "German Rogue." His name, however, elegantly translated by our ancestors into Howleglass, was familiarly used by them for a witty knave, a trickster, &c. This has escaped the recollection of the accurate and learned Jamieson. He gives two instances of its use:

"Now *Holyglass*, returning hame,
"To play the sophist, thought no shame."
Legend of St. Andrew.

——"speaking of the council, he called them *Holliglasses*, cormorants, and men of no religion." *Spotswood's Hist.* "Can this," he adds, "be a corruption of *Gallowglass*, a word used by Shakspeare?" Certainly not: the allusion is to *Ulenspiegle*, or Howleglass, the knave of Saxony.

[1] *Look well to the* register.] So they call the iron plate or

And let your heat still lessen by degrees,
To the aludels.[2]
Face. [*within.*] Yes, sir.
Sub. Did you look
O' the bolt's-head yet?
Face. [*within.*] Which? on D, sir?
Sub. Ay;
What's the complexion?
Face. [*within.*] Whitish.
Sub. Infuse vinegar,
To draw his volatile substance and his tincture:
And let the water in glass E be filter'd,
And put into the gripe's egg.[3] Lute him well;
And leave him closed in balneo.[4]
Face. [*within.*] I will, sir.
Sur. What a brave language here is! next to canting.
Sub. I have another work, you never saw, son,
That three days since past the philosopher's wheel,

slider, which, on being pushed forward, increases the heat of the fire in small chimnies, by accelerating the current of air.

[2] *To the* aludels.] *Aludel*, the Alchem. Dict. says, *est vitrum sublimatorium:* that is, if I understand the term, subliming pots without bottoms, fitted into each other, without luting.

[3] *And put into the* gripe's *egg.*] A vessel of this form. The *gripe* is the vulture; sometimes, indeed, our old writers inadvertently use the word for griffe or *gryphe*, the griffin, a "grimlie beast," somewhat related to the dragon of romance.

[4] *And leave him closed in* balneo.] *Balneum, est quando res dissolvenda in conveniente vase aquæ calidæ in suo aheneo contentæ imponitur, inibique operatio perficitur," Lexicon Alchem.* "When the heat is communicated to the vessel containing the body to be distilled, through any medium, as that of boiling water, or hot sand, the body is said to be distilled in a water bath, or sand bath, the chemists having agreed to call the medium, serving for the communication of heat to the distilling or subliming vessel, *a bath.*"

In the lent heat of Athanor ;[5] and's become
Sulphur of Nature.
Mam. But 'tis for me?
Sub. What need you?
You have enough in that is perfect.
Mam. O but——
Sub. Why, this is covetise!
Mam. No, I assure you,
I shall employ it all in pious uses,[6]
Founding of colleges and grammar schools,
Marrying young virgins, building hospitals,
And now and then a church.

Re-enter FACE.

Sub. How now!

[5] ——— *the* philosopher's wheel,
In the lent heat of Athanor ;] "*Athanor, est furnus compositus arcano philosophorum lapidi elaborando calorem, ubi ignis ad vas non pertingit, convenientem tribuens.*" *Ibid.* It appears to be a digesting furnace, calculated for the retention of heat. Of the *philosopher's wheel*, which is frequently mentioned by Ripley, I can only say that the more I study, the less I understand of it: the reader must therefore content himself with knowing that it betokens a very hopeful state of the process, though not so forward a one as the *crow's head*.

[6] *I shall employ it all in* pious *uses*, &c.] How exquisitely does the hypocrisy of Mammon set off the knavery of Subtle? Cartwright has imitated this part of the dialogue with great pleasantry:

Hearsay. "Your care shall be
"Only to tame your riches, and to make them
"Grow sober and obedient to your use.
Caster. "I'll send some forty thousand unto Paul's,
"Build a cathedral next in Banbury,
"Give organs to each parish in the kingdom,
"And so root out the unmusical elect."
Ordinary, A. ii. sc. 3.

Face. Sir, please you,
Shall I not change the filter?
Sub. Marry, yes;
And bring me the complexion of glass B.
[*Exit Face.*
Mam. Have you another?
Sub. Yes, son; were I assured
Your piety were firm, we would not want
The means to glorify it: but I hope the best.—
I mean to tinct C in sand-heat to-morrow,
And give him imbibition.[7]
Mam. Of white oil?
Sub. No, sir, of red. F is come over the helm too,
I thank my maker, in S. Mary's bath,
And shews *lac virginis.* Blessed be heaven!
I sent you of his fæces there calcined:
Out of that calx, I have won the salt of mercury.
Mam. By pouring on your rectified water?
Sub. Yes, and reverberating in Athanor.

Re-enter FACE.

How now! what colour says it?
Face. The ground black, sir.
Mam. That's your crow's head?
Sur. Your cock's-comb's, is it not?

[7] *And give him imbibition.*] *Imbibitio est ablutio, quando liquor corpori adjunctus elevatur, et exitum non inveniens in corpus recidit.*—but I need not proceed: for as my author gravely adds, *hæc plane philosophica est operatio, nec ad vulgares sese dimittit.* St. *Mary's bath*, (balneum Mariæ), which occurs below, is setting a vessel in a larger one filled with water, over the fire. To *reverberate*, is to heat in a fire, where the flames are beat back from the top upon the matter placed at the bottom.

Sub. No, 'tis not perfect. Would it were the crow!
That work wants something.
Sur. O, I look'd for this.
The hay's a pitching.[8] [*Aside.*
Sub. Are you sure you loosed them
In their own menstrue?
Face. Yes, sir, and then married them,
And put them in a bolt's-head nipp'd to digestion,
According as you bade me, when I set
The liquor of Mars to circulation
In the same heat.
Sub. The process then was right.
Face. Yes, by the token, sir, the retort brake,
And what was saved was put into the pellican,
And sign'd with Hermes' seal.[9]
Sub. I think 'twas so.
We should have a new amalgama.
Sur. O, this ferret
Is rank as any pole-cat. [*Aside.*
Sub. But I care not:
Let him e'en die; we have enough beside,
In embrion. H has his white shirt on?
Face. Yes, sir,
He's ripe for inceration,[1] he stands warm,

[8] *The hay's a pitching.*] *Hays* are nets for catching rabbits: they were usually stretched before their holes. Thus, in a passage already quoted from Minshieu (vol. i. p. 70.) "A conniecatcher is one who robs warrens, and connie-grounds, *pitching haies* before their holes," &c. and in Wyat's *Epistle to Poynes*:

"Nor none, I trowe, that hath a wit so badde,
"To *sett his hay* for conneyes ore riveres."

[9] *And signed with* Hermes' seal.] A vessel is said to be hermetically sealed, when it is closed in such a manner that the most subtle spirit cannot transpire. This is effected by heating the neck in the fire, and then twisting it.

[1] *He's ripe for* inceration.] "*Inceratio est mistio humoris*

In his ash-fire. I would not you should let
Any die now, if I might counsel, sir,
For luck's sake to the rest: it is not good.
Mam. He says right.
Sur. Ay, are you bolted?[2] [*Aside.*
Face. Nay, I know't, sir,
I have seen the ill fortune. What is some three ounces
Of fresh materials?
Mam. Is't no more?
Face. No more, sir,
Of gold, t'amalgame with some six of mercury.
Mam. Away, here's money. What will serve?
Face. Ask him, sir.
Mam. How much?
Sub. Give him nine pound:—you may give him ten.
Sur. Yes, twenty, and be cozen'd, do.
Mam. There 'tis. [*Gives Face the money.*
Sub. This needs not; but that you will have it so,
To see conclusions of all: for two
Of our inferior works are at fixation,
A third is in ascension. Go your ways.
Have you set the oil of luna in kemia?
Face. Yes, sir.
Sub. And the philosopher's vinegar?
Face. Ay. [*Exit.*
Sur. We shall have a sallad!
Mam. When do you make projection?
Sub. Son, be not hasty, I exalt our med'cine,
By hanging him *in balneo vaporoso,*

cum re sicca, per combibitionem lentam ad consistentiam ceræ remollitæ." Ibid.

[2] *Ay, are you bolted?*] Still alluding to the rabbit-*net*. Are you at length driven by the "ferret," as he has just called Face, (from his red eyes,) into the snare laid for you?

And giving him solution; then congeal him;
And then dissolve him; then again congeal him:
For look, how oft I iterate the work,
So many times I add unto his virtue.
As, if at first one ounce convert a hundred,
After his second loose, he'll turn a thousand;
His third solution, ten; his fourth, a hundred:
After his fifth, a thousand thousand ounces
Of any imperfect metal, into pure
Silver or gold, in all examinations,
As good as any of the natural mine.
Get you your stuff here against afternoon,
Your brass, your pewter, and your andirons.
Mam. Not those of iron?
Sub. Yes, you may bring them too:
We'll change all metals.
Sur. I believe you in that.
Mam. Then I may send my spits?
Sub. Yes, and your racks.
Sur. And dripping-pans, and pot-hangers, and hooks,
Shall he not?
Sub. If he please.
Sur. —To be an ass.
Sub. How, sir!
Mam. This gentleman you must bear withal:
I told you he had no faith.
Sur. And little hope, sir;
But much less charity, should I gull myself.
Sub. Why, what have you observ'd, sir, in our art,
Seems so impossible?
Sur. But your whole work, no more.
That you should hatch gold in a furnace, sir,
As they do eggs in Egypt!
Sub. Sir, do you
Believe that eggs are hatch'd so?

Sur. If I should?
Sub. Why, I think that the greater miracle.
No egg but differs from a chicken more
Than metals in themselves.
Sur. That cannot be.
The egg's ordain'd by nature to that end,
And is a chicken *in potentia.*
Sub. The same we say of lead and other metals,
Which would be gold, if they had time.
Mam. And that
Our art doth further.
Sub. Ay, for 'twere absurd
To think that nature in the earth bred gold
Perfect in the instant: something went before.
There must be remote matter.
Sur. Ay, what is that?
Sub. Marry, we say —
Mam. Ay, now it heats: stand, father,
Pound him to dust.
Sub. It is, of the one part,
A humid exhalation, which we call
Materia liquida, or the unctuous water;
On the other part, a certain crass and viscous
Portion of earth; both which, concorporate,
Do make the elementary matter of gold;
Which is not yet *propria materia,*
But common to all metals and all stones;
For, where it is forsaken of that moisture,
And hath more driness, it becomes a stone:
Where it retains more of the humid fatness,
It turns to sulphur, or to quicksilver,
Who are the parents of all other metals.
Nor can this remote matter suddenly
Progress so from extreme unto extreme,
As to grow gold, and leap o'er all the means.
Nature doth first beget the imperfect, then

Proceeds she to the perfect. Of that airy
And oily water, mercury is engender'd;
Sulphur of the fat and earthy part; the one,
Which is the last, supplying the place of male,
The other of the female, in all metals.
Some do believe hermaphrodeity,
That both do act and suffer. But these two
Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive.
And even in gold they are; for we do find
Seeds of them, by our fire, and gold in them;
And can produce the species of each metal
More perfect thence, than nature doth in earth.
Beside, who doth not see in daily practice
Art can beget bees,[3] hornets, beetles, wasps,
Out of the carcasses and dung of creatures;
Yea, scorpions of an herb, being rightly placed?
And these are living creatures, far more perfect
And excellent than metals.

Mam. Well said, father!
Nay, if he take you in hand, sir, with an argument,
He'll bray you in a mortar.

Sur. Pray you, sir, stay.

[3] *Art can beget bees*, &c.] While the doctrine of equivocal generation was in fashion, this was a powerful argument. Alchemy has now lost one of its principal props. Upton refers, for an explanation of this, to Pliny and Ovid: if he had referred to the works of Kelley, Ripley, Norton, &c., he would have been much more fortunate: for in them Jonson found not only most of his terms, but the greater part of his reasoning. But of these writers Upton probably knew nothing. With all his learning, he seems to have been a man of very confined knowledge; and his palpable want of judgment prevented him from making much advantage of what he really possessed. I have not thought it necessary to quote the passages to which Jonson alludes; but the reader who may think it worth his while to turn to them in the *Theatrum Chemicum*, will be struck with the wonderful dexterity with which he has availed himself of his most wretched materials.

Rather than I'll be bray'd, sir, I'll believe
That Alchemy is a pretty kind of game,
Somewhat like tricks o' the cards, to cheat a man
With charming.
Sub. Sir?
Sur. What else are all your terms,
Whereon no one of your writers 'grees with other?
Of your elixir, your *lac virginis*,
Your stone, your med'cine, and your chryso-
sperme,
Your sal, your sulphur, and your mercury,
Your oil of height, your tree of life, your blood,
Your marchesite, your tutie, your magnesia,
Your toad, your crow, your dragon, and your
panther;
Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your
adrop,*
Your lato, azoch, zernich, chibrit, heautarit,
And then your red man, and your white woman,
With all your broths, your menstrues, and mate-
rials,
Of piss and egg-shells, women's terms, man's
blood,
Hair o' the head, burnt clouts, chalk, merds, and
clay,
Powder of bones, scalings of iron, glass,
And worlds of other strange ingredients,
Would burst a man to name?
Sub. And all these named,
Intending but one thing; which art our writers
Used to obscure their art.
Mam. Sir, so I told him—
Because the simple ideot should not learn it,
And make it vulgar.

* *Your adrop*, &c.] *Adrop est azar, lapis ipse. Chem. Dict. Lato*, is a species of aurichalc; *azoch* and *chibrit* are, I believe, but other names for mercury; *zernich* is auripigment, and *heautarit* —I know not what.

Sub. Was not all the knowledge
Of the Ægyptians writ in mystic symbols?
Speak not the scriptures oft in parables?
Are not the choicest fables of the poets,
That were the fountains and first springs of wisdom,
Wrapp'd in perplexed allegories?
Mam. I urg'd that,
And clear'd to him, that Sysiphus was damn'd
To roll the ceaseless stone, only because
He would have made Ours common. [*Dol appears at the door.*]—Who is this?
Sub. 'S precious!—What do you mean? go in, good lady,
Let me entreat you. [*Dol retires.*]—Where's this varlet?

Re-enter FACE.

Face. Sir.
Sub. You very knave! do you use me thus?
Face. Wherein, sir?
Sub. Go in and see, you traitor. Go!
[*Exit Face.*
Mam. Who is it, sir?
Sub. Nothing, sir; nothing.
Mam. What's the matter, good sir?
I have not seen you thus distemper'd: who is't?
Sub. All arts have still had, sir, their adversaries;
But ours the most ignorant.—

Re-enter FACE.

What now?
Face. 'Twas not my fault, sir; she would speak with you.
Sub. Would she, sir! Follow me. [*Exit.*
Mam. [*stopping him.*] Stay, Lungs.

Face. I dare not, sir.
Mam. Stay, man; what is she?
Face. A lord's sister, sir.[4]
Mam. How! pray thee, stay.
Face. She's mad, sir, and sent hither—
He'll be mad too.—
Mam. I warrant thee.—[5]
Why sent hither?
Face. Sir, to be cured.
Sub. [*within.*] Why, rascal!
Face. Lo you!—Here, sir! [*Exit.*
Mam. 'Fore God, a Bradamante, a brave piece.[6]
Sur. Heart, this is a bawdy-house! I will be burnt else.
Mam. O, by this light, no: do not wrong him. He's
Too scrupulous that way: it is his vice.
No, he's a rare physician, do him right,
An excellent Paracelsian,[7] and has done

[4] Face. *A lord's sister, sir,* &c.] I have adopted the arrangements of the quarto, 1612, in these short speeches. It is so much more natural than that of the folio, 1616, that I am inclined to attribute the alteration to a mere oversight.

[5] *I warrant thee.*] i. e. I will secure thee from the effects of his anger.

[6] —— *a* Bradamante,] The name of an heroine in *Orlando Furioso.* WHAL.

[7] *An excellent Paracelsian,*] A follower of Paracelsus. Philippus Aureolus Paracelsus Theophrastus Bumbastus de Hohenheim, (I love, as the good vicar of Wakefield says, to give the whole name,) was born, in 1493, at Einfideln, a little town near Zurich. His father, who was a physician, taught him the rudiments of his art, and would, perhaps, have taught him more, had not the incurable passion of his son for rambling prevented it. Before he was twenty, he had over-run a great part of Germany, conversing indifferently with barbers, old women, conjurers, chemists, quacks, &c. and eagerly adopting, from each, whatever he imagined conducive to the system of imposture which he had already planned. From Germany he proceeded to Russia, where he fell into the hands of the Tartars, and was carried to the Cham, who

Strange cures with mineral physic. He deals all
With spirits, he; he will not hear a word
Of Galen, or his tedious recipes.—

sent him to Constantinople, to preside over the education of his son! Here, as all the world knows, he learned the grand secret, and returned to Germany with the philosopher's stone. At Basle, he set up for a physician, and having by accident, or mistake, cured Frobenius, (the noted printer,) he acquired considerable practice. In 1527, he was appointed professor of physic, and gave lectures. As he had far more cunning than knowledge, he wrapped up all that he delivered in a kind of mystical jargon, (like the alchemists,) which was perfectly unintelligible, and procured him a vast number of scholars. Emboldened by success, he now pretended to magic, and held conference with a familiar, or demon, whom, for the convenience of consulting, he constantly carried about with him in the hilt of his sword. He was also a warm stickler for reformation in ecclesiastical matters, which, as he had no religion, sets off his patriotism to great advantage. His language was rude, and his manner gross and offensive in the highest degree; he was arrogant, assuming, and full of the most extravagant promises and pretensions. He offered to teach the secret of making gold *ad libitum*, and lived on alms. He undertook readily to protract the existence of his patients to any period; and, while debating in his own mind how many centuries he himself would live, died of a common fever in the hospital of Saltsburg, in the 48th year of his age. The rest of his character is easily settled. He was of a lively fancy, and of an active and restless disposition: in our times he would have been a quack and a puppet-show man; in his own, this was not sufficient for his ambition, and he became a professed necromancer. From what I have read of his works, which are written in a mean, uncouth, and barbarous style, I should suppose that such a man might be compounded out of a Darwin and a Cagliostro. Paracelsus seems to have first fallen upon that ridiculous species of quackery which was revived not long ago with such parade, under the name of animal magnetism. His *elixir of life* was assisted in its operation by a process very similar to what the modern professors of the art call *treating:* the patient was wearied by some contemptible mummery into a state of somnolency, from which he was to awake with a renovated constitution.

It is not a little mortifying to observe, that the boasted discoveries of this prodigious period, which has been proudly

Re-enter FACE.

How now, Lungs!

Face. Softly, sir; speak softly. I meant
To have told your worship all. This must not hear.

Mam. No, he will not be "gull'd:"[8] let him alone.

Face. You are very right, sir; she is a most rare scholar,
And is gone mad with studying Broughton's works.[9]

termed the "age of reason," but which would be more aptly denominated the age of impudence, had been made long since. There is not one of the miraculous inventions, which for a short time immortalized the philosopher Godwin, that had not been the object of sovereign contempt and ridicule many centuries before he was born.

[8] *No, he will not be* gull'd:] Mammon alludes with a sneer, to Surly's declaration, p. 49.

[9] *She is gone mad with studying* Broughton's *works.*] "Mr. Hugh Broughton, a celebrated rabbin in queen Elizabeth's days, and a great publisher." WHAL.

Broughton was an English divine, and a considerable proficient, (as has been already observed, vol. iii. p. 213,) in the Hebrew. His attainments, however, in this language only served to make him ridiculous, for he fell upon a mode of explaining it perfectly incomprehensible to himself as well as to others. He was of a very pugnacious humour, and wasted many years of his life, in a most violent dispute with the archbishop of Canterbury, and a Jew rabbi, about the sense of *sheol* and *hades*. This rabbi, Howell says, was of the tribe of Aaron, and of such repute for sanctity at Amsterdam, (where he saw him,) that "when the other Jews met him, they fell down and kissed his feet." *Let.* vii. This did not, however, secure him from the coarse revilings of Broughton, whose insolence and pride were beyond all bounds. The reader may be amused with a specimen or two of his opinion of himself. "The Jews desired to have me sent to all the synagogues in Constantinople, if it were but to see my angelicall countenance." "French, Dutch, Papist, Protestant, call for me, being a man approved

If you but name a word touching the Hebrew,
She falls into her fit, and will discourse
So learnedly of genealogies,
As you would run mad too, to hear her, sir.
Mam. How might one do t' have conference with her, Lungs?
Face. O divers have run mad upon the conference:
I do not know, sir. I am sent in haste,
To fetch a vial.
Sur. Be not gull'd, sir Mammon.
Mam. Wherein? pray ye, be patient.
Sur. Yes, as you are,
And trust confederate knaves and bawds and whores.
Mam. You are too foul, believe it.—Come here, Ulen,
One word.
Face. I dare not, in good faith. [*Going.*
Mam. Stay, knave.
Face. He is extreme angry that you saw her, sir.
Mam. Drink that. [*Gives him money.*] What is she when she's out of her fit?
Face. O, the most affablest creature, sir! so merry!
So pleasant! she'll mount you up, like quick-silver,
Over the helm; and circulate like oil,
A very vegetal: discourse of state,
Of mathematics, bawdry, any thing——
Mam. Is she no way accessible? no means,

over the world." "If the queen (Elizabeth) will not preferre me for my paine, I will leave the land," &c.

All this, with much more, is to be found in an "answer to Master Broughton's letters to the lord archbishop of Canterbury;" in which he is constantly spoken of as one grown mad with unprofitable study, and self-conceit. At all events, the study of him was well calculated to make others mad.

No trick to give a man a taste of her——wit——
Or so ?[1]
Sub. [*within.*] Ulen!
Face. I'll come to you again, sir. [*Exit.*
Mam. Surly, I did not think one of your breeding
Would traduce personages of worth.
Sur. Sir Epicure,
Your friend to use; yet still, loth to be gull'd:
I do not like your philosophical bawds.
Their stone is letchery enough to pay for,
Without this bait.
Mam. 'Heart, you abuse your self.
I know the lady, and her friends, and means,
The original of this disaster. Her brother
Has told me all.
Sur. And yet you never saw her
Till now!
Mam. O yes, but I forgot. I have, believe it,
One of the treacherousest memories, I do think,
Of all mankind.
Sur. What call you her brother?
Mam My lord——
He will not have his name known, now I think on't.
Sur. A very treacherous memory!
Mam. On my faith——
Sur. Tut, if you have it not about you, pass it,
Till we meet next.
Mam. Nay, by this hand, 'tis true.
He's one I honour, and my noble friend;
And I respect his house.
Sur. Heart! can it be,
That a grave sir, a rich, that has no need,

[1] *Ulen!*] In the folio 1616, this is made a part of Mammon's speech. It is evident, however, from the abrupt departure of Face, that it is spoken by Subtle within. The 4to. 1612, omits it altogether. Jonson constantly writes this word in the German character.

A wise sir, too, at other times, should thus,
With his own oaths, and arguments, make hard means
To gull himself? An this be your elixir,
Your *lapis mineralis*, and your lunary,
Give me your honest trick yet at primero,
Or gleek; and take your *lutum sapientis*,
Your *menstruum simplex!* I'll have gold before you,
And with less danger of the quicksilver,
Or the hot sulphur.[2]

Re-enter FACE.

Face. Here's one from captain Face, sir, [*to Surly.*]
Desires you meet him in the Temple-church,
Some half hour hence, and upon earnest business.
Sir, [*whispers Mammon.*] if you please to quit us, now; and come
Again within two hours, you shall have
My master busy examining o' the works;
And I will steal you in, unto the party,
That you may see her converse.—Sir, shall I say,
You'll meet the captain's worship?
Sur. Sir, I will.— [*Walks aside.*
But, by attorney, and to a second purpose.[3]
Now, I am sure it is a bawdy-house;
I'll swear it, were the marshal here to thank me:
The naming this commander doth confirm it.
Don Face! why he's the most authentic dealer

[2] *With less danger of the quicksilver,*
Or the hot sulphur.] "Meaning, (as Upton observes) with less danger of being salivated for it."

[3] *But by attorney, and to a second purpose.*] i. e. I will delegate, as it were, or appoint some other character to act instead of my own proper character. He speaks this (as Upton says) aside: for soon after he puts on the person of a Spanish don. WHAL.

In these commodities, the superintendant
To all the quainter traffickers in town!
He is the visitor, and does appoint,
Who lies with whom, and at what hour; what price;
Which gown, and in what smock; what fall;[4] what tire.
Him will I prove, by a third person, to find
The subtleties of this dark labyrinth:
Which if I do discover, dear sir Mammon,
You'll give your poor friend leave, though no philosopher,
To laugh: for you that are, 'tis thought, shall weep.
Face. Sir, he does pray, you'll not forget.
Sur. I will not, sir.
Sir Epicure, I shall leave you. [*Exit.*
Mam. I follow you, straight.
Face. But do so, good sir, to avoid suspicion.
This gentleman has a parlous head.[5]
Mam. But wilt thou, Ulen,
Be constant to thy promise?
Face. As my life, sir.
Mam. And wilt thou insinuate what I am, and praise me,
And say, I am a noble fellow?
Face. O, what else, sir?
And that you'll make her royal with the stone,
An empress; and your self, king of Bantam.

[4] *What* fall;] The *fall* (a very fashionable article of dress) was a ruff or band, which instead of being plaited round the neck, was turned back on the shoulders.

[5] This gentleman has a *parlous* head.] A common corruption of *perilous*, dangerously shrewd, &c. So Shakspeare:

"O 'tis a parlous boy,
"Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable."
Richard III.

Mam. Wilt thou do this?
Face. Will I, sir!
Mam. Lungs, my Lungs!
I love thee.
Face. Send your stuff, sir, that my master
May busy himself about projection.
Mam. Thou hast witch'd me, rogue: take, go
[*Gives him money.*
Face. Your jack, and all, sir.
Mam. Thou art a villain—I will send my jack,
And the weights too. Slave, I could bite thine ear.[6]
Away, thou dost not care for me.
Face. Not I, sir!
Mam. Come, I was born to make thee, my good weasel,
Set thee on a bench, and have thee twirl a chain
With the best lord's vermin of 'em all.
Face. Away, sir.
Mam. A count, nay, a count palatine——
Face. Good, sir, go.
Mam. Shall not advance thee better: no, nor faster. [*Exit.*

Re-enter SUBTLE *and* DOL.

Sub. Has he bit? has he bit?
Face. And swallow'd too, my Subtle.
I have given him line, and now he plays, i' faith.
Sub. And shall we twitch him?
Face. Thorough both the gills.
A wench is a rare bait, with which a man
No sooner's taken, but he straight firks mad.

[6] *Slave, I could bite thine ear*, &c.] See vol. ii. p. 184. The flow of spirits and exultation of Mammon at the near prospect of gratifying two of his predominant passions, (lust and avarice,) are exquisitely delineated.

Sub. Dol, my lord What'ts'hums sister, you must now
Bear your self *statelich.*[7]
Dol. O let me alone.
I'll not forget my race, I warrant you.
I'll keep my distance, laugh and talk aloud;
Have all the tricks of a proud scurvy lady,
And be as rude as her woman.
Face. Well said, sanguine!
Sub. But will he send his andirons?
Face. His jack too,
And's iron shoeing-horn; I have spoke to him. Well,
I must not lose my wary gamester yonder.
Sub. O monsieur Caution, that *will not be gull'd.*
Face. Ay,
If I can strike a fine hook into him, now!—
The Temple-church, there I have cast mine angle.
Well, pray for me. I'll about it. [*Knocking without.*
Sub. What, more gudgeons!
Dol, scout, scout! [*Dol goes to the window.*] Stay, Face, you must go to the door,
'Pray God it be my anabaptist.—Who is't, Dol?
Dol. I know him not: he looks like a gold-end-man.[8]

[7] *Bear your self* statelich.] Dutch, and should be written *staatlyk.* This affectation of introducing Dutch and Flemish words was common to our old writers: we have *lustigh, froelich,* &c. in every drama: terms with which we were supplied by the soldiers who returned from the wars in the Netherlands, and which are very inadequately translated by the English words *lusty, frolic,* &c.

[8] *He looks like a* gold-end-man,] I find, from Whalley's copy, that he had consulted Steevens on the meaning of this expression, but without success. It is somewhat strange that this distinguished critic should be ignorant of so common a term. A gold-end-man, is one who buys broken pieces of gold and silver

Sub. Ods so! 'tis he, he said he would send
what call you him?
The sanctified elder, that should deal
For Mammon's jack and andirons. Let him in.
Stay, help me off, first, with my gown. [*Exit Face with the gown.*] Away,
Madam, to your withdrawing chamber. [*Exit Dol.*] Now,
In a new tune, new gesture, but old language.—
This fellow is sent from one negociates with me
About the stone too; for the holy brethren
Of Amsterdam, the exiled saints; that hope
To raise their discipline by it. I must use him
In some strange fashion, now, to make him admire me.'—

Enter ANANIAS.

Where is my drudge? [*Aloud.*

an itinerant jeweller. In the *Beggar's Bush*, Higgins enters, crying, "Have ye any *ends of gold and silver*, maids?" words which might be heard every day in the streets of London. And in *Eastward Hoe*, where the word often occurs, Gertrude says, that her father "will do more for his daughter that has married a scurvy *gold-end-man* (a goldsmith's apprentice) than for her."

[9] ——————— *I must use him*
In some strange fashion now to make him admire me.] "Nothing (says Upton) can be finer imagined than this change of Subtle's behaviour. Fools always admire what they least understand; and character is the least they are acquainted with. To the voluptuous and wicked Mammon, Subtle appears holiness and humility itself; to the ignorant and devout Ananias, he appears all learning and science; to which every other consideration must submit: and all this, very agreeably to the rules of decorum, to excite the admiration and wonder of those various kinds of fools." WHAL.

Re-enter FACE.

Face. Sir!
Sub. Take away the recipient,
And rectify your menstrue from the phlegma.
Then pour it on the Sol, in the cucurbite,
And let them macerate together.
Face. Yes, sir.
And save the ground?
Sub. No: *terra damnata*
Must not have entrance in the work.—Who are you?
Ana. A faithful brother,[1] if it please you.
Sub. What's that?
A Lullianist?[2] a Ripley?[3] Filius artis?
Can you sublime and dulcify? calcine?
Know you the sapor pontic? sapor stiptic?[4]
Or what is homogene, or heterogene?

[1] *A* faithful brother,] So the Puritans styled themselves: Subtle affects to misunderstand the expression, and to take him for a believer in alchemy.

[2] *A Lullianist*?] A follower of Raimund Lully. See vol. iii. p. 214.

[3] *A Ripley*?] George *Ripley*, so called from the place of his birth, was canon of Bridlington in Yorkshire. He was an adept, and wrote a poem called *the Compound of Alchymie*, which, with a few shorter pieces by him, on the same subject, was printed by Ashmole, in his *Theatrum Chemicum*, 1652. Ripley lived in the 15th century, and dedicated his great work to Edward IV. More of him may be found in Fuller's *Worthies of England*.

[4] *Know you the* sapor pontic? sapor stiptic?] I learn from Norton, that "there be nyne sapors," all of which, he adds, "maie bee learnde in halfe an hower. The two in the text, which are all that I shall burden the reader's memory with at present, are thus explained:

"So is the *sowerish* tast called *sapor pontic*,
"And *lesse sower* allso called *sapor stiptic*."

I have taken some pains to instil a portion of this "divine art," alchemy, into my readers; and, to say the least, shall

Ana. I understand no heathen language, truly.
Sub. Heathen! you Knipper-doling?[5] is Ars sacra,
Or chrysopœia, or spagyrica,
Or the pamphysic, or panarchic knowledge,
A heathen language?
Ana. Heathen Greek, I take it.
Sub. How! heathen Greek?
Ana. All's heathen but the Hebrew.[6]

think myself very ungratefully used, if a small portion of the gold which they may make by the aid of my researches, be not set aside for my use.

[5] *Heathen, you* Knipper-doling?] "*Knipper-doling* (as Upton says) was a fanatical anabaptist at Munster in Germany; he, with one Rotman and John Bockholdt, commonly called John of Leyden, a tailor, and the rest of the superstitious crew, raised great disturbances in the Low Countries about the year 1533."

[6] Ana. *All's heathen but the* Hebrew.] There is much admirable humour in making this zealous botcher disclaim all knowledge of, and all esteem for, the language of the New Testament. In this, however, the poet has not advanced one step beyond the truth. Some of Luther's followers (the Knipperdolings and Bockholdts of the time) are thus represented by Erasmus: "*Hic tui discipuli palam docebant disciplinas humanas esse venenum pietatis; non esse discendas linguas nisi Hebraicam.*" Indeed, the anabaptists of Munster seriously proposed "to burn every book but the *Old Testament.*" This is not forgotten by bishop Corbet, in his *Distracted Puritan:*

"In the *holy tongue of Canaan*
"I placed my chiefest pleasure;
"Till I prick'd my foot
"With an Hebrew root,
"That I bled beyond all measure."

Cleveland has a similar allusion, in his *Puritan:*

"With some *small Hebrew*, but *no Greek*,
"To find out words, when stuff 's to seek," &c.

This predilection for "the language of Canaan" continued till the Restoration. To judge from the common discourse, the sermons, and controversial writings of the Puritans during the Usurpation, it might almost be concluded that no such book as the *New Testament* was in existence; since their language,

Sub. Sirrah, my varlet, stand you forth and speak to him,
Like a philosopher: answer, in the language.
Name the vexations, and the martyrizations
Of metals in the work.
Face. Sir, putrefaction,
Solution, ablution, sublimation,
Cohobation, calcination, ceration, and
Fixation.
Sub. This is heathen Greek, to you, now!—
And when comes vivification?
Face. After mortification.
Sub. What's cohobation.
Face. 'Tis the pouring on
Your aqua regis, and then drawing him off,
To the trine circle of the seven spheres.
Sub. What's the proper passion of metals?
Face. Malleation.
Sub. What's your *ultimum supplicium auri?*
Face. Antimonium.
Sub. This is heathen Greek to you!—And what's your mercury?
Face. A very fugitive, he will be gone, sir.
Sub. How know you him?
Face. By his viscosity,
His oleosity, and his suscitability.
Sub. How do you sublime him?
Face. With the calce of egg-shells,
White marble, talc.

though interlarded with scripture phrases, even to profaneness, scarcely ever borrows a word from it.

The Puritans who fled from this country to New England at the beginning of the civil war, carried this prejudice with them; and so deeply was it rooted, that in the rebellion of the colonies, a member of that state seriously proposed to Congress the putting down of the English language by law, and decreeing the universal adoption of the *Hebrew* in its stead.

Sub. Your magisterium, now,
What's that?
Face. Shifting, sir, your elements,
Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot,
Hot into dry.
Sub. This is heathen Greek to you still!
Your *lapis philosophicus?*
Face. 'Tis a stone,
And not a stone; a spirit, a soul, and a body:
Which if you do dissolve, it is dissolv'd;
If you coagulate, it is coagulated;
If you make it to fly, it flieth.
Sub. Enough. [*Exit Face.*
This is heathen Greek to you! What are you, sir?
Ana. Please you, a servant of the exiled brethren,
That deal with widows and with orphans' goods;
And make a just account unto the saints:
A deacon.
Sub. O, you are sent from master Wholsome,
Your teacher?
Ana. From Tribulation Wholsome,
Our very zealous pastor.
Sub. Good! I have
Some orphans' goods to come here.
Ana. Of what kind, sir?
Sub. Pewter and brass, andirons and kitchenware,
Metals, that we must use our medicine on:
Wherein the brethren may have a pennyworth,
For ready money.
Ana. Were the orphans' parents
Sincere professors?
Sub. Why do you ask?
Ana. Because
We then are to deal justly, and give, in truth,
Their utmost value.

Sub. 'Slid, you'd cozen else,
And if their parents were not of the faithful !—
I will not trust you, now I think on it,
'Till I have talk'd with your pastor. Have you brought money
To buy more coals?
Ana. No, surely.
Sub. No! how so?
Ana. The brethren bid me say unto you, sir,
Surely, they will not venture any more,
Till they may see projection.
Sub. How!
Ana. You have had,
For the instruments, as bricks, and lome, and glasses,
Already thirty pound; and for materials,
They say, some ninety more: and they have heard since,
That one, at Heidelberg, made it of an egg,
And a small paper of pin-dust.
Sub. What's your name?
Ana. My name is Ananias.
Sub. Out, the varlet
That cozen'd the apostles! Hence, away!
Flee, mischief! had your holy consistory
No name to send me, of another sound,
Than wicked Ananias? send your elders
Hither, to make atonement for you, quickly,
And give me satisfaction; or out goes
The fire; and down th'alembecs, and the furnace,
Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch!
Both sericon and bufo[7] shall be lost,
Tell them, All hope of rooting out the bishops,

[7] *Both* sericon *and* bufo,] Both the red and the black tincture. These terms are adopted to confound and terrify the simple deacon. In the next line, Jonson little suspected that he was treading on living coals—*suppositos cineri doloso.*

Or the antichristian hierarchy, shall perish,
If they stay threescore minutes: the aqueity,
Terreity, and sulphureity
Shall run together again, and all be annull'd,
Thou wicked Ananias! [*Exit Ananias.*] This will fetch 'em,
And make them haste towards their gulling more.
A man must deal like a rough nurse, and fright
Those that are froward, to an appetite.

Re-enter FACE *in his uniform, followed by* DRUGGER.

Face. He is busy with his spirits, but we'll upon him.

Sub. How now! what mates, what Baiards have we here?[8]

Face. I told you, he would be furious.—Sir, here's Nab,
Has brought you another piece of gold to look on:
—We must appease him. Give it me,—and prays you,
You would devise—what is it, Nab?

Drug. A sign, sir.

Face. Ay, a good lucky one, a thriving sign, doctor.

Sub. I was devising now.

Face. 'Slight, do not say so,
He will repent he gave you any more—
What say you to his constellation, doctor,
The Balance?

[8] *What Baiards have we here?*] Alluding to the proverb, "As *bold* as blind Baiard" Thus Chaucer:

"Ye ben as bold as is *bayarde the blind*,
"That blondereth forth, and peril casteth none."

Baiardo is the horse of Rinaldo, in Ariosto. WHAL.

Sub. No, that way is stale, and common.
A townsman born in Taurus, gives the bull,
Or the bull's-head: in Aries, the ram,
A poor-device! No, I will have his name
Form'd in some mystic character; whose radii,
Striking the senses of the passers by,
Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections,
That may result upon the party owns it:
As thus———

Face. Nab!

Sub. He shall have *a bel*, that's *Abel;*
And by it standing one whose name is *Dee*,
In a *rug* gown,[9] there's *D*, and *Rug*, that's *drug:*
And right anenst him a dog snarling *er;*[1]

[9] *And by it standing one whose name is* Dee,
In a rug gown,] This is evidently levelled at the celebrated Dr. John Dee, a man of considerable knowledge in the mathematics, and a great pretender to astrology, alchemy, and magic. He began, like most of the fraternity, with being a dupe; but soon turned cheat; connected himself with the notorious Kelley, and rambled over Europe in the ostensible character of a conjuror; but really as a spy. On his return, he settled at Mortlake, where he died in extreme poverty, notwithstanding his possession of the philosopher's stone; being, as Lilly says, "enforced many times to sell some book or other to buy a dinner." Lilly adds, that Dee was excessively vain: and this is confirmed by what he says in one of his letters—that "if he had found a Mæcenas, Britain would not have been destitute of an Aristotle."

In a very dull and prolix introduction to his *Treatise on Navigation*, Dee observes that the common reports of him were, "that he was not only a conjuror or caller of devils, but a great doer therein, yea, the great conjuror, and so, as some would say, the arche conjuror of this whole kingdom." This, however, the doctor calls "a damnable sklaunder." In the print before one of his books, he appears wrapped up in a rough shaggy gown: to this Jonson alludes.

[1] *And right* anenst *him a dog snarling* er;] *Anenst* is the old word for *against*, and is frequently found in Chaucer, and his contemporaries. It is not yet worn out in Scotland. *Er*, or *R*, as Shakspeare says, "is the dog's letter:"

Irritata canis quod homo quam plenius dicit.

There's *Drugger;* Abel Drugger. That's his sign.
And here's now mystery and hieroglyphic![2]
Face. Abel, thou art made.
Drug. Sir, I do thank his worship.
Face. Six o' thy legs more will not do it, Nab.
He has brought you a pipe of tobacco, doctor.
Drug. Yes, sir:
I have another thing I would impart——
Face. Out with it, Nab.
Drug. Sir, there is lodged, hard by me,
A rich young widow——
Face. Good! a bona roba?
Drug. But nineteen, at the most.[3]
Face. Very good, Abel.
Drug. Marry, she's not in fashion yet; she wears
A hood, but it stands a cop.[4]
Face. No matter, Abel.

[2] *And here's now mystery, and hieroglyphic!*] The ridicule on the taste for rebuses, common at that time, is well placed: Camden, in his *Remains*, will help the reader to others of the same kind. WHAL.

It was no uncommon practice in the age of Jonson, when astrology was every where in repute, to consult the impudent pretenders to it, on the construction of a lucky sign. To this we probably owe the sun and whalebone, the cat and gridiron, and many others of those anomalous groups, which diverted and puzzled the wits of queen Anne's days: and which the poet so pleasantly exposes. With respect to the string of puns before us, poor as they now appear, they doubtless contributed, in no small degree, to the mirth of the audience for whom they were drawn up; as we may be pretty confident that most of these strange combinations conveyed some local or temporary allusion. Jonson surveyed the prevailing follies with a keen and sarcastic glance, and in more instances than can now be discovered, pourtrayed and ridiculed them.

[3] *But* nineteen *at the most.*] Abel is very correct. The lady says that she was born in 1591; and this was written in 1610.

[4] *It stands* a cop.] i. e. conical, terminating in a point This was the ancient mode. It came originally from France.

Drug. And I do now and then give her a fucus—
Face. What! dost thou deal, Nab?
Sub. I did tell you, captain.
Drug. And physic too, sometime, sir; for which she trusts me
With all her mind. She's come up here of purpose
To learn the fashion.
Face. Good (his match too!)—On, Nab.
Drug. And she does strangely long to know her fortune.
Face. Ods lid, Nab, send her to the doctor, hither.
Drug. Yes, I have spoke to her of his worship already;
But she's afraid it will be blown abroad,
And hurt her marriage,
Face. Hurt it! 'tis the way
To heal it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more
Follow'd and sought: Nab, thou shalt tell her this.
She'll be more known, more talk'd of; and your widows
Are ne'er of any price till they be famous;
Their honour is their multitude of suitors:
Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What!
Thou dost not know.
Drug. No, sir, she'll never marry
Under a knight: her brother has made a vow.
Face. What! and dost thou despair, my little Nab,
Knowing what the doctor has set down for thee,
And seeing so many of the city dubb'd?
One glass o' thy water, with a madam I know,
Will have it done, Nab: what's her brother, a knight?
Drug. No, sir, a gentleman newly warm in his land, sir,

Scarce cold in his one and twenty, that does govern
His sister here; and is a man himself
Of some three thousand a year, and is come up
To learn to quarrel, and to live by his wits,
And will go down again, and die in the country.
Face. How! to quarrel?
Drug. Yes, sir, to carry quarrels,
As gallants do; to manage them by line.
Face. 'Slid, Nab, the doctor is the only man
In Christendom for him. He has made a table,
With mathematical demonstrations,
Touching the art of quarrels: he will give him
An instrument to quarrel by. Go, bring them both,
Him and his sister. And, for thee, with her
The doctor happ'ly may persuade. Go to:
'Shalt give his worship a new damask suit
Upon the premisses.
Sub. O, good captain!
Face. He shall;
He is the honestest fellow, doctor.—Stay not,
No offers; bring the damask, and the parties.
Drug. I'll try my power, sir.
Face. And thy will too, Nab.
Sub. 'Tis good tobacco, this! what is't an ounce?
Face. He'll send you a pound, doctor.
Sub. O, no.
Face. He will do't.
It is the goodest soul!—Abel, about it.
Thou shalt know more anon. Away, be gone.—
[*Exit Abel.*
A miserable rogue, and lives with cheese,
And has the worms. That was the cause, indeed,
Why he came now: he dealt with me in private,
To get a med'cine for them.

Sub. And shall, sir. This works.
Face. A wife, a wife for one of us, my dear Subtle!
We'll e'en draw lots, and he that fails, shall have
The more in goods, the other has in tail.
Sub. Rather the less: for she may be so light
She may want grains.
Face. Ay, or be such a burden,
A man would scarce endure her for the whole.
Sub. Faith, best let's see her first, and then determine.
Face. Content: but Dol must have no breath on't.
Sub. Mum.
Away you, to your Surly yonder, catch him.
Face. 'Pray God I have not staid too long.
Sub. I fear it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Lane before Lovewit's *House.*

Enter TRIBULATION WHOLESOME, *and* ANANIAS.

Tri. These chastisements are common to the saints,
And such rebukes[5] we of the separation
Must bear with willing shoulders, as the trials
Sent forth to tempt our frailties.
Ana. In pure zeal,
I do not like the man, he is a heathen,
And speaks the language of Canaan, truly.

[5] *And such rebukes* &c.] It stands thus in the quarto 1612;
" And such rebukes the elect must bear with patience,
" They are the exercises of the spirit,
" And sent to tempt our frailties."

Tri. I think him a profane person indeed.
Ana. He bears
The visible mark of the beast in his forehead.
And for his stone, it is a work of darkness,
And with philosophy blinds the eyes of man.
Tri. Good brother, we must bend unto all means,
That may give furtherance to the holy cause.
Ana. Which his cannot: the sanctified cause
Should have a sanctified course.
Tri. Not always necessary:
The children of perdition are oft-times
Made instruments even of the greatest works:
Beside, we should give somewhat to man's nature,
The place he lives in, still about the fire,
And fume of metals, that intoxicate
The brain of man, and make him prone to passion.
Where have you greater atheists than your cooks?
Or more profane, or choleric, than your glass-men?
More antichristian than your bell-founders?
What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask you,
Sathan, our common enemy, but his being
Perpetually about the fire, and boiling
Brimstone and arsenic? We must give, I say,
Unto the motives, and the stirrers up
Of humours in the blood. It may be so,
When as the work is done, the stone is made,
This heat of his may turn into a zeal,
And stand up for the beauteous discipline,[6]
Against the menstruous cloth and rag of Rome.
We must await his calling, and the coming
Of the good spirit. You did fault, t' upbraid him
With the brethren's blessing of Heidelberg, weighing
What need we have to hasten on the work,
For the restoring of the silenced saints,

[6] *And stand up for the beauteous* discipline,] So the pretended reformation of the church was at this time affectedly called by the Puritans. See vol. iii. p. 482.

Which ne'er will be, but by the philosopher's stone.
And so a learned elder, one of Scotland,
Assured me; *aurum potabile* being
The only med'cine, for the civil magistrate,
T' incline him to a feeling of the cause;
And must be daily used in the disease.
Ana. I have not edified more, truly, by man;
Not since the beautiful light first shone on me:
And I am sad my zeal hath so offended.
Tri. Let us call on him then.
Ana. The motion's good,
And of the spirit; I will knock first. [*Knocks.*]
Peace be within!
[*The door is opened, and they enter.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Lovewit's *House.*

Enter SUBTLE, *followed by* TRIBULATION *and* ANANIAS.

Sub. O, are you come? 'twas time. Your threescore minutes
Were at last thread, you see; and down had gone
Furnus acediæ, turris circulatorius:[1]
Lembec, bolt's-head, retort and pelican
Had all been cinders.—Wicked Ananias!
Art thou return'd? nay then, it goes down yet.
Tri. Sir, be appeased; he is come to humble
Himself in spirit, and to ask your patience,

Furnus acediæ, turris circulatorius:] "*Furnus acediæ sive incuriæ, ubi uno igne et parvo labore diversi furni foventur.*" Lex. Alch. *Turris circulatorius est vas vitreum, ubi infusus liquor ascendendo et descendendo quasi in circulo rotatur.*" Ibid.

If too much zeal hath carried him aside
From the due path.
Sub. Why, this doth qualify!
Tri. The brethren had no purpose, verily,
To give you the least grievance: but are ready
To lend their willing hands to any project
The spirit and you direct.
Sub. This qualifies more!
Tri. And for the orphans goods, let them be valued,
Or what is needful else to the holy work,
It shall be numbered; here, by me, the saints,
Throw down their purse before you.
Sub. This qualifies most!
Why, thus it should be, now you understand.
Have I discours'd so unto you of our stone,
And of the good that it shall bring your cause?
Shew'd you (beside the main of hiring forces
Abroad, drawing the Hollanders, your friends,
From the Indies, to serve you, with all their fleet)
That even the med'cinal use shall make you a faction,
And party in the realm? As, put the case,
That some great man in state, he have the gout,
Why, you but send three drops of your elixir,
You help him straight: there you have made a friend.
Another has the palsy or the dropsy,
He takes of your incombustible stuff,
He's young again: there you have made a friend.
A lady that is past the feat of body,
Though not of mind, and hath her face decay'd
Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore,
With the oil of talc:[8] there you have made a friend;

[8] *With the* oil of talc:] "*Talc* is a cheap kind of mineral

And all her friends. A lord that is a leper,
A knight that has the bone-ach, or a squire
That hath both these, you make them smooth and sound,
With a bare fricace of your med'cine: still
You increase your friends.
Tri. Ay, it is very pregnant.
Sub. And then the turning of this lawyer's pewter
To plate at Christmas.——
Ana. Christ-tide, I pray you.[9]
Sub. Yet, Ananias!
Ana. I have done.
Sub. Or changing
His parcel gilt to massy gold. You cannot
But raise you friends. Withal, to be of power
To pay an army in the field, to buy
The king of France out of his realms, or Spain
Out of his Indies. What can you not do
Against lords spiritual or temporal,
That shall oppone you?
Tri. Verily, 'tis true.
We may be temporal lords ourselves, I take it.
Sub. You may be any thing, and leave off to make
Long-winded exercises; or suck up
Your *ha!* and *hum!* in a tune. I not deny,
But such as are not graced in a state,
May, for their ends, be adverse in religion,

which this county (Sussex) plentifully affords, though not so fine as what is fetched from Venice. It is white and transparent like chrystal, full of strekes or veins, which prettily scatter themselves. Being calcined and variously prepared, it maketh a curious *white-wash*, which some justify lawful, because clearing not changing the complexion." *Fuller's Worthies.*

[9] *Christ*-tide, *I pray you.*] For the scrupulous care with which the Puritans avoided the use of the Popish word *mass*, even in composition, see vol. iii. p. 178.

And get a tune to call the flock together:
For, to say sooth, a tune does much with women,
And other phlegmatic people; it is your bell.
Ana. Bells are profane; a tune maybe religious.
Sub. No warning with you! then farewell my patience.
'Slight, it shall down: I will not be thus tortured.
Tri. I pray you, sir.
Sub. All shall perish. I have spoke it.
Tri. Let me find grace, sir, in your eyes; the man
He stands corrected: neither did his zeal,
But as your self, allow a tune somewhere.
Which now, being tow'rd the stone, we shall not need.
Sub. No, nor your holy vizard, to win widows
To give you legacies; or make zealous wives
To rob their husbands for the common cause:
Nor take the start of bonds broke but one day,
And say, they were forfeited by providence.
Nor shall you need o'er night to eat huge meals,
To celebrate your next day's fast the better;
The whilst the brethren and the sisters humbled,
Abate the stiffness of the flesh. Nor cast
Before your hungry hearers scrupulous bones;
As whether a Christian may hawk or hunt,
Or whether matrons of the holy assembly
May lay their hair out, or wear doublets,
Or have that idol starch about their linen.[1]

[1] *Or whether matrons of the holy assembly*
May lay their hair out, or wear doublets;
Or have that idol starch about their linen.] The Puritans of our author's days affected all these, and other scruples of equal consequence; and would have reformed the dresses of the age, as well as the constitution and language of the kingdom, by scripture precedents, and scripture expressions. In the dominion of grace all was to be pure simplicity. There cannot be

Ana. It is indeed an idol.
Tri. Mind him not, sir.
I do command thee, spirit of zeal, but trouble,
To peace within him! Pray you, sir, go on.
Sub. Nor shall you need to libel 'gainst the prelates,
And shorten so your ears against the hearing
Of the next wire-drawn grace. Nor of necessity
Rail against plays, to please the alderman
Whose daily custard you devour: nor lie
With zealous rage till you are hoarse. Not one
Of these so singular arts. Nor call your selves
By names of Tribulation, Persecution,
Restraint, Long-patience, and such like, affected
By the whole family or wood of you,[a]
Only for glory, and to catch the ear
Of the disciple.
Tri. Truly, sir, they are
Ways that the godly brethren have invented,
For propagation of the glorious cause,
As very notable means, and whereby also
Themselves grow soon, and profitably, famous.
Sub. O, but the stone, all's idle to it! nothing!
The art of angels, nature's miracle,
The divine secret that doth fly in clouds

an exacter copy of the principles and practice of the fanatics in that time, than what is given us in this scene; the pamphlets and writings of that period, as well as the troubles that followed in the next reign, corroborate all that Jonson has here said.
WHAL.

[a] ——————— *And such like, affected*
By the whole family or wood *of you.*] We had this expression before, see vol. iii. p. 369. "*Wood* (says Upton) is used to signify any miscellaneous collection, or stock of materials, hence some poets intitle their miscellaneous works *silvarum libri*; and our poet, conforming to this practice, calls his the *Forest.*"

From east to west; and whose tradition
Is not from men, but spirits.
Ana. I hate traditions;
I do not trust them.——
Tri. Peace!
Ana. They are popish all.
I will not peace: I will not——
Tri. Ananias!
Ana. Please the profane, to grieve the godly;
I may not.
Sub. Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome.[3]
Tri. It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, sir:
But truly, else, a very faithful brother,
A botcher, and a man, by revelation,
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.
Sub. Has he a competent sum there in the bag
To buy the goods within? I am made guardian,
And must, for charity, and conscience sake,
Now see the most be made for my poor orphan;
Though I desire the brethren too good gainers:
There they are within. When you have view'd, and bought 'em,
And ta'en the inventory of what they are,
They are ready for projection; there's no more
To do: cast on the med'cine, so much silver
As there is tin there, so much gold as brass,
I'll give't you in by weight.

[3] Sub. *Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome.*] This is very artfully managed. The zeal of Ananias is completely roused, and it is therefore no longer safe to oppose it. Subtle has watched the precise moment, and his affected forbearance, and change of language are timed with admirable adroitness, and profound knowledge of human nature. The sly and satiric humour of the next speech is above all praise. Though more than two centuries have elapsed since it was made, it has not lost a jot of its pertinency and value.

Tri. But how long time,
Sir, must the saints expect yet?
Sub. Let me see,
How's the moon now? Eight, nine, ten days hence,
He will be silver potate; then three days
Before he citronise: Some fifteen days,
The magisterium will be perfected.
Ana. About the second day of the third week,
In the ninth month?
Sub. Yes, my good Ananias.
Tri. What will the orphan's goods arise to, think you?
Sub. Some hundred marks, as much as fill'd three cars,
Unladed now: you'll make six millions of them.—
But I must have more coals laid in.
Tri. How!
Sub. Another load,
And then we have finish'd. We must now increase
Our fire to *ignis ardens*, we are past
Fimus equinus, balnei, cineris,
And all those lenter heats. If the holy purse
Should with this draught fall low, and that the saints
Do need a present sum, I have a trick
To melt the pewter, you shall buy now, instantly,
And with a tincture make you as good Dutch dollars
As any are in Holland.
Tri. Can you so?
Sub. Ay, and shall 'bide the third examination.
Ana. It will be joyful tidings to the brethren.
Sub. But you must carry it secret.
Tri. Ay; but stay,
This act of coining, is it lawful?
Ana. Lawful!

We know no magistrate:[4] or, if we did,
This is foreign coin.
Sub. It is no coining, sir.
It is but casting.
Tri. Ha! you distinguish well:
Casting of money may be lawful.
Ana. 'Tis, sir.[5]
Tri. Truly, I take it so.
Sub. There is no scruple,
Sir, to be made of it; believe Ananias:
This case of conscience he is studied in.
Tri. I'll make a question of it to the brethren.
Ana. The brethren shall approve it lawful, doubt not.
Where shall it be done? [*Knocking without.*
Sub. For that we'll talk anon.
There's some to speak with me. Go in, I pray you,
And view the parcels. That's the inventory.
I'll come to you straight. [*Exeunt Trib. and Ana.*]
Who is it?—Face! appear.

Enter FACE *in his uniform.*

How now! good prize?
Face. Good pox! yond' costive cheater
Never came on.
Sub. How then?

[4] *We know no magistrate;*] The Puritans rejected all human forms of government as carnal ordinances; and were for establishing a plan of policy, in which the scripture only was to be the civil code. WHAL.

[5] *'Tis, sir.*] This Ananias is a pleasant fellow. He quarrels with Christ*mas*, and other innocent terms in common use, and yet is eager to vouch for the legality of false coining! The Puritan of Butler, with all his excellence, is but a copy of the one before us.

Face. I have walk'd the round[6]
Till now, and no such thing.
Sub. And have you quit him?
Face. Quit him! an hell would quit him too,
he were happy.
Slight! would you have me stalk like a mill-jade,
All day, for one that will not yield us grains?
I know him of old.
Sub. O, but to have gull'd him,
Had been a mastery.
Face. Let him go, black boy!
And turn thee, that some fresh news may possess
thee.
A noble count, a don of Spain, my dear
Delicious compeer, and my party-bawd,
Who is come hither private for his conscience,
And brought munition with him, six great slops,
Bigger than three Dutch hoys, beside round
trunks,[7]
Furnished with pistolets, and pieces of eight,
Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy bath,
(That is the colour,) and to make his battery
Upon our Dol, our castle, our cinque-port,
Our Dover pier, our what thou wilt. Where is she?
She must prepare perfumes, delicate linen,
The bath in chief, a banquet, and her wit,

[6] *I have walk'd the round*] i. e. the porch or circular parts of the Temple church, where Surly was to meet him: (p. 76.) Mr. Waldron informs me that, within his remembrance, it was left open in the day-time. If the reader chooses to understand it, simply, for "I have watched," there is sufficient authority for him.

[7] *And brought munition with him, six great* slops,
Bigger than three Dutch hoys, beside round trunks.] Large breeches or trowsers, such as are worn by sailors. *Round trunks* mean the *trunk hose*, which were the common wear of that and the preceding age. WHAL.

For she must milk his epididimis.
Where is the doxy?
Sub. I'll send her to thee:
And but dispatch my brace of little John Leydens,
And come again my self.
Face. Are they within then?
Sub. Numbering the sum.
Face. How much?
Sub. A hundred marks, boy. [*Exit.*
Face. Why, this is a lucky day. Ten pounds of Mammon!
Three of my clerk! a portague of my grocer!
This of the brethren! beside reversions,
And states to come in the widow, and my count!
My share to-day will not be bought for forty—

Enter DOL.

Dol. What?
Face. Pounds, dainty Dorothy! art thou so near?
Dol. Yes; say, lord general, how fares our camp?
Face. As with the few that had entrench'd themselves
Safe, by their discipline, against a world, Dol,
And laugh'd within those trenches, and grew fat
With thinking on the booties, Dol, brought in
Daily by their small parties. This dear hour,
A doughty don is taken with my Dol;
And thou mayst make his ransom what thou wilt,
My Dousabel;[8] he shall be brought here fetter'd

[8] *My* Dousabel;] i. e. *douce et belle.* This name is very common in our old pastoral poets, as is *Bonnibel* (*bonne et belle,*) which Jonson uses just below. Voltaire was accustomed to call his niece, Madame Denis, *Belle et bonne:* to say the truth, she had quite as much goodness as beauty; and so, indeed, had her uncle.

With thy fair looks, before he sees thee; and thrown
In a down-bed, as dark as any dungeon;
Where thou shalt keep him waking with thy drum;
Thy drum, my Dol, thy drum; till he be tame
As the poor black-birds were in the great frost,
Or bees are with a bason; and so hive him
In the swan-skin coverlid, and cambric sheets,
Till he work honey and wax, my little God's-gift.'[9]

Dol. What is he, general?

Face. An adalantado,
A grandee, girl. Was not my Dapper here yet?

Dol. No.

Face. Nor my Drugger?

Dol. Neither.

Face. A pox on 'em,
They are so long a furnishing! such stinkards
Would not be seen upon these festival days.—

Re-enter SUBTLE,

How now! have you done?

Sub. Done. They are gone: the sum
Is here in bank, my Face. I would we knew
Another chapman now would buy 'em outright.

Face. 'Slid, Nab shall do't against he have the widow,
To furnish household.

Sub. Excellent, well thought on:
Pray God he come.

Face. I pray he keep away
Till our new business be o'erpast.

[9] *My little* God's-gift.] "So (as Upton observes) he calls Dol, in allusion to her name, Dorothea, which has this meaning in Greek."

Sub. But, Face,
How cam'st thou by this secret don?
Face. A spirit
Brought me th' intelligence in a paper here,
As I was conjuring yonder in my circle
For Surly; I have my flies abroad. Your bath
Is famous, Subtle, by my means. Sweet Dol,
You must go tune your virginal, no losing
O' the least time: and, do you hear? good action.
Firk, like a flounder; kiss, like a scallop,[1] close;
And tickle him with thy mother-tongue. His great
Verdugoship[2] has not a jot of language;
So much the easier to be cozen'd, my Dolly.
He will come here in a hired coach, obscure,
And our own coachman, whom I have sent as guide,
No creature else. [*Knocking without.*] Who's that? [*Exit Dol.*

Sub. It is not he?
Face. O no, not yet this hour.

Re-enter DOL.

Sub. Who is't?

[1] *Kiss, like a scallop, close;* &c.] We had this expression in *Cynthia's Revels*, p. 334: it is an allusion to a little poem attributed to the emperor Gallienus:

——— *non murmura vestra columbæ,*
Brachia non hederæ, non vincant oscula conchæ, &c.

[2] *His great* Verdugoship] Verdugo is the name of a noble Spanish family, and was probably that of some individual well known to the writers of Jonson's time. He is mentioned by Fletcher:

"Contrive your beard o' *the top cut*, like Verdugo,
"It shews you would be wise." *Tamer Tamed.*

Dol. Dapper,
Your clerk.
Face. God's will then, queen of Fairy,
On with your tire; [*Exit Dol.*] and, doctor, with your robes.
Let's dispatch him for God's sake.
Sub. 'Twill be long.
Face. I warrant you, take but the cues I give you,
It shall be brief enough. [*Goes to the window.*] 'Slight, here are more!
Abel, and I think the angry boy, the heir,
That fain would quarrel.
Sub. And the widow?
Face. No,
Not that I see. Away! [*Exit Sub.*

Enter DAPPER.

—O sir, you are welcome.
The doctor is within a moving for you;
I have had the most ado to win him to it!—
He swears you'll be the darling of the dice:
He never heard her highness dote till now.
Your aunt has given you the most gracious words
That can be thought on.
Dap. Shall I see her grace?
Face. See her, and kiss her too.—

Enter ABEL, *followed by* KASTRIL.

What, honest Nab!
Hast brought the damask?
Nab. No, sir; here's tobacco.
Face. 'Tis well done, Nab: thou'lt bring the damask too?

Drug. Yes: here's the gentleman, captain, master Kastril,
I have brought to see the doctor.
Face. Where's the widow?
Drug. Sir, as he likes, his sister, he says, shall come.
Face. O, is it so? good time. Is your name Kastril, sir?
Kas. Ay, and the best of the Kastrils, I'd be sorry else,
By fifteen hundred a year. Where is the doctor?
My mad tobacco-boy, here, tells me of one
That can do things: has he any skill?
Face. Wherein, sir?
Kas. To carry a business, manage a quarrel fairly,
Upon fit terms.
Face. It seems, sir, you are but young
About the town, that can make that a question.
Kas. Sir, not so young, but I have heard some speech
Of the angry boys,[3] and seen them take tobacco;
And in his shop;[4] and I can take it too.
And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down
And practise in the country.

[3] ——— *I have heard some speech*
Of the angry boys,] These are called the *terrible boys*, in the *Silent Woman*, the roarers and vapourers of the time. WHAL.

[4] *And seen them take tobacco;*
And in his shop.] It has been already mentioned, (p. 28,) that Abel's shop was frequented by the adept, as well as the tyro, in the mystery of "taking tobacco." Here the latter was duly qualified for his appearance at ordinaries, taverns, and other places of fashionable resort. Here he practised the "*gulan ebolitio*, the euripus, the whiffe," and many other modes of suppressing or emitting smoak with the requisite grace, under cavalier Shift, and other eminent masters, whose names have not reached the present times—— *carent quia vate sacro.*

Face. Sir, for the duello,
The doctor, I assure you, shall inform you,
To the least shadow of a hair; and shew you
An instrument he has of his own making,
Wherewith no sooner shall you make report
Of any quarrel, but he will take the height on't
Most instantly, and tell in what degree
Of safety it lies in, or mortality.
And how it may be borne, whether in a right line,
Or a half circle; or may else be cast
Into an angle blunt, if not acute:
All this he will demonstrate. And then, rules
To give and take the lie by.

Kas. How! to take it?

Face. Yes, in oblique he'll shew you, or in circle;
But never in diameter.[5] The whole town
Study his theorems, and dispute them ordinarily
At the eating academies.

[5] *But never* in diameter.] i. e. the lie *direct;* the others are the lie *circumstantial.* See *As you Like it*, where the several degrees are humorously recounted. The same subject is alluded to by Fletcher in words exactly similar to our author's:

" ———— Has he given the lie
" In circle or oblique, or semicircle,
" Or direct parallel? you must challenge him."

Queen of Corinth, A. 4. sc. 1.

The ridicule upon this absurdity of duelling is finely maintained, as occasion presented, by the great triumvirate of dramatic poets, Shakspeare, Jonson, and Fletcher. WHAL.

It only remains to refer the reader who may wish for further information on this subject, to a very pertinent note by Warburton on the following speech of Touchstone, *As you Like it*, A. 5. sc. 4. " O sir, we quarrel in *print by the book*," &c. The book alluded to there, as well as here, is a formal treatise on *Honour and Honourable Quarrels*, by Vincentio Saviolo; (a more precise Caranza;) and the copious extracts, which the commentator has judiciously selected, comprise all that is necessary to render the well-meant satire of our old dramatists fully intelligible.

Kas. But does he teach
Living by the wits too?
Face. Any thing whatever.
You cannot think that subtlety but he reads it.
He made me a captain. I was a stark pimp,
Just of your standing, 'fore I met with him;
It is not two months since. I'll tell you his method:
First, he will enter you at some ordinary.
Kas. No, I'll not come there: you shall pardon me.
Face. For why, sir?
Kas. There's gaming there, and tricks.
Face. Why, would you be
A gallant, and not game?
Kas. Ay, 'twill spend a man.
Face. Spend you! it will repair you when you are spent:
How do they live by their wits there, that have vented
Six times your fortunes?
Kas. What, three thousand a year!
Face. Ay, forty thousand.
Kas. Are there such?
Face. Ay, sir,
And gallants yet. Here's a young gentleman
Is born to nothing,—[*Points to Dapper.*] forty marks a year,
Which I count nothing:—he is to be initiated,
And have a fly of the doctor. He will win you,
By unresistible luck, within this fortnight,
Enough to buy a barony. They will set him
Upmost, at the groom porters, all the Christmas:
And for the whole year through, at every place,
Where there is play, present him with the chair;
The best attendance, the best drink; sometimes
Two glasses of Canary, and pay nothing;
The purest linen, and the sharpest knife,

The partridge next his trencher: and somewhere
The dainty bed, in private, with the dainty.
You shall have your ordinaries bid for him,
As play-houses for a poet; and the master
Pray him aloud to name what dish he affects,
Which must be butter'd shrimps: and those that drink
To no mouth else, will drink to his, as being
The goodly president mouth of all the board.

Kas. Do you not gull one?

Face. 'Ods my life! do you think it?
You shall have a cast commander, (can but get
In credit with a glover, or a spurrier,
For some two pair of either's ware aforehand,)
Will, by most swift posts, dealing [but] with him,
Arrive at competent means to keep himself,
His punk and naked boy, in excellent fashion,
And be admired for't.

Kas. Will the doctor teach this?

Face. He will do more, sir: when your land is gone,
As men of spirit hate to keep earth long,
In a vacation, when small money is stirring,
And ordinaries suspended till the term,
He'll shew a perspective, where on one side
You shall behold the faces and the persons
Of all sufficient young heirs in town,
Whose bonds are current for commodity;*
On th' other side, the merchants forms, and others,
That without help of any second broker,

* *Whose bonds are current for* commodity;] This alludes to a practice often mentioned by the wits of Jonson's time, of compelling the young spendthrift to take a part of the sum which he wanted to borrow, in different kinds of damaged goods, at a stated price, of which he made what he could. There is no end to their pleasantry on this subject. See Massinger, vol. i. p. 51.

Who would expect a share, will trust such parcels:
In the third square, the very street and sign
Where the commodity dwells, and does but wait
To be deliver'd, be it pepper, soap,
Hops, or tobacco, oat-meal, woad, or cheeses.
All which you may so handle, to enjoy
To your own use, and never stand obliged.
Kas. I'faith! is he such a fellow?
Face. Why, Nab here knows him.
And then for making matches for rich widows,
Young gentlewomen, heirs, the fortunat'st man!
He's sent to, far and near, all over England,
To have his counsel, and to know their fortunes.
Kas. God's will, my suster shall see him.
Face. I'll tell you, sir,
What he did tell me of Nab. It's a strange thing!—
By the way, you must eat no cheese, Nab, it breeds melancholy,
And that same melancholy breeds worms; but pass it:—
He told me, honest Nab here was ne'er at tavern
But once in's life!
Drug. Truth, and no more I was not
Face. And then he was so sick—
Drug. Could he tell you that too?
Face. How should I know it?
Drug. In troth we had been a shooting,
And had a piece of fat ram-mutton to supper,
That lay so heavy o' my stomach—
Face. And he has no head
To bear any wine; for what with the noise of the fidlers,
And care of his shop, for he dares keep no servants—
Drug. My head did so ach—

Face. As he was fain to be brought home,
The doctor told me: and then a good old woman—
Drug. Yes, faith, she dwells in Sea-coal-lane,
—did cure me,
With sodden ale, and pellitory of the wall;
Cost me but two-pence. I had another sickness
Was worse than that.
Face. Ay, that was with the grief
Thou took'st for being cess'd at eighteen-pence,
For the water-work.[1]
Drug. In truth, and it was like
T' have cost me almost my life.
Face. Thy hair went off?
Drug. Yes, sir; 'twas done for spight.
Face. Nay, so says the doctor.
Kas. Pray thee, tobacco-boy, go fetch my suster;
I'll see this learned boy before I go;
And so shall she.
Face. Sir, he is busy now:
But if you have a sister to fetch hither,
Perhaps your own pains may command her sooner;
And he by that time will be free.
Kas. I go. [*Exit.*
Face. Drugger she's thine: the damask!—
[*Exit Abel.*] Subtle and I
Must wrestle for her. [*Aside.*]—Come on, master Dapper,
You see how I turn clients here away,
To give your cause dispatch: have you perform'd
The ceremonies were enjoin'd you?

[1] Face. *Ay, that was with the grief*
Thou took'st for being cess'd at eighteen-pence,
For the water-work.] The New-River, begun in 1608 by sir Hugh Middleton, and finished in 1613. WHAL.
This is the second mistake on this subject. See p. 49.

Dap. Yes, of the vinegar,
And the clean shirt.
Face. 'Tis well: that shirt may do you
More worship than you think. Your aunt's a-fire,
But that she will not shew it, t' have a sight of you.
Have you provided for her grace's servants?
Dap. Yes, here are six score Edward shillings.
Face. Good!
Dap. And an old Harry's sovereign.
Face. Very good!
Dap. And three James shillings, and an Elizabeth groat,
Just twenty nobles.
Face. O, you are too just.
I would you had had the other noble in Maries.[a]
Dap. I have some Philip and Maries.
Face. Ay, those same
Are best of all: where are they? Hark, the doctor.

Enter SUBTLE, *disguised like a priest of Fairy, with a stripe of cloth.*

Sub. [*In a feigned voice.*] Is yet her grace's cousin come?
Face. He is come.

[a] *Just twenty nobles.* Face. *O, you are too just.*
I would you had had the other noble in Maries.] If the reader will be at the pains to reckon this account, he will find master Dapper deserves the praise of justice which Face gives him. Twenty nobles, at six shillings and eight-pence each, amount to the sum of six pounds thirteen shillings and four-pence, which sum the other pieces make. The Harry's sovereign was a half sovereign only, and valued at ten shillings. Face wanted the other noble in Maries, because the money was coined in the several successive reigns of Henry, Edward, Elizabeth, and James; so that Mary's being left out made a chasm in the account. WHAL.

Sub. And is he fasting?
Face. Yes.
Sub. And hath cried hum?
Face. Thrice, you must answer.
Dap. Thrice.
Sub. And as oft buz?
Face. If you have, say.
Dap. I have.
Sub. Then, to her cuz,
Hoping that he hath vinegar'd his senses,
As he was bid, the Fairy queen dispenses,
By me, this robe, the petticoat of fortune;
Which that he straight put on, she doth importune.
And though to fortune near be her petticoat,
Yet nearer is her smock, the queen doth note:
And therefore, ev'n of that a piece she hath sent,
Which, being a child, to wrap him in was rent;
And prays him for a scarf he now will wear it,
With as much love as then her grace did tear it,
About his eyes, [*They blind him with the rag.*] to shew he is fortunate.
And, trusting unto her to make his state,
He'll throw away all worldly pelf about him;
Which that he will perform, she doth not doubt him.
Face. She need not doubt him, sir. Alas, he has nothing,
But what he will part withal as willingly,
Upon her grace's word—throw away your purse—
As she would ask it:—handkerchiefs and all—
[*He throws away, as they bid him.*
She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.—
If you have a ring about you, cast it off,
Or a silver seal at your wrist; her grace will send
Her fairies here to search you, therefore deal
Directly with her highness: if they find
That you conceal a mite, you are undone.
Dap. Truly, there's all.

Face. All what?
Dap. My money; truly.
Face. Keep nothing that is transitory about you. Bid Dol play music. [*Aside to Subtle.*]—Look, the elves are come
[*Dol plays on the cittern within.*
To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise you.
[*They pinch him.*
Dap. O! I have a paper with a spur-ryal in't.[9]
Face. *Ti, ti.*[1]
They knew't, they say.
Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti. He has more yet.
Face. Ti, ti-ti-ti. In the other pocket?
[*Aside to Sub.*
Sub. *Titi, titi, titi, titi, titi.*
They must pinch him or he will never confess, they say. [*They pinch him again.*
Dap. O, O!
Face. Nay, pray you hold: he is her grace's nephew,
Ti, ti, ti? What care you? good faith you shall care.—
Deal plainly, sir, and shame the fairies. Shew You are innocent.
Dap. By this good light, I have nothing.
Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti, to, ta. He does equivocate, she says:
Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da; and swears by the *light* when he is blinded.
Dap. By this good *dark*, I have nothing but a half-crown

[9] Dap. *O, I have a paper with a* spur-ryal *in't.*] A *spur-ryal* was a gold coin; and in the third of James I. it passed for fifteen shillings. They were first coined in Edward the Fourth's time. WHAL.

[1] *Face.* Ti, ti.] The fairies speak the same language in Randolph's *Amyntas.* I suppose that it is merely a hint to the performers to mutter some strange, and inarticulate jargon.

Of gold[2] about my wrist, that my love gave me;
And a leaden heart I wore since she forsook me.
Face. I thought 'twas something. And would you incur
Your aunt's displeasure for these trifles? Come,
I had rather you had thrown away twenty half-crowns. [*Takes it off.*
You may wear your leaden heart still.—

Enter DOL *hastily.*

How now!
Sub. What news, Dol?
Dol. Yonder's your knight, sir Mammon.
Face. 'Ods lid, we never thought of him till now!
Where is he?
Dol. Here hard by: he is at the door.
Sub. And you are not ready, now! Dol, get his suit.[3] [*Exit Dol.*
He must not be sent back.
Face. O by no means.
What shall we do with this same puffin here,[4]
Now he's on the spit?
Sub. Why, lay him back awhile,
With some device.

Re-enter DOL *with Face's clothes.*

—*Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, ti,* Would her grace speak with me?
I come.—Help, Dol! [*Knocking without.*

[2] —— *I have nothing but a half-crown Of gold.*] Crowns in silver were not coined till Henry VIIIth's time, nor common till the reign of Edward VI. WHAL.

[3] *Get his suit.*] i. e. Face's: his servant's dress.

[4] *What shall we do with this same* puffin *here,*] A species of water-coot, or gull.

Face. [*Speaks through the key-hole.*] Who's
there? sir Epicure,
My master's in the way. Please you to walk
Three or four turns, but till his back be turn'd,
And I am for you.—Quickly, Dol!
Sub. Her grace
Commends her kindly to you, master Dapper.
Dap. I long to see her grace.
Sub. She now is set
At dinner in her bed, and she has sent you
From her own private trencher, a dead mouse,
And a piece of ginger-bread, to be merry withal,
And stay your stomach, lest you faint with fasting:
Yet if you could hold out till she saw you, she
says,
It would be better for you.
Face. Sir, he shall
Hold out, an 'twere this two hours, for her high-
ness;
I can assure you that. We will not lose
All we have done.——
Sub. He must not see, nor speak
To any body, till then.
Face. For that we'll put, sir,
A stay in's mouth.
Sub. Of what?
Face. Of gingerbread.
Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her grace
Thus far, shall not now crincle for a little.—
Gape sir, and let him fit you.
[*They thrust a gag of gingerbread in his mouth.*
Sub. Where shall we now
Bestow him?
Dol. In the privy.
Sub. Come along, sir,
I now must shew you Fortune's privy lodgings.
Face. Are they perfum'd, and his bath ready?

Sub. All:
Only the fumigation's somewhat strong.
Face. [*speaking through the key-hole.*] Sir Epicure, I am yours, sir, by and by.
[*Exeunt with Dapper.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Lovewit's *House.*

Enter FACE *and* MAMMON.

Face. O sir, you are come in the only finest time.—
Mam. Where's master?
Face. Now preparing for projection, sir.
Your stuff will be all changed shortly.
Mam. Into gold?
Face. To gold and silver, sir.
Mam. Silver I care not for.
Face. Yes, sir, a little to give beggars.
Mam. Where's the lady?
Face. At hand here. I have told her such brave things of you,
Touching your bounty, and your noble spirit—
Mam. Hast thou?
Face. As she is almost in her fit to see you.
But, good sir, no divinity in your conference,
For fear of putting her in rage.—
Mam. I warrant thee.
Face. Six men [sir] will not hold her down: and then,
If the old man should hear or see you——
Mam. Fear not.
Face. The very house, sir, would run mad.
You know it,

How scrupulous he is,[4] and violent,
'Gainst the least act of sin. Physic, or mathematics,
Poetry, state, or bawdry, as I told you,
She will endure, and never startle; but
No word of controversy.
Mam. I am school'd, good Ulen.
Face. And you must praise her house, remember that,
And her nobility.
Mam. Let me alone:
No herald, no, nor antiquary, Lungs,
Shall do it better. Go.
Face. Why, this is yet
A kind of modern happiness, to have
Dol Common for a great lady. [*Aside, and exit.*
Mam. Now, Epicure,

[4] *How scrupulous he is,* &c.] I have already noticed the sanctity, real or pretended, of the workers in Alchemy. Norton tells them, that

"While thei worke thei must needes eschewe,
"All ribaudry, els thei shal finde this trewe,
"That such mishap shall them befall,
"Thei shal destroy part of their works or all."

And he declaims violently against the admission of any female into the presence of the other sex while thus employed. This explains the caution of Subtle, the alarm of Face, and lays, besides, a probable and artful preparation for the impending catastrophe.

Erasmus has treated the subject of Alchemy with much pleasantry, though with no part of the deep knowledge of Jonson: he has not forgotten, however, to make his adepts affect an unusual strain of piety. "*Admonebat alcumista, rem felicius* (they had hitherto failed) *successuram, si Virgini matri, quæ, ut scis, Paraliis colitur, mitteret aliquot aureos dono: artem enim esse sacram, nec absque numinum favore rem prosperè geri.*" *Alcum.* Their ill success is attributed, in some measure, to their using an improper kind of *coal.* "*Caussabatur erratum in emendis carbonibus: quernos enim emerat, cum abiegnis esset opus,*" &c. *Ibid.* A note on this dialogue, in the Elzevir edition, proves that Jonson's satire was, at least, well timed. "*Sunt adhuc (apud Britannos) qui in alcumistica parum sobrii sint, quanquam lex capitalis apposita est.*"

Heighten thy self, talk to her all in gold;
Rain her as many showers as Jove did drops
Unto his Danäe; shew the god a miser,
Compared with Mammon. What! the stone will do't.
She shall feel gold, taste gold, hear gold, sleep gold;
Nay, we will *concumbere* gold: I will be puissant,
And mighty in my talk to her.—

Re-enter FACE *with* DOL *richly dressed.*

Here she comes.

Face. To him, Dol, suckle him.—This is the noble knight,
I told your ladyship——

Mam. Madam, with your pardon,
I kiss your vesture.

Dol. Sir, I were uncivil
If I would suffer that; my lip to you, sir.

Mam. I hope my lord your brother be in health, lady.

Dol. My lord, my brother is, though I no lady, sir.

Face. Well said, my Guinea bird. [*Aside.*

Mam. Right noble madam——

Face. O, we shall have most fierce idolatry. [*Aside.*

Mam. 'Tis your prerogative.

Dol. Rather your courtesy.

Mam. Were there nought else t'enlarge your virtues to me,
These answers speak your breeding, and your blood.

Dol. Blood we boast none, sir, a poor baron's daughter.

Mam. Poor! and gat you? profane not. Had your father

Slept all the happy remnant of his life
After that act, lien but there still, and panted,
He had done enough to make himself, his issue,
And his posterity noble.

Dol. Sir, although
We may be said to want the gilt and trappings,
The dress of honour, yet we strive to keep
The seeds and the materials.

Mam. I do see
The old ingredient, virtue, was not lost,
Nor the drug money used to make your compound.
There is a strange nobility in your eye,
This lip, that chin! methinks you do resemble
One of the Austriac princes.[5]

Face. Very like!
Her father was an Irish costarmonger.[6] [*Aside.*

[5] ——— *Methinks you do resemble*
One of the Austriac princes.] "It is observed (Bulwer says) that all of the house of Austria have a *sweet fulsome of the lower lip*. The Austrian lip being at this day therefore by good right, in high esteeme." *Artificial Changling*, p. 173.
The Austrian lip is mentioned by Shirley:

———"Your lip is Austrian,
"And you do well to *bite* it." *Hyde Park.*

Swift gives the Austrian lip to the potent emperor of Lilliput. The Valois nose is the rising, or Roman nose.

[6] *Her father was an* Irish *costarmonger.*] It would seem from many passages in our old writers, that the petty dealers in fruit were, in their days, as in ours, principally Irish. Thus Decker; "In England, sir—troth I ever laugh when I think on't—why, sir, there *all costarmongers are Irish.*" *Honest Whore*, A. I. sc. 1. Part II.

A-propos of costarmongers. Mr. Weber, the late editor of Ford, has a note on this word, which may be worth transcribing. "Mr. Steevens observes, in *answer to a superficial remark by Johnson*, that a costarmonger is a costard-monger! a dealer in apples called by that name, because they are shaped like a costard, i. e. a man's head." Vol. ii. p. 373. After due thanks for so important a piece of intelligence, I would "observe," in my turn, that it ill becomes a person of Mr. Weber's no rank in

Mam. The house of Valois just had such a nose,
And such a forehead yet the Medici
Of Florence boast.
Dol. Troth, and I have been liken'd
To all these princes.
Face. I'll be sworn, I heard it.
Mam. I know not how! it is not any one,
But e'en the very choice of all their features.
Face. I'll in, and laugh. [*Aside and exit.*
Mam. A certain touch, or air,
That sparkles a divinity, beyond
An earthly beauty!
Dol. O, you play the courtier.
Mam. Good lady, give me leave——
Dol. In faith, I may not,
To mock me, sir.
Mam. To burn in this sweet flame;
The phœnix never knew a nobler death.
Dol. Nay, now you court the courtier, and destroy
What you would build: this art, sir, in your words,
Calls your whole faith in question.
Mam. By my soul——
Dol. Nay, oaths are made of the same air, sir.

literature, to use such contemptuous language of Dr. Johnson:

plurima sunt quæ
Non debent homines pertusa dicere læna;

and Mr. Weber's cloak is *pertusa* indeed! The note of Dr. Johnson, which he presumes to call "superficial," is judicious and pertinent in every sense of the words; while "the answer of Steevens" (as it is absurdly termed) is one of those frivolous displays of infantine knowledge which so frequently disgrace the pages of Shakspeare, and which was never less called for than on the present occasion. See *Hen. IV.* Part II. A. i. sc. 5. With respect to the origin of the word, Steevens has, as usual, misled Mr. Weber. The apple does not take its name from the head, but the head from the apple. The commentator was ignorant of the derivation of costard.

Mam. Nature
Never bestow'd upon mortality
A more unblamed, a more harmonious feature;
She play'd the step-dame in all faces else:
Sweet madam, let me be particular——
Dol. Particular, sir! I pray you know your distance.
Mam. In no ill sense, sweet lady; but to ask
How your fair graces pass the hours? I see
You are lodg'd here, in the house of a rare man,
An excellent artist; but what's that to you?
Dol. Yes, sir; I study here the mathematics,
And distillation.[7]
Mam. O, I cry your pardon.
He's a divine instructor! can extract
The souls of all things by his art; call all
The virtues, and the miracles of the sun,
Into a temperate furnace; teach dull nature
What her own forces are. A man, the emperor
Has courted above Kelly;[8] sent his medals
And chains, to invite him.

[7] *I study here the mathematics,*
And distillation.] i. e. astrology and chemistry.

[8] ——— *A man, the emperor*
Has courted above Kelly,] Edward Kelly, (or, as he is sometimes called, Talbot,) the most daring and unprincipled of all the pretenders to alchemy, was born at Worcester, about the middle of the 16th century, and bred an apothecary. Having acquired a smattering of chemistry, and very opportunely lost his ears for a fraud,—for, as Juvenal observes, *Nemo mathematicus genium indemnatus habebit*—he took advantage of the simple credulity of the times, and boasted that he was possessed of the philosopher's stone. He was taken abroad by the noted Dee, who appointed him his *speculator*, much to the displeasure of the angels, it seems, who frequently refused to appear, (as Lilly informs us,) on account of his vicious manner of life. These impudent knaves travelled over a great part of Germany, with a young Pole, whom they had drawn into their confederacy, raising spirits, making gold, and working miracles of all kinds. Their fame, at length, reached the emperor Rodolph II., who sent for them to Prague. Dee, who was

Dol. Ay, and for his physic, sir——
Mam. Above the art of Æsculapius,
That drew the envy of the thunderer!
I know all this, and more.
Dol. Troth, I am taken, sir,
Whole with these studies, that contemplate nature.
Mam. It is a noble humour; but this form
Was not intended to so dark a use.
Had you been crooked, foul, of some coarse mould,
A cloister had done well; but such a feature
That might stand up the glory of a kingdom,
To live recluse! is a mere solœcism,
Though in a nunnery. It must not be.
I muse, my lord your brother will permit it:

an egregious coward, now thought it full time to return to England; but the intrepid Kelly readily agreed to teach the emperor his secret. While Rodolph (like Mammon) continued to furnish money, Kelly escaped detection; but on his growing suspicious, and witholding his hand, the cheat was speedily discovered. Kelly was thrown into confinement; and had the good fortune to defraud the gallows, by dying of a broken leg, got in an attempt to let himself down, by his sheets, from the window of his prison.

Ashmole has disgraced his probity (I cannot say his judgment, for he had none) by a laboured panegyric on this profligate impostor, this "eminent light of the world," as he calls him; while Lilly, out of jealousy perhaps, treats him with very little ceremony: though both agree that "he certainly had the elixir." It is far from improbable that Jonson, in his "indenture tripartite," (Subtle, Face, and Dol,) had this triumvirate in view. Subtle was, beyond question, meant for Dee, and has much of his hypocritical and juggling language: the more daring Kelly, who seems to be personified by Face, pretended to have the power of changing himself into an animal, at will, and might therefore be alluded to in "the dog snarling *err!*" Dol has many traits of Laski, the young Pole; and her assumed character of queen of the fairies, might be intended to glance at the part usually played by him in the magical mummery of his confederates, which was that of an angel:—but enough of such folly.

You should spend half my land first, were I he.
Does not this diamond better on my finger,
Than in the quarry?
Dol. Yes.
Mam. Why, you are like it.
You were created, lady, for the light.
Here, you shall wear it; take it, the first pledge
Of what I speak, to bind you to believe me.
Dol. In chains of adamant?
Mam. Yes, the strongest bands.
And take a secret too—here, by your side,
Doth stand this hour, the happiest man in Europe.
Dol. You are contented, sir?
Mam. Nay, in true being,
The envy of princes and the fear of states.
Dol. Say you so, sir Epicure?
Mam. Yes, and thou shalt prove it,
Daughter of honour. I have cast mine eye
Upon thy form, and I will rear this beauty
Above all styles.
Dol. You mean no treason, sir?
Mam. No, I will take away that jealousy.
I am the lord of the philosopher's stone,
And thou the lady.
Dol. How, sir! have you that?
Mam. I am the master of the mastery.[9]
This day the good old wretch here o' the house
Has made it for us: now he's at projection.
Think therefore thy first wish now, let m
hear it;
And it shall rain into thy lap, no shower,
But floods of gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,
To get a nation on thee.

[9] *I am the master of the* mastery.] i. e. of the *magisterium*: so they called the great work when brought to perfection, the philosopher's stone.

Dol. You are pleased, sir,
To work on the ambition of our sex.
Mam. I am pleased the glory of her sex should know,
This nook, here, of the Friers[1] is no climate
For her to live obscurely in, to learn
Physic and surgery, for the constable's wife
Of some odd hundred in Essex; but come forth,
And taste the air of palaces; eat, drink
The toils of empirics, and their boasted practice;
Tincture of pearl, and coral, gold and amber;
Be seen at feasts and triumphs; have it ask'd,
What miracle she is? set all the eyes
Of court a-fire, like a burning glass,
And work them into cinders, when the jewels
Of twenty states adorn thee, and the light
Strikes out the stars! that, when thy name is mention'd,
Queens may look pale; and we but shewing our love,
Nero's Poppæa may be lost in story!
Thus will we have it.
Dol. I could well consent, sir.
But, in a monarchy, how will this be?
The prince will soon take notice, and both seize
You and your stone, it being a wealth unfit
For any private subject.
Mam. If he knew it.
Dol. Yourself do boast it, sir.
Mam. To thee, my life.
Dol. O, but beware, sir! you may come to end
The remnant of your days in a loth'd prison,
By speaking of it.
Mam. 'Tis no idle fear:[2]

[1] *The Friers*] Black-friars, where the scene of their imposture lay: see p. 12.

[2] *'Tis no idle fear:* &c.] "I might answer by asking—why

We'll therefore go withal, my girl, and live
In a free state, where we will eat our mullets,
Soused in high-country wines,[3] sup pheasants eggs,
And have our cockles boil'd in silver shells;
Our shrimps to swim again, as when they liv'd,
In a rare butter made of dolphins milk,
Whose cream does look like opals; and with these
Delicate meats set our selves high for pleasure,
And take us down again, and then renew
Our youth and strength with drinking the elixir,
And so enjoy a perpetuity
Of life and lust! And thou shalt have thy wardrobe
Richer than nature's, still to change thy self,

so many have spent their lives and estates on the art of making gold; which, if it were much known, would only exalt silver into the place which gold now occupies; and if it were known but to one, the same single adept could not, nay durst not enjoy it, but must either be a prisoner to some prince, and slave to some voluptuary, or else skulk obscurely up and down for his concealment." *Political Observations by J. Graunt.*

This quotation, for which I am indebted to Mr. Waldron, comprises the whole plan of Godwin's *St. Leon.*

[3] *We will eat our mullets,*
Soused in high country wine, &c.] It seemed almost impossible to add any thing to the boundless profusion of vicious luxuries already enumerated in the second act: here, however, they are poured forth as lavishly, as if none had been introduced before. The judgment is absolutely overwhelmed by the torrent of magnificent images, with which Mammon confounds the incredulity of Surly, and inflames the supposed ambition of Dol. There is a "towering bravery" in his sensuality which sets him above all power of imitation.

When we revert to *the Fox*, (p. 254, *et seq.*) and mark the exuberance of temptation with which Jonson had previously assailed the purity of Celia, it must excite a feeling not altogether favourable to the knowledge or candour of those who accuse him of sterility. No poet that can be named, (no, not even Milton,) ever brought to his subject a mind so richly furnished as this great dramatist.

And vary oftener, for thy pride, than she,
Or art, her wise and almost-equal servant.

Re-enter FACE.

Face. Sir, you are too loud. I hear you every word
Into the laboratory. Some fitter place;
The garden, or great chamber above. How like you her?
Mam. Excellent! Lungs. There's for thee. [*Gives him money.*
Face. But do you hear?
Good sir, beware, no mention of the rabins.
Mam. We think not on 'em. [*Exeunt Mam. and Dol.*
Face. O, it is well, sir.—Subtle!

Enter SUBTLE.

Dost thou not laugh?
Sub. Yes; are they gone?
Face. All's clear.
Sub. The widow is come.
Face. And your quarrelling disciple?
Sub. Ay.
Face. I must to my captainship again then.
Sub. Stay, bring them in first.
Face. So I meant. What is she?
A bonnibel?
Sub. I know not.
Face. We'll draw lots:
You'll stand to that?
Sub. What else?
Face. O, for a suit,[4]
To fall now like a curtain, flap!

[4] *O, for a suit, &c.*] i. e. his captain's uniform, for which he

Sub. To the door, man.
Face. You'll have the first kiss, 'cause I am not ready. [*Exit.*
Sub. Yes, and perhaps hit you through both the nostrils.
Face. [*within.*] Who would you speak with?
Kas. [*within.*] Where's the captain?
Face. [*within.*] Gone, sir,
About some business.
Kas. [*within.*] Gone!
Face. [*within.*] He'll return straight.
But master doctor, his lieutenant, is here.

Enter KASTRIL, *followed by dame* PLIANT.

Sub. Come near, my worshipful boy, my *terræ fili*,
That is, my boy of land; make thy approaches:
Welcome; I know thy lusts, and thy desires,
And I will serve and satisfy them. Begin,
Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this line;
Here is my centre: ground thy quarrel.
Kas. You lie.
Sub. How, child of wrath and anger! the loud lie?
For what, my sudden boy?
Kas. Nay, that look you to,
I am afore-hand.
Sub. O, this is no true grammar,
And as ill logic! You must render causes, child,
Your first and second intentions, know your canons
And your divisions, moods, degrees, and differences,

is compelled to go out, while Subtle is left to take advantage of his absence, and receive the lady.

Your predicaments, substance, and accident,
Series extern and intern, with their causes,
Efficient, material, formal, final,
And have your elements perfect?
Kas. What is this!
The angry tongue he talks in? [*Aside.*
Sub. That false precept,
Of being afore-hand, has deceived a number,
And made them enter quarrels, often-times,
Before they were aware; and afterward,
Against their wills.
Kas. How must I do then, sir?
Sub. I cry this lady mercy: she should first
Have been saluted. [*Kisses her.*] I do call you lady,
Because you are to be one, ere 't be long,
My soft and buxom widow.
Kas. Is she, i'faith?
Sub. Yes, or my art is an egregious liar.
Kas. How know you?
Sub. By inspection on her forehead,
And subtlety of her lip, which must be tasted
Often, to make a judgment. [*Kisses her again.*]
'Slight, she melts
Like a myrobolane:[5]—here is yet a line,
In *rivo frontis*, tells me he is no knight.
Dame P. What is he then, sir?

[5] ——————— *'Slight, she melts*
Like a myrobolane!] A foreign conserve: Cotgrave informs us "that it was a dried plum brought from the Indies;" or, rather, perhaps, from the Levant. It is frequently mentioned by our old dramatists, and seems to have been in high estimation as a sweet-meat. The lady's fortune is told out of Cardan's *Metoposcopy*, where the "rivus frontis," &c. are very strongly marked. The variety and extent of Jonson's reading are altogether surprising; nothing seems to have been too poor and trifling, too recondite and profound, for his insatiable

Sub. Let me see your hand.
O, your *linea fortunæ* makes it plain;
And stella here *in monte Veneris*.
But, most of all, *junctura annularis*.
He is a soldier, or a man of art, lady,
But shall have some great honour shortly.
Dame P. Brother,
He's a rare man, believe me!

Re-enter FACE, *in his uniform.*

Kas. Hold your peace.
Here comes the t' other rare man.—'Save you, captain.
Face. Good master Kastril! Is this your sister?
Kas. Ay, sir.
Please you to kuss her, and be proud to know her.
Face. I shall be proud to know you, lady.
[*Kisses her.*
Dame P. Brother,
He calls me lady too.
Kas. Ay, peace: I heard it. [*Takes her aside.*
Face. The count is come.
Sub. Where is he?
Face. At the door.
Sub. Why, you must entertain him.
Face. What will you do
With these the while?
Sub. Why, have them up, and shew them
Some fustian book, or the dark glass.
Face. Fore God,
She is a delicate dab-chick! I must have her.
[*Exit.*

curiosity, and thirst of knowledge. It is but seldom, and, even then accidentally, that I can fall in with him: the general range of his wide and desultory track is, to me, nearly imperceptible.

Sub. Must you! ay, if your fortune will, you must.—
Come, sir, the captain will come to us presently:
I'll have you to my chamber of demonstrations,
Where I will shew you both the grammar, and logic,
And rhetoric of quarrelling; my whole method
Drawn out in tables; and my instrument,
That hath the several scales upon't, shall make you
Able to quarrel at a straw's-breadth by moon-light.
And, lady, I'll have you look in a glass,
Some half an hour, but to clear your eye-sight,
Against you see your fortune; which is greater,
Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me.
[*Exit, followed by Kast. and Dame P.*

Re-enter FACE.

Face. Where are you, doctor?
Sub. [*within.*] I'll come to you presently.
Face. I will have this same widow, now I have seen her,
On any composition.

Re-enter SUBTLE.

Sub. What do you say?
Face. Have you disposed of them?
Sub. I have sent them up.
Face. Subtle, in troth, I needs must have this widow.
Sub. Is that the matter?
Face. Nay, but hear me.
Sub. Go to,

If you rebel once, Dol shall know it all:
Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance.
Face. Nay, thou art so violent now—Do but conceive,
Thou art old, and canst not serve——
Sub. Who cannot? I?
'Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a——
Face. Nay,
But understand: I'll give you composition.
Sub. I will not treat with thee; what! sell my fortune?
'Tis better than my birth-right. Do not murmur:
Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, Dol
Knows it directly.
Face. Well, sir, I am silent.
Will you go help to fetch in Don in state? [*Exit.*
Sub. I follow you, sir: we must keep Face in awe,
Or he will over-look us like a tyrant.

Re-enter FACE, *introducing* SURLY *disguised as a Spaniard.*

Brain of a tailor! who comes here? Don John!*
Sur. *Señores, beso las manos a vuestras mercedes.*
Sub. Would you had stoop'd a little, and kist our anos!
Face. Peace, Subtle.
Sub. Stab me; I shall never hold, man.

* *Who comes here?* Don John!] It appears from *Cynthia's Revels*, that the "battle of Lepanto," formed the subject of tapestry-work in Jonson's time; and we may be pretty confident that *Don John* of Austria, the fortunate hero of the day, was pourtrayed in it with features of the most formidable grandeur. To some staring representation of this kind, Subtle probably alludes. See vol. ii. p. 293.

He looks in that deep ruff like a head in a platter,
Serv'd in by a short cloke upon two trestles.
Face. Or, what do you say to a collar of brawn, cut down
Beneath the souse, and wriggled with a knife?
Sub. 'Slud, he does look too fat to be a Spaniard.
Face. Perhaps some Fleming or some Hollander got him
In d' Alva's time; count Egmont's bastard.
Sub. Don,
Your scurvy, yellow, Madrid face is welcome.
Sur. *Gratia.*
Sub. He speaks out of a fortification.
Pray God he have no squibs in those deep sets.[6]
Sur. *Por dios, señores, muy linda casa!*
Sub. What says he?
Face. Praises the house, I think;[7]
I know no more but's action.
Sub. Yes, the *casa*,
My precious Diego, will prove fair enough
To cozen you in. Do you mark? you shall
Be cozen'd, Diego.

[6] *Pray God he have no squibs in those* deep sets.] i. e. in the deep plaits of his *ruff:* our old writers abound in satirical allusions to the enormous ruffs worn by the Spaniards, and to the mischief which might be concealed in them. Thus Glapthorne:

1 *Watch.* "No news stirring, neighbours?
2 *Watch.* "Yes, strange and true—twixt Deale
"And Dover one, fishing for flounders, drew
"A Spaniard's body up, slain in the late fight,
"And searching him for money, found, in the *sets*
"Of his *great ruff*, the——I shall think on't presently,
"'Tis a hard word——the Inquisition."
Wit in a Constable, A. V. sc. 1.

[7] *Praises the house, I think;*] Face is right; he does so. I have corrected the language, which Whalley appears not to have understood, and which Jonson, or his printer, had in more than one place confounded.

Face. Cozen'd, do you see,
My worthy Donzel, cozen'd.
Sur. *Entiendo.*
Sub. Do you intend it? so do we, dear Don.
Have you brought pistolets, or portagues,
My solemn Don?—Dost thou feel any?
Face. [*Feels his pockets.*] Full.
Sub. You shall be emptied, Don, pumped and drawn
Dry, as they say.
Face. Milked, in troth, sweet Don.
Sub. See all the monsters; the great lion of all, Don.[8]
Sur. *Con licencia, se puede ver a esta señora?*
Sub. What talks he now?
Face. Of the sennora.
Sub. O, Don,
That is the lioness, which you shall see
Also, my Don.
Face. 'Slid, Subtle, how shall we do?
Sub. For what?
Face. Why Dol's employ'd, you know.
Sub. That's true.
'Fore heaven, I know not: he must stay, that's all.
Face. Stay! that he must not by no means.
Sub. No! why?
Face. Unless you'll mar all. 'Slight, he will suspect it:
And then he will not pay, not half so well.
This is a travelled punk-master, and does know
All the delays; a notable hot rascal,
And looks already rampant.
Sub. 'Sdeath, and Mammon
Must not be troubled.

[8] *See all the monsters, the great lion* &c.] Till I met with this passage, I had no idea that the phrase of "shewing the lions," was of such venerable antiquity.

Face. Mammon! in no case.
Sub. What shall we do then?
Face. Think: you must be sudden.
Sur. [9] *Entiendo que la señora es tan hermosa, que codicio tan verla, como la bien aventuranza de mi vida.*
Face. Mi vida! 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in mind o' the widow.
What dost thou say to draw her to it, ha!
And tell her 'tis her fortune? all our venture
Now lies upon't. It is but one man more,
Which of us chance to have her: and beside,
There is no maidenhead to be fear'd or lost.
What dost thou think on't, Subtle?
Sub. Who, I? why——
Face. The credit of our house too is engaged.
Sub. You made me an offer for my share erewhile.
What wilt thou give me, i' faith?
Face. O, by that light
I'll not buy now: You know your doom to me.
E'en take your lot, obey your chance, sir; win her,
And wear her out, for me.
Sub. 'Slight, I'll not work her then.
Face. It is the common cause; therefore bethink you.
Dol else must know it, as you said.
Sub. I care not.
Sur. *Senores, porque se tarda tanto?*
Sub. Faith, I am not fit, I am old.
Face. That's now no reason, sir.
Sur. *Puede ser de hazer burla de mi amor?*
Face. You hear the Don too? by this air, I call,
And loose the hinges: Dol!

[9] *Entiendo* &c.] "I hear the lady is so handsome, that I am anxious to see her, as the most fortunate circumstance of my life."

Sub. A plague of hell——
Face. Will you then do?
Sub. You are a terrible rogue!
I'll think of this: will you, sir, call the widow?
Face. Yes, and I'll take her too with all her faults,
Now I do think on't better.
Sub. With all my heart, sir;
Am I discharg'd o' the lot?
Face. As you please.
Sub. Hands. [*They take hands.*
Face. Remember now, that upon any change,
You never claim her.
Sub. Much good joy, and health to you, sir.
Marry a whore! fate, let me wed a witch first.
Sur. *Por estas honradas barbas*——
Sub. He swears by his beard.
Dispatch, and call the brother too. [*Exit Face.*
Sur. *Tengo duda,*[1] *señores, que no me hagan alguna traycion.*
Sub. How, issue on? yes, præsto, sennor. Please you
Enthratha the *chambratha,* worthy don:
Where if you please the fates, in your *bathada,*
You shall be soked, and stroked, and tubb'd, and rubb'd,
And scrubb'd, and fubb'd, dear don, before you go.
You shall in faith, my scurvy baboon don.
Be curried, claw'd and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed.
I will the heartlier go about it now,
And make the widow a punk so much the sooner,
To be revenged on this impetuous Face:
The quickly doing of it, is the grace.
[*Exeunt Sub. and Surly.*

[1] *Tengo duda,* &c.] "I fear, gentlemen, that you are about to play me some foul trick." All these speeches, though sufficiently pertinent, have greatly the air of being taken from some grammar. In this scene Jonson seems to have had the *Pœnulus*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter FACE, KASTRIL, *and Dame* PLIANT.

Face. Come, lady: I knew the doctor would not leave,
Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.
Kas. To be a countess, say you, a Spanish countess, sir?
Dame P. Why, is that better than an English countess?
Face. Better! 'Slight, make you that a question, lady?
Kas. Nay, she is a fool, captain, you must pardon her.
Face. Ask from your courtier, to your inns-of-court-man,
To your mere milliner; they will tell you all,
Your Spanish gennet is the best horse; your Spanish
Stoup is the best garb:[2] your Spanish beard

of Plautus in view. Hanno, like Surly, speaks a language not understood by the rest, and is played upon by Milphio (the Face of the piece) till his patience is exhausted, and he breaks out, as he says, in Latin, "to confound the rogue."

[2] *Your Spanish stoup is the best garb:*] I am unable to explain this. It may mean that the Spanish fashion of evincing politeness is the most respectful, (for *garb* is sometimes used for a mode of behaviour,) or *stoup* may signify some article of dress—but this is all at random. It is more to the purpose to observe that Face is correct in what he says of the strong prejudice in favour of Spain, at least, among the great. During the earlier part of James's reign, Spanish influence was paramount at court, and Spanish fashions, in consequence of it, very generally adopted there. This did not, however, contribute to recommend them to the people, who could not so easily forget the

Is the best cut; your Spanish ruffs are the best
Wear; your Spanish pavin the best dance;
Your Spanish titillation in a glove
The best perfume: and for your Spanish pike,
And Spanish blade, let your poor captain speak—
Here comes the doctor.

Enter SUBTLE, *with a paper.*

Sub. My most honour'd lady,
For so I am now to style you, having found
By this my scheme, you are to undergo
An honourable fortune, very shortly.
What will you say now, if some——
Face. I have told her all, sir;
And her right worshipful brother here, that she shall be
A countess; do not delay them, sir: a Spanish countess.
Sub. Still, my scarce-worshipful captain, you can keep
No secret! Well, since he has told you, madam,
Do you forgive him, and I do.
Kas. She shall do that, sir;
I'll look to't, 'tis my charge.
Sub. Well then: nought rests
But that she fit her love now to her fortune.
Dame P. Truly I shall never brook a Spaniard.
Sub. No!

Armada, and were highly gratified with the ridicule which the dramatic writers so constantly poured on the Spanish character. After all, it must be allowed that James was clearer-sighted than his subjects; and ages to come will have to lament the failure of his judicious attempts to unite them more closely with Spain. I know not what particular advantage the *Spanish pavin* possessed over the French or Italian pavin; perhaps it was more stately. It must however have been a grave and majestic dance in every country.

Dame P. Never since eighty-eight could I abide them,[3]
And that was some three year afore I was born, in truth.
Sub. Come, you must love him, or be miserable;
Choose which you will.
Face. By this good rush, persuade her,
She will cry strawberries else within this twelve-month.
Sub. Nay, shads and mackarel, which is worse.
Face. Indeed, sir!
Kas. Ods lid, you shall love him, or I'll kick you.
Dame P. Why,
I'll do as you will have me, brother.
Kas. Do,
Or by this hand I'll maul you.
Face. Nay, good sir,
Be not so fierce.
Sub. No, my enraged child;
She will be ruled. What, when she comes to taste
The pleasures of a countess! to be courted——
Face. And kiss'd, and ruffled!
Sub. Ay, behind the hangings.
Face. And then come forth in pomp!
Sub. And know her state!
Face. Of keeping all the idolaters of the chamber
Barer to her, than at their prayers!
Sub. Is serv'd
Upon the knee!
Face. And has her pages, ushers,
Footmen, and coaches——
Sub. Her six mares——

[3] *Never since* eighty-eight *could I abide them,*] i. e. since the year of the "Invincible Armada," (1588.) Dame Pliant is a true-born Englishwoman.—But see the preceding note.

Face. Nay, eight!
Sub. To hurry her through London, to the Exchange,
Bethlem, the china-houses——
Face. Yes, and have
The citizens gape at her, and praise her tires,
And my lord's goose-turd bands, that ride with her!
Kas. Most brave! By this hand, you are not my suster,
If you refuse.
Dame P. I will not refuse, brother.

Enter SURLY.

Sur. *Que es esto, señores, que no venga? Esta tardanza me mata!*
Face. It is the count come:
The doctor knew he would be here, by his art.
Sub. *En gallanta madama, Don! gallantissima!*
Sur. *Por todos los dioses, la mas acabada hermosura, que he visto en mi vida!*
Face. Is't not a gallant language that they speak?
Kas. An admirable language! Is't not French?
Face. No, Spanish, sir.
Kas. It goes like law French,
And that, they say, is the courtliest language.
Face. List, sir.
Sur. *El sol ha perdido su lumbre, con el esplandor que trae esta dama! Valgame dios!*
Face. He admires your sister.
Kas. Must not she make curt'sy?
Sub. Ods will, she must go to him, man, and kiss him!
It is the Spanish fashion, for the women
To make first court.

Face. 'Tis true he tells you, sir:
His art knows all.
Sur. *Porque no se acude?*
Kas. He speaks to her, I think.
Face. That he does, sir.
Sur. *Por el amor de dios, que es esto que se tarda?*
Kas. Nay, see: she will not understand him! gull,
Noddy.
Dame P. What say you, brother?
Kas. Ass, my suster,
Go kuss him, as the cunning man would have you;
I'll thrust a pin in your buttocks else.
Face. O no, sir.
Sur. *Señora mia, mi persona esta muy indigna de allegar a tanta hermosura.*
Face. Does he not use her bravely?
Kas. Bravely, i' faith!
Face. Nay, he will use her better.
Kas. Do you think so?
Sur. *Señora, si sera servida, entremonos.*
[*Exit with Dame Pliant.*
Kas. Where does he carry her?
Face. Into the garden, sir;
Take you no thought: I must interpret for her.
Sub. Give Dol the word.[4] [*Aside to Face, who goes out.*]—Come, my fierce child, advance,
We'll to our quarrelling lesson again.
Kas. Agreed.
I love a Spanish boy with all my heart.
Sub. Nay, and by this means, sir, you shall be brother
To a great count.
Kas. Ay, I knew that at first.
This match will advance the house of the Kastrils.

[4] *Give Dol the* word.] i. e. to begin her fit of raving.

Sub. 'Pray God your sister prove but pliant!
Kas. Why,
Her name is so, by her other husband.
Sub. How!
Kas. The widow Pliant. Knew you not that?
Sub. No faith, sir;
Yet, by erection of her figure, I guest it.
Come, let's go practise.
Kas. Yes, but do you think, doctor,
I e'er shall quarrel well?
Sub. I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter DOL *in her fit of raving, followed by* MAMMON.

Dol. *For after Alexander's death —*
Mam. Good lady——
Dol. *That Perdiccas and Antigonus, were slain,*
The two that stood, Seleuc', and Ptolomee——
Mam. Madam.
Dol. *Made up the two legs, and the fourth beast,*
That was Gog-north, and Egypt-south: which after
Was call'd Gog-iron-leg, and South-iron-leg——
Mam. Lady——
Dol. *And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too:*
Then Egypt-clay-leg, and Gog-clay-leg——
Mam. Sweet madam.
Dol. *And last Gog-dust, and Egypt-dust, which fall*
In the last link of the fourth chain. And these
Be stars in story, which none see, or look at——
Mam. What shall I do?

Dol. *For*, as he says, *except*
We call the rabbins, and the heathen Greeks——
Mam. Dear lady.
Dol. *To come from Salem, and from Athens,*
And teach the people of Great Britain——

Enter FACE *hastily, in his servant's dress.*

Face. What's the matter, sir?
Dol. *To speak the tongue of Eber, and Javan——*
Mam. O,
She's in her fit.
Dol. *We shall know nothing——*
Face. Death, sir,
We are undone!
Dol. *Where then a learned linguist*
Shall see the ancient used communion
Of vowels and consonants——
Face. My master will hear!
Dol. *A wisdom, which Pythagoras held most high—*
Mam. Sweet honourable lady!
Dol. *To comprise*
All sounds of voices, in few marks of letters——
Face. Nay, you must never hope to lay her now. [*They all speak together.*
Dol. *And so we may arrive by Talmud skill,*
And profane Greek, to raise the building up
Of Helen's house against the Ismaelite,
King of Thogarma, and his habergions
Brimstony, blue, and fiery; and the force
Of king Abaddon, and the beast of Cittim;
Which rabbi David Kimchi, Onkelos,
And Aben Ezra do interpret Rome.
Face. How did you put her into't?
Mam. Alas, I talk'd
Of a fifth monarchy I would erect,

With the philosopher's stone, by chance, and she
Falls on the other four straight.
Face. Out of Broughton![5]
I told you so. 'Slid, stop her mouth.
Mam. Is't best?

[5] Face. *Out of* Broughton!] Literally out of his *Concent of Scripture.* Broughton has been noticed above, see p. 72.

The author of the *Life of Bernard Gilpin*, has given us a very beautiful elegy, written in 1612, on the death of *Hugh Broughton;* which though designed as an encomium, is rather a satire on him for the misemployment of his time and talents. His skill in expounding prophecies, and tracing Jewish genealogies, is touched on in the following stanzas:

"What meant that monstrous man, whom Babel's king
"Did in a troubled slumber once behold,
"Like huge Goliah, slain by David's sling,
"Whose dreadful head and curled locks were gold,
"With breasts and mighty arms of silver mould;
"Whose swelling belly and large sides were brass,
"Whose legs were iron, feet of mingled mass,
"Of which one part was clay, the other iron was?

"What meant the lion, plum'd in eagle's wings,
"What meant the bear, that in his horrid jaw
"Three ribs of some devoured carcass brings:
"What meant the leopard which Belshazzar saw,
"With dreadful mouth, and with a murdering paw;
"And what that all devouring horned beast
"With iron teeth, and with his horrid crest:
All this, and much besides by *Broughton* was exprest.

"'Twas he that branch'd Messiah's sacred stem,
"In curious knots, and trac'd his earthly race
From princely Adam, to the noble Sem,
"So down to him that held Coniah's place,
"And from his son to Mary full of grace, &c." WHAL.

All that remains to be said of Broughton is, that he was educated by this most excellent man, (Bernard Gilpin,) and sent, at his expense, to Cambridge. He left the church of England, as was naturally to be expected, and joined himself to a congregation of Brownists at Amsterdam; the general resort of sectaries of all denominations. Broughton died in the beginning of the year 1612.

Face. She'll never leave else. If the old man
hear her,
We are but fæces, ashes.
Sub. [*within.*] What's to do there?
Face. O, we are lost! Now she hears him, she
is quiet.

Enter SUBTLE, *they run different ways.*

Mam Where shall I hide me!
Sub. How! what sight is here?
Close deeds of darkness, and that shun the light!
Bring him again. Who is he? What, my son!
O, I have lived too long.
Mam. Nay, good, dear father,
There was no unchaste purpose.
Sub. Not! and flee me,
When I come in?
Mam. That was my error.
Sub. Error!
Guilt, guilt, my son: give it the right name.
No marvel,
If I found check in our great work within,
When such affairs as these were managing!
Mam. Why, have you so?
Sub. It has stood still this half hour:
And all the rest of our less works gone back.
Where is the instrument of wickedness,
My lewd false drudge?
Mam. Nay, good sir, blame not him;
Believe me, 'twas against his will or knowledge:
I saw her by chance.
Sub. Will you commit more sin,
To excuse a varlet?
Mam. By my hope, 'tis true, sir.
Sub. Nay, then I wonder less, if you, for whom
The blessing was prepared, would so tempt heaven,
And lose your fortunes.

Mam. Why, sir?
Sub. This will retard
The work, a month at least.
Mam. Why, if it do,
What remedy? But think it not, good father:
Our purposes were honest.
Sub. As they were,
So the reward will prove. [*A loud explosion within.*]
—How now! ah me!
God, and all saints be good to us.—

Re-enter FACE.

What's that?
Face O sir, we are defeated! all the works
Are flown *in fumo*, every glass is burst:
Furnace, and all rent down! as if a bolt
Of thunder had been driven through the house.
Retorts, receivers, pelicans, bolt-heads,
All struck in shivers!
[*Subtle falls down as in a swoon.*
Help, good sir! alas,
Coldness, and death invades him. Nay, sir Mammon,
Do the fair offices of a man! you stand,
As you were readier to depart than he.
[*Knocking within.*
Who's there? my lord her brother is come.
Mam. Ha, Lungs!
Face. His coach is at the door. Avoid his sight,
For he's as furious as his sister's mad.
Mam. Alas!
Face. My brain is quite undone with the fume, sir,
I ne'er must hope to be mine own man again.

Mam. Is all lost, Lungs? will nothing be preserv'd
Of all our cost?
Face. Faith, very little, sir;
A peck of coals or so, which is cold comfort, sir.
Mam. O my voluptuous mind! I am justly punish'd.
Face. And so am I, sir.
Mam. Cast from all my hopes——
Face. Nay, certainties, sir.
Mam. By mine own base affections.
Sub. [*Seeming to come to himself.*] O, the curst fruits of vice and lust!
Mam. Good father,
It was my sin. Forgive it.
Sub. Hangs my roof
Over us still, and will not fall, O justice,
Upon us, for this wicked man!
Face. Nay, look, sir,
You grieve him now with staying in his sight:
Good sir, the nobleman will come too, and take you,
And that may breed a tragedy.
Mam. I'll go.
Face. Ay, and repent at home, sir. It may be,
For some good penance you may have it yet;
A hundred pound to the box at Bethlem——
Mam. Yes.
Face. For the restoring such as—have their wits.
Mam. I'll do't.
Face. I'll send one to you to receive it.
Mam. Do.
Is no projection left?
Face. All flown, or stinks, sir.
Mam. Will nought be sav'd that's good for med'cine, think'st thou?

Face. I cannot tell, sir. There will be perhaps
Something about the scraping of the shards,
Will cure the itch,—though not your itch of mind, sir. [*Aside.*
It shall be saved for you, and sent home. Good sir,
This way for fear the lord should meet you.
[*Exit Mammon.*

Sub. [*raising his head.*] Face!

Face. Ay.

Sub. Is he gone?

Face. Yes, and as heavily
As all the gold be hoped for were in's blood.
Let us be light though.

Sub. [*leaping up.*] Ay, as balls, and bound
And hit our heads against the roof for joy:
There's so much of our care now cast away.

Face. Now to our don.

Sub. Yes, your young widow by this time
Is made a countess, Face; she has been in travail
Of a young heir for you.

Face. Good, sir.

Sub. Off with your case,
And greet her kindly, as a bridegroom should,
After these common hazards.

Face. Very well, sir.
Will you go fetch don Diego off, the while?

Sub. And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleased, sir:
Would Dol were in her place, to pick his pockets now!

Face. Why, you can do't as well, if you would set to't.
I pray you prove your virtue.

Sub. For your sake, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same.

Enter SURLY *and Dame* PLIANT.

Sur. Lady, you see into what hands you are fall'n;
'Mongst what a nest of villains! and how near
Your honour was t'have catch'd a certain clap,
Through your credulity, had I but been
So punctually forward, as place, time,
And other circumstances would have made a man;
For you're a handsome woman: would you were wise too!
I am a gentleman come here disguised,
Only to find the knaveries of this citadel;
And where I might have wrong'd your honour, and have not,
I claim some interest in your love. You are,
They say, a widow, rich; and I'm a bachelor,
Worth nought: your fortunes may make me a man,
As mine have preserv'd you a woman. Think upon it,
And whether I have deserv'd you or no.

Dame P. I will, sir.

Sur. And for these household-rogues, let me alone
To treat with them.

Enter SUBTLE.

Sub. How doth my noble Diego,
And my dear madam countess? hath the count

Been courteous, lady? liberal, and open?
Donzel, methinks you look melancholic,
After your coitum, and scurvy: truly,
I do not like the dulness of your eye;
It hath a heavy cast, 'tis upsee Dutch,[9]
And says you are a lumpish whore-master.
Be lighter, I will make your pockets so.
[*Attempts to pick them.*
Sur. [*Throws open his cloak.*] Will you, don bawd and pick-purse? [*strikes him down.*] how now! reel you?
Stand up, sir, you shall find, since I am so heavy,
I'll give you equal weight.
Sub. Help! murder!
Sur. No, sir,
There's no such thing intended: a good cart,
And a clean whip shall ease you of that fear.
I am the Spanish don *that should be cozen'd,*
Do you see, cozen'd! Where's your captain Face,
That parcel broker, and whole-bawd, all rascal?

Enter FACE *in his uniform.*

Face. How, Surly!

[9] *'Tis* upsee Dutch,] This expression is very common in our old dramatists, and enough, and more than enough, has been written upon it to little purpose. A thick and heady kind of beer, the common beverage of the Low Countries, was much drank in England about this time; and familiarly known by the name of *opzee*, (over sea.) As it was of a stupifying nature, to be *upsee Dutch* was synonymous with being in a state of perfect inebriation, dull, lifeless, &c. *Upsee Freeze*, (Friesland beer) is a phrase of similar import, and occurs very frequently in the writers of Jonson's age. To *drink upsee Dutch* or *upsee Freeze*, was to drink swinishly, like a Dutchman, &c. A strong kind of malt liquor, made here in imitation of the Friesland or Over-sea beer, was called *upsee English*. Friesland has not yet lost its reputation on the continent, for the manufacturing of this muddy intoxicating stuff.

Sur. O, make your approach, good captain.
I have found from whence your copper rings and spoons
Come, now, wherewith you cheat abroad in taverns.
'Twas here you learn'd t' anoint your boot with brimstone,
Then rub men's gold on't for a kind of touch,
And say 'twas naught, when you had changed the colour,
That you might have't for nothing. And this doctor,
Your sooty, smoky-bearded compeer, he
Will close you so much gold, in a bolt's-head,
And, on a turn, convey in the stead another
With sublimed mercury, that shall burst in the heat,
And fly out all *in fumo!* Then weeps Mammon;
Then swoons his worship. [*Face slips out.*] Or, he is the Faustus,
That casteth figures and can conjure, cures
Plagues, piles, and pox, by the ephemerides,
And holds intelligence with all the bawds
And midwives of three shires: while you send in—
Captain!—what! is he gone?—damsels with child,
Wives that are barren, or the waiting-maid
With the green sickness. [*seizes Subtle as he is retiring.*]—Nay, sir, you must tarry,
Though he be scaped; and answer by the ears, sir.

Re-enter FACE *with* KASTRIL.

Face. Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel
Well, as they say, and be a true-born child:
The doctor and your sister both are abused.
Kas. Where is he? which is he? he is a slave,

Whate'er he is, and the son of a whore.—Are you
The man, sir, I would know?
Sur. I should be loth, sir,
To confess so much.
Kas. Then you lie in your throat.
Sur. How!
Face. [*to Kastril.*] A very errant rogue, sir, and a cheater,
Employ'd here by another conjurer
That does not love the doctor, and would cross him,
If he knew how.
Sur. Sir, you are abused.
Kas. You lie:
And 'tis no matter.
Face. Well said, sir! He is
The impudent'st rascal———
Sur. You are indeed: Will you hear me, sir?
Face. By no means: bid him be gone.
Kas. Begone, sir, quickly.
Sur. This's strange!—Lady, do you inform your brother.
Face. There is not such a foist[7] in all the town,
The doctor had him presently; and finds yet,
The Spanish count will come here.—Bear up, Subtle. [*Aside.*
Sub. Yes, sir, he must appear within this hour.
Face. And yet this rogue would come in a disguise,
By the temptation of another spirit,
To trouble our art, though he could not hurt it!
Kas. Ay,
I know—Away, [*to his sister.*] you talk like a foolish mauther.[8]

[7] *Such a* foist, &c.] Such a cheating rogue. See vol. i. p. 113.

[8] *You talk like a foolish* mauther;] *Mauther* (from the Danish

Sur. Sir, all is truth she says.
Face. Do not believe him, sir.
He is the lying'st swabber! Come your ways, sir.
Sur. You are valiant out of company!
Kas. Yes, how then, sir?

Enter DRUGGER *with a piece of damask.*

Face. Nay, here's an honest fellow, too, that knows him,
And all his tricks. Make good what I say, Abel,
This cheater would have cozen'd thee o' the widow.— [*Aside to Drug.*
He owes this honest Drugger here, seven pound,
He has had on him, in two-penny'orths of tobacco.
Drug. Yes, sir.
And he has damn'd himself three terms to pay me.

moer) was used, in some of the eastern counties, for a young girl, a maid, in Jonson's time. Thus Brome:

Phillis. ——————— "Hoping, sir,
"That you will pardon my presumptuousness,
"I am a *mauther* that do lack a service.
Quick. "You've said enough: I'll entertain no mothers;
"A good maid-servant, knew I where to get one—
Phil. "He is a knave, an like your worship, that
"Dares say I am no *maid.* And for a servant—
"It ill becomes poor folks to praise themselves,
"But I were held a tidy one at home.
Quick. "O thou'rt a Norfolk woman (cry thee mercy)
"Where *maids* are *mothers*, and *mothers maids.*"
English-Moor, A. iii. sc. 1.

And Fletcher:

"A pretty *child* she is, altho' I say it,
"A handsome *mother.*" *Maid in the Mill.*

The word is still common in "Norfolk;" but not in its pristine sense: it now means a coarse, awkward woman; and is, I believe, commonly applied to one in a state of servitude.

Face. And what does he owe for lotium?
Drug. Thirty shillings, sir;
And for six syringes.
Sur. Hydra of villainy!
Face. Nay, sir, you must quarrel him out o' the house:
Kas. I will:
—Sir, if you get not out o' doors, you lie;
And you are a pimp.
Sur. Why, this is madness, sir,
Not valour in you; I must laugh at this.
Kas. It is my humour: you are a pimp and a trig,[9]
And an *Amadis de Gaul*, or a Don Quixote.
Drug. Or a knight o' the curious coxcomb, do you see?

Enter ANANIAS.

Ana. Peace to the household!
Kas. I'll keep peace for no man.
Ana. Casting of dollars is concluded lawful.
Kas. Is he the constable?
Sub. Peace, Ananias.
Face. No, sir.
Kas. Then you are an otter, and a shad, a whit,
A very tim.
Sur. You'll hear me, sir?
Kas. I will not.
Ana. What is the motive?
Sub. Zeal in the young gentleman,
Against his Spanish slops.

[9] *A* trig,] Theobald has written in the margin of his copy "Quere, *prig*?" But trig, I presume, is right. It is a very old word, and means *neat*, *spruce*, *affected*, &c. In what sense Kastril uses it, I am not prepared to say.

Ana. They are profane,
Lewd, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.
Sur. New rascals!
Kas. Will you be gone, sir?
Ana. Avoid, Sathan!
Thou art not of the light! That ruff of pride
About thy neck, betrays thee; and is the same
With that which the unclean birds, in seventy seven,
Were seen to prank it with on divers coasts:
Thou look'st like antichrist, in that lewd hat.
Sur. I must give way.
Kas. Be gone, sir.
Sur. But I'll take
A course with you——
Ana. Depart, proud Spanish fiend!
Sur. Captain and doctor.
Ana. Child of perdition!
Kas. Hence, sir!— [*Exit Surly.*
Did I not quarrel bravely?
Face. Yes, indeed, sir.
Kas. Nay, an I give my mind to't, I shall do't.
Face. O, you must follow, sir, and threaten him tame:
He'll turn again else:
Kas. I'll re-turn him then. [*Exit.*
[*Subtle takes Ananias aside.*
Face. Drugger, this rogue prevented us, for thee:

[1] *Avoid, Sathan!* &c.] This junction of the zealous Ananias in the plot to get rid of Surly, is exquisitely humourous. I do not believe that any scene in the whole compass of the English drama, is worked up with so much comic skill and knowledge of effect as the conclusion of this masterly act. The allusion to the "unclean birds in seventy-seven" I do not understand, unless it refer to the number of Spanish troops which poured into the Netherlands, about that time, under D'Alva.

We had determin'd that thou should'st have come
In a Spanish suit, and have carried her so; and he,
A brokerly slave! goes, puts it on himself.
Hast brought the damask?

Drug. Yes, sir.

Face. Thou must borrow
A Spanish suit: hast thou no credit with the players?

Drug. Yes, sir; did you never see me play the Fool?

Face. I know not, Nab:—thou shalt, if I can help it.—[8] [*Aside.*
Hieronimo's old cloak, ruff, and hat will serve;
I'll tell thee more when thou bring'st 'em.
[*Exit Drugger.*

Ana. Sir, I know
The Spaniard hates the brethren, and hath spies
Upon their actions: and that this was one
I make no scruple.—But the holy synod
Have been in prayer and meditation for it;
And 'tis reveal'd no less to them than me,
That casting of money is most lawful.

Sub. True,
But here I cannot do it: if the house
Shou'd chance to be suspected, all would out,
And we be lock'd up[9] in the Tower for ever,
To make gold there for the state, never come out;
And then are you defeated.

Ana. I will tell
This to the elders and the weaker brethren,

[8] *Thou shalt, if I can help it,*] If I can forward or promote it—i. e. "playing the fool." Old Jeronymo (whose stage dress poor Abel is sent to borrow) was the hero of the *Spanish Tragedy*, so often burlesqued by our poet and his contemporaries.

[9] *And we be lock'd up* &c.] See p. 89.

That the whole company of the separation
May join in humble prayer again.
Sub. And fasting.
Ana. Yea, for some fitter place. The peace of mind
Rest with these walls! [*Exit.*
Sub. Thanks, courteous Ananias.
Face. What did he come for?
Sub. About casting dollars,
Presently out of hand. And so I told him,
A Spanish minister came here to spy,
Against the faithful——
Face. I conceive. Come, Subtle,
Thou art so down upon the least disaster!
How wouldst thou ha' done, if I had not help't thee out?
Sub. I thank thee, Face, for the angry boy, i' faith.
Face. Who would have look'd it should have been that rascal?
Surly? he had dyed his beard and all. Well, sir,
Here's damask come to make you a suit.
Sub. Where's Drugger?
Face. He is gone to borrow me a Spanish habit;
I'll be the count, now.
Sub. But where's the widow?
Face. Within, with my lord's sister: madam Dol
Is entertaining her.
Sub. By your favour, Face,
Now she is honest, I will stand again.
Face. You will not offer it?
Sub. Why?
Face. Stand to your word,
Or—here comes Dol, she knows——
Sub. You are tyrannous still.

Enter DOL *hastily.*

Face. Strict for my right.—How now, Dol!
Hast [thou] told her,
The Spanish count will come?
Dol. Yes; but another is come,
You little look'd for!
Face. Who is that?
Dol. Your master;
The master of the house.
Sub. How, Dol!
Face. She lies,
This is some trick. Come, leave your quiblins,[4] Dorothy.
Dol. Look out, and see. [*Face goes to the window.*
Sub. Art thou in earnest?
Dol. 'Slight,
Forty o' the neighbours are about him, talking.
Face. 'Tis he by this good day.
Dol. 'Twill prove ill day
For some on us.
Face. We are undone, and taken.
Dol. Lost, I'm afraid.
Sub. You said he would not come,
While there died one a week within the liberties.
Face. No: 'twas within the walls.
Sub. Was't so! cry you mercy.
I thought the liberties. What shall we do now, Face?
Face. Be silent: not a word, if he call or knock.*

[4] *Come, leave your* quiblins,] i. e. your little attempts to deceive us. *Quibble* is not derived, as Dr. Johnson thinks, from quidlibet, but from *quip* (a sarcastic "fetch of wit," of which it is a diminutive: neither does it signify "a pun;" but rather a playful though captious misapprehension of words and things.

* *Be silent: not a word,* &c.] Face has many traits of Tranio,

I'll into mine old shape again and meet him,
Of Jeremy, the butler. In the mean time,
Do you two pack up all the goods and purchase,[1]
That we can carry in the two trunks. I'll keep him
Off for to-day, if I cannot longer: and then
At night, I'll ship you both away to Ratcliff,
Where we will meet to-morrow, and there we'll share.
Let Mammon's brass and pewter keep the cellar;
We'll have another time for that. But, Dol,
'Prithee go heat a little water quickly;
Subtle must shave me: all my captain's beard
Must off, to make me appear smooth Jeremy.
You'll do it?

Sub. Yes, I'll shave you, as well as I can.

Face. And not cut my throat, but trim me?

Sub. You shall see, sir. [*Exeunt.*

the pleasantest character in the pleasantest comedy of Plautus, the *Mostellaria*. Besides many hints for short speeches, Jonson seems to have taken from this (his favourite) author the idea of the next scene, in which Face, like Tranio, endeavours to prevent his master from entering the house, by a forged story.

[1] *Do you two pack up all the goods, and* purchase.] A cant term for goods stolen, or dishonestly come by: thus Shakspeare:

"They will steal any thing, and call it *purchase*."
Henry V.

And this sense seems to be derived from Chaucer, who thus uses it in his prophecy:

"And robbery is holde *purchase*." WHAL.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Lovewit's *door.*

Enter LOVEWIT, *with several of the* Neighbours.

Love. Has there been such resort, say you?
1 *Nei.* Daily, sir.
2 *Nei.* And nightly, too.
3 *Nei.* Ay, some as brave as lords.
4 *Nei.* Ladies and gentlewomen.
5 *Nei.* Citizens' wives.
1 *Nei.* And knights.
6 *Nei.* In coaches.
2 *Nei.* Yes, and oyster-women.
1 *Nei.* Beside other gallants.
3 *Nei.* Sailors' wives.
4 *Nei.* Tobacco men.
5 *Nei.* Another Pimlico!
Love. What should my knave advance,
To draw this company? he hung out no banners
Of a strange calf with five legs to be seen,
Or a huge lobster with six claws?
6 *Nei.* No, sir.
3 *Nei.* We had gone in then, sir.
Love. He has no gift
Of teaching in the nose that e'er I knew of.
You saw no bills set up that promised cure
Of agues, or the tooth-ach?
2 *Nei.* No such thing, sir.
Love. Nor heard a drum struck for baboons or puppets?
5 *Nei.* Neither, sir.
Love. What device should he bring forth now?

I love a teeming wit as I love my nourishment:
'Pray God he have not kept such open house,
That he hath sold my hangings, and my bedding!
I left him nothing else. If he have eat them,
A plague o' the moth, say I! Sure he has got
Some bawdy pictures to call all this ging;[6]
The friar and the nun; or the new motion
Of the knight's courser covering the parson's mare;
The boy of six year old with the great thing:
Or 't may be, he has the fleas that run at tilt
Upon a table, or some dog to dance.
When saw you him?
1 *Nei.* Who, sir, Jeremy?
2 *Nei.* Jeremy butler?
We saw him not this month.
Love. How!
4 *Nei.* Not these five weeks, sir.

[6] *All this ging;*] i. e. gang. This substitution of *i* for *a* was common in our author's days, though a late critic could not find an instance of it. Thus Drayton:

"Rock and Rollo
"Who still led the rustic *ging*."

And Greene: "Bless me (quoth Cloth-breeches) what a *ging* was here gathered together." A similar change took place in other words such as *hang*, &c. Thus Machin:

"Heaven in thy palm this day the balance *hings*."
Dumb Knight A. 1.

It is needless to produce more examples of so prevalent a practice. In this and the preceding speech, Jonson sarcastically touches on the extravagant fondness of the citizens and their wives for sights of every kind, however repugnant to decorum.

The "curiosities" which he enumerates are not imaginary ones; they were actually exhibited in London, and specific mention of all of them respectively, might easily be produced from the writers of those times. There is much pleasant satire on this head in the *City Match*, and the *Knight of the burning Pestle*.

6 *Nei.* These six weeks at the least.
Love. You amaze me, neighbours!
5 *Nei.* Sure, if your worship know not where he is,
He's slipt away.
6 *Nei.* Pray god, he be not made away.
Love. Ha! it's no time to question, then.
[*Knocks at the door.*
6 *Nei.* About
Some three weeks since, I heard a doleful cry,
As I sat up a mending my wife's stockings.
Love. 'Tis strange that none will answer! Didst thou hear
A cry, sayst thou?
6 *Nei.* Yes, sir, like unto a man
That had been strangled an hour, and could not speak.'

[7] ——— *Like unto a man*
That had been strangled an hour, *and could not speak.*] Mr. Steevens inclines to think that this was meant to reflect on Shakspeare's making Desdemona speak "after long seeming dead." But as *the Alchemist* was written before *Othello*, (a circumstance of little moment with him where Jonson is concerned,) Mr. Malone ventures to express a doubt on the subject. "Old Ben (he says) *generally spoke out*, and if he had intended to *sneer* at the manner of Desdemona's death, would have written—like unto a *woman*, &c." This remark, of which the candour is, at least, equal to the consistency, the reader will do well to bear in mind. Meanwhile the critics might have spared their pains. *Strangled an hour*, &c. (though Lovewit perversely catches at the literal sense to perplex his informants) has no reference to duration of time, but means simply suffocated, and therefore, unable to utter articulate sounds. A similar mode of expression occurs in *Measure for Measure*: "Shew your sheep-biting face, and be *hanged an hour!*" where Mr. Henley, who usually takes more trouble to shew his ignorance of our old writers than seems absolutely necessary, gravely assures us, "that the poet *evidently* refers to the ancient mode of punishing by the collistrigium or original pillory," &c.—whereas it is merely a vulgar imprecation—"shew ——and be hanged!" The reader will find more on this subject, in *Bartholomew Fair*.

2 *Nei.* I heard it too, just this day three weeks,
at two o'clock
Next morning.
Love. These be miracles, or you make them so!
A man an hour strangled, and could not speak,
And both you heard him cry?
3 *Nei.* Yes, downward, sir.
Love. Thou art a wise fellow. Give me thy
hand, I pray thee,
What trade art thou on?
3 *Nei.* A smith, an't please your worship.
Love. A smith! then lend me thy help to get
this door open.
3 *Nei.* That I will presently, sir, but fetch my
tools— [*Exit.*
1 *Nei.* Sir, best to knock again, afore you
break it.
Love. [*Knocks again.*] I will.

Enter FACE, *in his butler's livery.*

Face. What mean you, sir?
1. 2. 4. *Nei.* O, here's Jeremy!
Face. Good sir, come from the door.
Love. Why, what's the matter?
Face. Yet farther, you are too near yet.[8]
Love. In the name of wonder,
What means the fellow!
Face. The house, sir, has been visited.
Love. What, with the plague? stand thou then
farther.
Face. No, sir,
I had it not.
Love. Who had it then? I left
None else but thee in the house.

[8] *Yet farther, you are too near yet.*] Face wants to draw him away from the door, that he may not hear any thing of what is passing within.

Face. Yes, sir, my fellow,
The cat that kept the buttery, had it on her
A week before I spied it; but I got her
Convey'd away in the night: and so I shut
The house up for a month——
Love. How!
Face. Purposing then, sir,
T'have burnt rose-vinegar, treacle, and tar,
And have made it sweet, that you shou'd ne'er have known it;
Because I knew the news would but afflict you, sir.
Love. Breathe less, and farther off! Why this is stranger:
The neighbours tell me all here that the doors
Have still been open——
Face. How, sir!
Love. Gallants, men and women,
And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here
In threaves,[9] these ten weeks, as to a second Hogsden,
In days of Pimlico and Eye-bright.[1]

[9] *In* threaves,] In droves, or heaps. Jonson uses the word again, in the *Sad Shepherd*:

——— " they come,
" In *threaves*, to frolick with him."

The word is properly applied to a certain number of sheaves of corn, when formed into a shock. Thus Chapman:

" Nay, see if thou canst lay them thus in *threaves*.
Vir. " In threaves, d'ye call it?
Bass. " Yes, my lord, in threaves.
Vir. A pretty term." *Gent. Usher*, A. 2. WHAL.

[1] *In days of* Pimlico *and* Eye-bright.] A place near Hogsden, Mr. Whalley says, famous for cakes and ale. Thus in the *City Match*:

——— " Marry, it has been
" To squire his sisters, and demolish custards,
" At Pimlico."

And in *Green's Tu Quoque*. " I have sent my daughter this morning as far as *Pimlico*, for a draught of Derby ale."

Pimlico is sometimes spoken of as a person, and may not

Face. Sir,
Their wisdoms will not say so.
Love. To-day they speak
Of coaches, and gallants; one in a French-hood
Went in, they tell me; and another was seen
In a velvet gown at the window: divers more
Pass in and out.
Face. They did pass through the doors then,
Or walls, I assure their eye-sights, and their spectacles;
For here, sir, are the keys, and here have been,
In this my pocket, now above twenty days:
And for before, I kept the fort alone there.
But that 'tis yet not deep in the afternoon,
I should believe my neighbours had seen double
Through the black pot, and made these apparitions!
For, on my faith to your worship, for these three weeks
And upwards, the door has not been open'd.
Love. Strange!
1 *Nei.* Good faith, I think I saw a coach.
2 *Nei* And I too,
I'd have been sworn.
Love. Do you but think it now?
And but one coach?
4 *Nei.* We cannot tell, sir: Jeremy
Is a very honest fellow.
Face. Did you see me at all?

improbably, have been the master of a house once famous for ale of a particular description. So, indeed, may Eyebright,—unless (as I rather incline to think) the term be applied to a sort of malt liquor, in which the herb of this name was infused. In these important matters, it is wise to proceed with caution; the reader therefore will consider this as conjecture only, and make use of his own discretion in determining the sense of this doubtful passage.

1 *Nei.* No; that we are sure on.
2 *Nei.* I'll be sworn o' that.
Love. Fine rogues to have your testimonies built on!

Re-enter third Neighbour, *with his tools.*

3 *Nei.* Is Jeremy come!
1 *Nei.* O, yes; you may leave your tools;
We were deceived, he says.
2 *Nei.* He has had the keys;
And the door has been shut these three weeks.
3 *Nei.* Like enough.
Love. Peace, and get hence, you changelings.

Enter SURLY *and* MAMMON.

Face. Surly come!
And Mammon made acquainted! they'll tell all.
How shall I beat them off? what shall I do?
Nothing's more wretched than a guilty conscience.[a] [*Aside.*
Sur. No, sir, he was a great physician. This,
It was no bawdy-house, but a mere chancel!
You knew the lord and his sister.
Mam. Nay, good Surly—
Sur. The happy word, BE RICH——

[a] *How shall I beat them off? what shall I do?*
Nothing's more wretched than a guilty conscience.] From Plautus, as Upton observes:

Sed quisnam hic sese tam cito recipit domum?
Metuo ne de hac re quippiam hic inaudiverit.
Accedam atque appellabo: heu, quam timeo miser!
Nihil est miserius quam animus hominis conscius.

There is a passage among the fragments of Menander, which sufficiently explains the situation of Face:

Ὁ συνιστορων ἀυτῳ τι, κἀν ᾖ θρασύλατος,
Ἡ συνισις αυτου διλοτατου ποιει.

Mam. Play not the tyrant.—
Sur. Should be to-day pronounced to all your friends.
And where be your andirons now? and your brass pots,
That should have been golden flaggons, and great wedges?
Mam. Let me but breathe. What, they have shut their doors,
Methinks!
Sur. Ay, now 'tis holiday with them.
Mam. Rogues, [*He and Surly knock.*
Cozeners, impostors, bawds!
Face. What mean you, sir?
Mam. To enter if we can.
Face. Another man's house!
Here is the owner, sir: turn you to him,
And speak your business.
Mam. Are you, sir, the owner?
Love. Yes, sir.
Mam. And are those knaves within your cheaters?
Love. What knaves, what cheaters?
Mam. Subtle and his Lungs.
Face. The gentleman is distracted, sir! No lungs,
Nor lights have been seen here these three weeks, sir,
Within these doors, upon my word.
Sur. Your word,
Groom arrogant!
Face. Yes, sir, I am the house-keeper,
And know the keys have not been out of my hands.
Sur. This is a new Face.
Face. You do mistake the house, sir:
What sign was't at?
Sur. You rascal! this is one

Of the confederacy. Come, let's get officers,
And force the door.
Love. 'Pray you stay, gentlemen.
Sur. No, sir, we'll come with warrant.
Mam. Ay, and then
We shall have your doors open.
[*Exeunt Mam. and Sur.*
Love. What means this?
Face. I cannot tell, sir.
1 *Nei.* These are two of the gallants
That we do think we saw.
Face. Two of the fools!
You talk as idly as they. Good faith, sir,
I think the moon has crased 'em all.[3]—O me,

Enter KASTRIL.

The angry boy come too! He'll make a noise,
And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all.
[*Aside.*
Kas. [*knocking.*] What rogues, bawds, slaves,
you'll open the door, anon!
Punk, cockatrice, my suster! By this light
I'll fetch the marshal to you. You are a whore
To keep your castle——
Face. Who would you speak with, sir?
Kas. The bawdy doctor, and the cozening
captain,
And puss my suster.
Love. This is something, sure.
Face. Upon my trust, the doors were never
open, sir.

[3] *I think the moon has crazed 'em all.*] Thus Shakspeare:

"It is the very error of the moon:
"She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
"And makes men mad."

Kas. I have heard all their tricks told me twice over,
By the fat knight and the lean gentleman.[4]
Love. Here comes another.

Enter ANANIAS *and* TRIBULATION.

Face. Ananias too!
And his pastor!
Tri. [*beating at the door.*] The doors are shut against us.
Ana. Come forth, you seed of sulphur, sons of fire!
Your stench it is broke forth; abomination
Is in the house.
Kas. Ay, my suster's there.
Ana. The place,
It is become a cage of unclean birds.
Kas. Yes, I will fetch the scavenger, and the constable.
Tri. You shall do well.
Ana. We'll join to weed them out.
Kas. You will not come then, punk devise, my suster![5]

[4] *By the fat knight and the lean gentleman.*] i. e. by Mammon, and Surly: yet Surly is spoken of (p. 133) as too fat for a Spaniard.

[5] *Punk devise, my suster!*] i. e. as Upton observes, thou arrant whore. The phrase is taken from the French *à points devisez.* So Chaucer in the *Romaunt of the rose*, ver. 1215.

"Her nose was wrought *at point devise*," i. e. with the utmost exactness. And Shakspeare, in *Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 2.

"*Mal.* I will be *point devise*, the very man." i. e. exactly the same in every particular. Our poet again uses the expression in the *Tale of a Tub*:

——— "And if the dapper priest
"Be but as cunning, *point* in his *devise*,
"As I was in my lie."

Johnson (see his Dict.) brings the expression from *point de vise.*

Ana. Call her not sister; she's a harlot verily.
Kas. I'll raise the street.
Love. Good gentleman, a word.
Ana. Satan avoid, and hinder not our zeal!
[*Exeunt Ana. Trib. and Kast.*
Love. The world's turn'd Bethlem.
Face. These are all broke loose,
Out of St. Katherine's, where they use to keep
The better sort of mad-folks.
1 *Nei.* All these persons
We saw go in and out here.
2 *Nei.* Yes, indeed, sir.
3 *Nei.* These were the parties.
Face. Peace, you drunkards! Sir,
I wonder at it: please you to give me leave
To touch the door, I'll try an the lock be chang'd.
Love. It mazes me!
Face. [*Goes to the door.*] Good faith, sir, I believe
There's no such thing: 'tis all *deceptio visus.*—
Would I could get him away. [*Aside.*
Dap. [*within.*] Master captain! master doctor!
Love. Who's that?
Face. Our clerk within, that I forgot! [*Aside.*] I know not, sir.
Dap. [*within.*] For God's sake, when will her grace be at leisure?
Face. Ha!

in the exact point of view: and in this he is supported by the manner in which many of our old writers give the words. I have little doubt, however, but that the phrase is of mathematical derivation—*à point devisé*, to a *precise*, or given point: and hence exact, correct, &c. Mr. Douce (*Illust. of Shakspeare*) derives it "from the labour of the needle." *Point*, he tells us, from Cotgrave, is a stich, and *devisé* any thing disposed or arranged: this may be granted—but a dictionary will never teach us to put two words together; and the origin of the expression, if not given in the former part of this note, is yet to seek.

Illusions, some spirit o' the air!—His gag is melted,
And now he sets out the throat. [*Aside.*
Dap. [*within.*] I am almost stifled——
Face. Would you were altogether. [*Aside.*
Love. 'Tis in the house.
Ha! list.
Face. Believe it, sir, in the air.
Love. Peace, you.
Dap. [*within.*] Mine aunt's grace does not use me well.
Sub. [*within.*] You fool,
Peace, you'll mar all.
Face. [*speaks through the key-hole, while Lovewit advances to the door unobserved.*] Or you will else, you rogue.
Love. O, is it so? then you converse with spirits!—
Come, sir. No more of your tricks, good Jeremy,
The truth, the shortest way.
Face. Dismiss this rabble, sir.—
What shall I do? I am catch'd. [*Aside.*
Love. Good neighbours,
I thank you all. You may depart. [*Exeunt Neighbours.*]—Come sir,
You know that I am an indulgent master;
And therefore conceal nothing. What's your medicine,
To draw so many several sorts of wild fowl?
Face. Sir, you were wont to affect mirth and wit—
But here's no place to talk on't in the street.
Give me but leave to make the best of my fortune,
And only pardon me the abuse of your house:
It's all I beg. I'll help you to a widow,
In recompense, that you shall give me thanks for,
Will make you seven years younger, and a rich one.

'Tis but your putting on a Spanish cloak:
I have her within. You need not fear the house;
It was not visited.
Love. But by me, who came
Sooner than you expected.
Face. It is true, sir.
'Pray you forgive me.
Love. Well: let's see your widow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the same.

Enter SUBTLE, *leading in* DAPPER, *with his eyes bound as before.*

Sub. How! have you eaten your gag?
Dap. Yes faith, it crumbled
Away in my mouth.
Sub. You have spoil'd all then.
Dap. No!
I hope my aunt of Fairy will forgive me.
Sub. Your aunt's a gracious lady; but in troth
You were to blame.
Dap. The fume did overcome me,
And I did do't to stay my stomach. 'Pray you
So satisfy her grace.

Enter FACE *in his uniform.*

Here comes the captain.
Face. How now! is his mouth down?
Sub. Ay, he has spoken!
Face. A pox, I heard him, and you too.—He's undone then.—

I have been fain to say, the house is haunted
With spirits, to keep churl back.
Sub. And hast thou done it?
Face. Sure, for this night.
Sub. Why, then triumph and sing
Of Face so famous, the precious king
Of present wits.
Face. Did you not hear the coil
About the door?
Sub. Yes, and I dwindled with it.
Face. Shew him his aunt, and let him be dispatch'd:
I'll send her to you. [*Exit Face.*
Sub. Well, sir, your aunt her grace
Will give you audience presently, on my suit,
And the captain's word that you did not eat your gag
In any contempt of her highness.
[*Unbinds his eyes.*
Dap. Not I, in troth, sir.

Enter DOL *like the queen of Fairy.*

Sub. Here she is come. Down o' your knees and wriggle:
She has a stately presence. [*Dapper kneels, and shuffles towards her.*] Good! Yet nearer,
And bid, God save you!
Dap. Madam!
Sub. And your aunt.
Dap. And my most gracious aunt, God save your grace.
Dol. Nephew, we thought to have been angry with you;
But that sweet face of yours hath turn'd the tide,
And made it flow with joy, that ebb'd of love.
Arise, and touch our velvet gown.

Sub. The skirts,
And kiss 'em. So!
Dol. Let me now stroak that head.
Much, nephew, shalt thou win, much shalt thou spend;
Much shalt thou give away, much shalt thou lend.
Sub. Ay, much! indeed. [*Aside.*] Why do you not thank her grace?
Dap. I cannot speak for joy.
Sub. See, the kind wretch!
Your grace's kinsman right.
Dol. Give me the bird.
Here is your fly in a purse, about your neck, cousin;
Wear it, and feed it about this day sev'n-night,
On your right wrist——
Sub. Open a vein with a pin.
And let it suck but once a week; till then,
You must not look on't.
Dol. No: and, kinsman,
Bear your self worthy of the blood you come on.
Sub. Her grace would have you eat no more Woolsack[6] pies,
Nor Dagger frumety.
Dol. Nor break his fast
In Heaven and Hell.
Sub. She's with you every where!
Nor play with costarmongers, at mum-chance, tray-trip,

[6] The *Woolsack* and the *Dagger* (see p. 24) were ordinaries of low repute; and our old poets have frequent allusions to the coarseness of their entertainment. "I'll not take thy word for a *Dagger* pie," occurs in the *Satiromastix:* and a similar expression is found in an old collection of epigrams called *Springes to catch Woodcocks. Heaven* and *Hell* were two mean alehouses abutting on Westminster Hall. Whalley says, that they were standing, in his remembrance. They are mentioned, together with a third house, called *Purgatory*, in a Grant, which I have read, dated in the first year of Henry VII.

God make you rich; * (when as your aunt has done it;)
But keep
The gallant'st company, and the best games——
Dap. Yes, sir.
Sub. Gleek and primero: and what you get, be true to us.
Dap. By this hand, I will.
Sub. You may bring's a thousand pound
Before to-morrow night, if but three thousand
Be stirring, an you will.
Dap. I swear I will then.
Sub. Your fly will learn you all games.
Face. [*within.*] Have you done there?
Sub. Your grace will command him no more duties?
Dol. No:
But come, and see me often. I may chance
To leave him three or four hundred chests of treasure,
And some twelve thousand acres of fairy land,
If he game well and comely with good gamesters.
Sub. There's a kind aunt! kiss her departing part.—
But you must sell your forty mark a year, now.
Dap. Ay, sir, I mean.
Sub. Or, give't away; pox on't!
Dap. I'll give't mine aunt: I'll go and fetch the writings. [*Exit.*
Sub. 'Tis well, away.

Re-enter FACE.

Face. Where's Subtle?
Sub. Here: what news?

* *God make you rich;*] This is the name of some game, and a very foolish name it is. I can give the reader no further information.

Face. Drugger is at the door, go take his suit,
And bid him fetch a parson, presently;
Say, he shall marry the widow. Thou shalt spend
A hundred pound by the service! [*Exit Subtle.*]
Now, queen Dol,
Have you pack'd up all?
Dol. Yes.
Face. And how do you like
The lady Pliant?
Dol. A good dull innocent.

Re-enter SUBTLE.

Sub. Here's your Hieronimo's cloak and hat.
Face. Give me them.
Sub. And the ruff too?
Face. Yes; I'll come to you presently. [*Exit.*
Sub. Now he is gone about his project, Dol,
I told you of, for the widow.
Dol. 'Tis direct
Against our articles.
Sub. Well, we will fit him, wench.
Hast thou gull'd her of her jewels or her bracelets?
Dol. No; but I will do't.
Sub. Soon at night, my Dolly,
When we are shipp'd, and all our goods aboard,
Eastward for Ratcliff; we will turn our course
To Brainford, westward, if thou sayst the word,
And take our leaves of this o'er-weening rascal,
This peremptory Face.
Dol. Content, I'm weary of him.
Sub. Thou'st cause, when the slave will run a wiving, Dol,
Against the instrument that was drawn between us.
Dol. I'll pluck his bird as bare as I can.

Sub. Yes, tell her,
She must by any means address some present
To the cunning man, make him amends for wronging
His art with her suspicion; send a ring,
Or chain of pearl; she will be tortured else
Extremely in her sleep, say, and have strange things
Come to her. Wilt thou?
Dol. Yes,
Sub. My fine flitter-mouse,
My bird o' the night! we'll tickle it at the Pigeons,[7]
When we have all, and may unlock the trunks,
And say, this's mine, and thine; and thine, and mine. [*They kiss.*

Re-enter FACE.

Face. What now! a billing?
Sub. Yes, a little exalted
In the good passage of our stock-affairs.
Face. Drugger has brought his parson; take him in, Subtle,
And send Nab back again to wash his face.
Sub. I will: and shave himself? [*Exit.*
Face. If you can get him.
Dol. You are hot upon it, Face, whate'er it is!

[7] *We'll tickle it at the* Pigeons,] The three Pigeons at Brentford, the place of rendezvous. This inn obtained some notoriety in a subsequent period, from being kept by the boast of the old stage, Lowin, after the blind and intolerant persecution of the Puritans had dispersed the players. Here he died in great poverty, and at an advanced age, a short time before the return of his royal master.

Face. A trick that Dol shall spend ten pound a month by.

Re-enter SUBTLE.

Is he gone?

Sub. The chaplain waits you in the hall, sir.

Face. I'll go bestow him. [*Exit.*

Dol. He'll now marry her, instantly.

Sub. He cannot yet, he is not ready. Dear Dol,
Cozen her of all thou canst. To deceive him
Is no deceit, but justice, that would break
Such an inextricable tie as ours was.

Dol. Let me alone to fit him.

Re-enter FACE.

Face. Come, my venturers,
You have pack'd up all? where be the trunks? bring forth.

Sub. Here.

Face. Let us see them. Where's the money?

Sub. Here,
In this.

Face. Mammon's ten pound; eight score before:
The brethren's money, this. Drugger's and Dapper's.
What paper's that?

Dol. The jewel of the waiting maid's,
That stole it from her lady, to know certain——

Face. If she should have precedence of her mistress?

Dol. Yes.

Face. What box is that?

Sub. The fish-wives rings, I think,

And the ale-wives single money:[8] Is't not
Dol?
Dol. Yes; and the whistle that the sailor's wife
Brought you to know an her husband were with
Ward.[9]
Face. We'll wet it to-morrow; and our silver-
beakers
And tavern cups. Where be the French petticoats,
And girdles and hangers?
Sub. Here, in the trunk,
And the bolts of lawn.
Face. Is Drugger's damask there,
And the tobacco?
Sub. Yes.
Face. Give me the keys.
Dol. Why you the keys?
Sub. No matter, Dol; because
We shall not open them before he comes.
Face. 'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed;
Nor have them forth, do you see? not forth, Dol.
Dol. No!
Face. No, my smock-rampant. The right is,
my master
Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep them;

[8] *The ale-wives* single-*money:*] Small money perhaps that required no change. Thus in the *Merry Beggars:* "an ancient prophet that tells fortunes, and cozens our poor country people of their *single-money.*"

[9] ——— ——— *The whistle that the sailor's wife*
Brought you to know an her husband were with Ward.] Ward, as Whalley observes, "was a famous pirate." He is mentioned by Donne:

——— "and whether *Ward*
"The traffick of the midland sea had marr'd."

And Howell calls him, "the most infamous and fatal man that ever Christendom bred." Besides innumerable ballads, there is extant a tragedy on his exploits by Robert Dawborne, called the *Christian turned Turk*, or the lives of *Ward* and Dansiker, 1612.

Doctor, 'tis true—you look[1]—for all your figures:
I sent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good partners,
Both he and she be satisfied; for here
Determines the indenture tripartite
'Twixt Subtle, Dol, and Face. All I can do
Is to help you over the wall, o' the back-side,
Or lend you a sheet to save your velvet gown, Dol.
Here will be officers presently, bethink you
Of some course suddenly to 'scape the dock:[2]
For thither you will come else. [*Loud knocking.*]
Hark you, thunder.

Sub. You are a precious fiend!

Offi. [*without.*] Open the door.

Face. Dol, I am sorry for thee i' faith; but hearst thou?
It shall go hard but I will place thee somewhere:
Thou shalt have my letter to mistress Amo—

Dol. Hang you!

Face. Or madam Cæsarean.[3]

Dol. Pox upon you, rogue,
Would I had but time to beat thee!

[1] *Doctor, 'tis true*—you look—] i. e. (says Upton) "*You look* to that—I wrote on the margin of my book,

"*Doctor, 'tis true* (look you) *for all your figures.*"

Upton might as well have let his "writing" alone. *You look* (no uncommon expression) means, you are surprised. It is strange that the commentator should not see this; nor recollect how often φραω is used by the Greek writers for θαυμαζω.

Face adds, that he sent for his master. This falsehood, which is perfectly in character, is thrown out to intimidate his confederates.

[2] *The* dock;] Some apartment in Newgate or Bridewell. In the former is a place named the *Bail-dock*. WHAL.

[3] *Thou shalt have my letter to mistress* Amo—
Or madam Cæsarean.] "The names of two bawds in our poet's time: the last (Upton says) seems to be mentioned in his epigrams:

"And madam *Cæsar*, great Proserpina,
"Is now from home."

Face. Subtle,
Let's know where you set up next; I will send you
A customer now and then, for old acquaintance:
What new course have you?
Sub. Rogue, I'll hang myself;
That I may walk a greater devil than thou,
And haunt thee in the flock-bed and the buttery.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An outer Room in the same.

Enter LOVEWIT *in the Spanish dress, with the Parson.*
[*Loud knocking at the door.*]

Love. What do you mean, my masters?
Mam. [*without.*] Open your door,
Cheaters, bawds, conjurers.
Offi. [*without.*] Or we will break it open.
Love. What warrant have you?
Offi. [*without.*] Warrant enough, sir, doubt not,
If you'll not open it.
Love. Is there an officer, there?
Offi. [*without.*] Yes, two or three for failing.[4]
Love. Have but patience,
And I will open it straight.

[4] *Yes, two or three* for *failing.*] i. e. for *fear of* failing: in which sense the word is constantly used by our old writers. Thus Fletcher:

"But I'll *hold fast*,
"*For* catching of a fall." *The Coxcomb.*"

And, just after, Antonio, speaking of his disguise, says;

"I hope I'm wild enough *for* being known."

More examples may be found in Mass. vol. i. p. 103.

Enter FACE, *as butler.*

Face. Sir, have you done?
Is it a marriage? perfect?
Love. Yes, my brain.
Face. Off with your ruff and cloak then; be yourself, sir.
Sur. [*without.*] Down with the door.
Kas. [*without.*] 'Slight, ding it open.[5]
Love. [*opening the door.*] Hold,
Hold, gentlemen, what means this violence?

MAMMON, SURLY, KASTRIL, ANANIAS, TRIBULATION, *and* Officers *rush in.*

Mam. Where is this collier?
Sur. And my captain Face?
Mam. These day owls.
Sur. That are birding in men's purses.
Mam. Madam suppository.
Kas. Doxy, my suster.
Ana. Locusts
Of the foul pit.
Tri. Profane as Bel and the dragon.
Ana. Worse than the grasshoppers, or the lice of Egypt.

[5] *'Slight,* ding *it open.*] *Break* it open. Ding (from the A. S. to force, beat down, &c.) was once common amongst us. Thus in the *Spanish Tragedy:*

"He paunch'd his horse, and *dinged* him to the ground."

And in the first part of *Sir John Oldcastle;* "For the credit of Dunstable, *ding* down the enemy, to morrow." A. iii. sc. 2. The word still obtains in some of our remote provinces. In Scotland it is in daily use.

Love. Good gentlemen, hear me. Are you officers,
And cannot stay this violence?
1 *Offi.* Keep the peace.
Love. Gentlemen, what is the matter? whom do you seek?
Mam. The chemical cozener.
Sur. And the captain pander.
Kas. The nun my suster.
Mam. Madam Rabbi.
Ana. Scorpions,
And caterpillars.
Love. Fewer at once, I pray you.
2 *Offi.* One after another, gentlemen, I charge you,
By virtue of my staff.
Ana. They are the vessels
Of pride, lust, and the cart.
Love. Good zeal, lie still
A little while.
Tri. Peace, deacon Ananias.
Love. The house is mine here, and the doors are open;
If there be any such persons as you seek for,
Use your authority, search on o' God's name.
I am but newly come to town, and finding
This tumult 'bout my door, to tell you true,
It somewhat mazed me; till my man, here, fearing
My more displeasure, told me he had done
Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house
(Belike, presuming on my known aversion
From any air o' the town while there was sickness,)
To a doctor and a captain: who, what they are,
Or where they be, he knows not.

Mam. Are they gone?
Love. You may go in and search, sir. [*Mammon, Ana. and Trib. go in.*] Here, I find
The empty walls worse than I left them, smoak'd,
A few crack'd pots, and glasses, and a furnace;
The ceiling fill'd with poesies of the candle,
And madam with a dildo writ o' the walls:
Only one gentlewoman, I met here,
That is within, that said she was a widow——
Kas. Ay, that's my suster; I'll go thump her.
Where is she? [*Goes in.*
Love. And should have married a Spanish count, but he,
When he came to't, neglected her so grossly,
That I, a widower, am gone through with her.
Sur. How! have I lost her then?
Love. Were you the don, sir?
Good faith, now, she does blame you extremely, and says
You swore, and told her you had taken the pains
To dye your beard, and umbre o'er your face,
Borrowed a suit, and ruff, all for her love;
And then did nothing. What an oversight,
And want of putting forward, sir, was this!
Well fare an old harquebuzier, yet,
Could prime his powder, and give fire, and hit,
All in a twinkling!

Re-enter MAMMON.

Mam. The whole nest are fled!
Love. What sort of birds were they?
Mam. A kind of choughs,
Or thievish daws, sir, that have pick'd my purse
Of eight score and ten pounds within these five weeks,

Beside my first materials; and my goods,
That lie in the cellar, which I am glad they have left,
I may have home yet.
Love. Think you so, sir?
Mam. Ay.
Love. By order of law, sir, but not otherwise.
Mam. Not mine own stuff!
Love. Sir, I can take no knowledge
That they are yours, but by public means.
If you can bring certificate that you were gull'd of them,
Or any formal writ out of a court,
That you did cozen your self, I will not hold them.
Mam. I'll rather lose them.
Love. That you shall not, sir,
By me, in troth: upon these terms, they are yours.
What, should they have been, sir, turn'd into gold, all?
Mam. No,
I cannot tell—It may be they should—What then?
Love. What a great loss in hope have you sustain'd!
Mam. Not I, the common-wealth has.
Face. Ay, he would have built
The city new;[6] and made a ditch about it

[6] ——— *he would have built*
The city new; &c.] Norton amuses himself, in a similar manner, with the magnificent schemes of a country curate, the Mammon of his times:

"And first, he would set up in hight,
"A bridge for a wonderful sight,
"With pinnacles guilt shining as goulde,
"A glorious thing for men to beholde—
"At the last, he thought to make the lighte
"For that bridge to shine by nighte,
"With carbuncle stones, to make men wonder,
"With duble reflexion above and under," &c.

Of silver, should have run with cream from
Hogsden;
That, every Sunday, in Moor-fields, the younkers,
And tits and tom-boys should have fed on, gratis.
Mam. I will go mount a turnip-cart, and preach
The end of the world, within these two months.
Surly,
What! in a dream?
Sur. Must I needs cheat my self,
With that same foolish vice of honesty!
Come, let us go and hearken out the rogues:
That Face I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.
Face. If I can hear of him, sir, I'll bring you
word,
Unto your lodging; for in troth, they were
strangers
To me, I thought them honest as my self, sir.
[*Exeunt Mam. and Sur.*

Re-enter ANANIAS *and* TRIBULATION.

Tri. 'Tis well, the saints shall not lose all yet.
Go,
And get some carts——
Love. For what, my zealous friends?
Ana. To bear away the portion of the righ-
teous
Out of this den of thieves.
Love. What is that portion?
Ana. The goods sometimes the orphans', that
the brethren
Bought with their silver pence.
Love. What, those in the cellar,
The knight sir Mammon claims?
Ana. I do defy
The wicked Mammon, so do all the brethren,

Thou profane man! I ask thee with what conscience
Thou canst advance that idol against us,
That have the seal? were not the shillings number'd,
That made the pounds; were not the pounds told out,
Upon the second day of the fourth week,
In the eighth month, upon the table dormant,
The year of the last patience of the saints,
Six hundred and ten?

Love. Mine earnest vehement botcher,
And deacon also, I cannot dispute with you:
But if you get you not away the sooner,
I shall confute you with a cudgel.

Ana. Sir!

Tri. Be patient, Ananias.

Ana. I am strong,
And will stand up, well girt, against an host,
That threaten Gad in exile.

Love. I shall send you
To Amsterdam, to your cellar.

Ana. I will pray there,
Against thy house: may dogs defile thy walls,
And wasps and hornets breed beneath thy roof,
This seat of falshood, and this cave of cozenage!
[*Exeunt Ana. and Trib.*

Enter DRUGGER.

Love. Another too?

Drug. Not I, sir, I am no brother.

Love. [*beats him.*] Away, you Harry Nicholas![8] do you talk? [*Exit Drug.*

[8] *Away, you Harry Nicholas!*] A native of Leyden, commonly supposed to be the founder of that turbulent and

Face. No, this was Abel Drugger. Good sir, go, [*To the Parson.*
And satisfy him; tell him all is done:
He staid too long a washing of his face.
The doctor, he shall hear of him at West-chester;
And of the captain, tell him, at Yarmouth, or
Some good port-town else, lying for a wind.
[*Exit Parson.*
If you can get off the angry child, now, sir——

Enter KASTRIL *dragging in his sister.*

Kas. Come on, you ewe, you have match'd most sweetly, have you not?
Did not I say, I would never have you tupp'd
But by a dubb'd boy, to make you a lady-tom?
'Slight, you are a mammet! O, I could touse you, now.
Death, mun' you marry, with a pox!
Love. You lie, boy;
As sound as you; and I'm aforehand with you.
Kas. Anon!
Love. Come, will you quarrel? I will feize you, sirrah;[9]
Why do you not buckle to your tools?

mischievous sect called the *Family of Love.* He was a frantic enthusiast. Their tenets may be found in Blount. The bad honour, however, of giving birth to this society, has been disputed with Nicholas, by one David George, an anabaptist, of Delft. Africa was not more fertile in monsters, than Holland seems to have once been, in theological visionaries of all kinds. In his better days, Harry aspired to the name of a poet; he also translated a drama called *An Enterlude of Myndes,* "out of the base Almayne," and finally appears to have bewildered himself in rendering a number of crack-brained German books into English.

[9] *I will* feize *you, sirrah;*] "I'll *drive* you: the word is com-

Kas. Od's light,
This is a fine old boy as e'er I saw!
Love. What, do you change your copy now? proceed,
Here stands my dove: stoop at her,[1] if you dare.
Kas. 'Slight, I must love him! I cannot choose, i'faith,
An I should be hang'd for't! Suster, I protest,
I honour thee for this match.
Love. O, do you so, sir?
Kas. Yes, an thou canst take tobacco and drink, old boy,
I'll give her five hundred pound more to her marriage,
Than her own state.
Love. Fill a pipe full, Jeremy.
Face. Yes; but go in and take it, sir.
Love. We will—
I will be ruled by thee in any thing, Jeremy.
Kas. 'Slight, thou art not hide-bound, thou art a jovy boy!
Come, let us in, I pray thee, and take our whiffs.
Love. Whiff in with your sister, brother boy.
[*Exeunt Kas. and Dame P.*] That master
That had received such happiness by a servant,
In such a widow, and with so much wealth,
Were very ungrateful, if he would not be
A little indulgent to that servant's wit,
And help his fortune, though with some small strain

mon in our old authors, and, as Mr. Upton adds, still used in the west of England." WHAL.

Upton is right; but the word does not mean, as Whalley supposes, to *drive*, but to *beat*, to *chastise*, to *humble*, &c., in which sense it may be heard every day.

[1] *Here stands my* dove: stoop *at her*, &c.] To *stoop* is a well known term in falconry:—fall or pounce upon her as a hawk on the wing does upon his prey. Examples of so trite an expression are not necessary.

Of his own candour.[2] [*advancing.*]—*Therefore, gentlemen,*
And kind spectators, if I have outstript
An old man's gravity, or strict canon, think
What a young wife and a good brain may do;
Stretch age's truth sometimes, and crack it too.
Speak for thy self, knave.

Face. *So I will, sir.* [advancing to the front of the stage.] *Gentlemen,*
My part a little fell in this last scene,
Yet 'twas decorum.[3] *And though I am clean*
Got off from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol,
Hot Ananias, Dapper, Drugger, all
With whom I traded; yet I put my self
On you, that are my country: and this pelf,
Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests
To feast you often, and invite new guests. [Exeunt.[4]

[2] *Of his own* candour.] i. e. honour, fair reputation. The word occurs twice in Massinger, in the same sense.

[3] *My part a little fell in this last scene,*
Yet 'twas decorum.] i. e., as Upton remarks, "I have not acted, however, against the suitableness, the decorum of character."

[4] "In the *Tempest*," Mr. Malone says, "the epilogue is spoken by one of the drama, and adapted to the character of the speaker; a circumstance that I have not observed in the epilogues of any other author of that age." Either I do not comprehend the meaning of this passage, or the writer has totally overlooked Jonson. This is now the third epilogue in succession, which is spoken by one of the persons in the drama, and adapted to the character of the speaker.

It is observed by Tate, (in the preface to *Duke and no Duke*,) that "the *Alchemist* cannot be read by any sensible man without astonishment." "It is farce" (i. e. according to his wide definition of the term) "from the beginning to the end; but such farce as bequeaths the blessing pronounced by Horace, on him that shall attempt the like:

——— *sudet multum frustraque laboret*
Ausus idem.

A more legitimate subject for comic satire than the present,

Jonson could not easily have found. Long before the date of his play, it had become necessary (so numerous were the professors of Alchemy in this credulous nation) to pass more than one Act of Parliament against the transmutation of metals: this, in fact, rather tended to serve the cause of the knavish pretender, by imposing secrecy on his dupes, and furnishing a plea for conducting his mysterious operations in obscure and unfrequented corners. What the terror of the law, however, could not effect, was brought about by the force of well directed ridicule; and the success of Cervantes, in discrediting the legends of knight-errantry, was not more complete than that of Jonson in demolishing the sect of hermetic philosophers in this country. They vanished before him, like Mammon's hopes, *in fumo:* and though a solitary individual might, and occasionally did, re-appear, as a body they were no longer visible.

It is a part of the usual ill fortune which attends Jonson, that the very success of his satire has been urged as a drawback on its merits. "The pursuit," Hurd tells us, "so strongly exposed in this play, is forgotten, and *therefore* its humour must appear exaggerated," &c. Surely, this savours of ingratitude: —the Python is destroyed, and we instantly under-rate the arm by which the monster fell. It was not so of old.—— Leaving this, however, let us descend to particulars. The character of Mammon is conceived in the united strength of genius and learning, and preserved in every situation, with inimitable skill. Avarice, though powerful in him, is yet subservient to his baser passions; and he pants after riches merely to squander them upon the most impure, and sensual gratifications: and it is finely imagined to involve him in an intrigue, of which (though fully aware of the fatal consequences) his uncontrollable licentiousness renders him the victim. In the elders, who are also most ably sustained, while their characters are kept perfectly distinct, it is the lust of power which inflames their cupidity; and to add fuel to this, the arguments of Subtle are chiefly directed. There are many portentous indications in this play of the ambitious views of the Puritans, views too fatally realized;— and it is apparent that the stage had formed juster notions of their power and pretensions than the court. While the dramatic poets were directing their satire against the turbulent activity of "the elect," James was seeking to sooth it by argument—but he never understood this people: he supposed them to be a sect, and they were a faction.

In the contracted minds of Dapper and Drugger, wealth is sought for itself alone, yet their characters are discriminated with great art; and the grovelling but cunning trader is treated

with a portion of cautious civility, which, in the management of the greedy and credulous clerk, it is not thought necessary to assume.

Of Subtle, Face and Dol it is almost superfluous to speak: they are not more known than admired. Face seems to be the author's favourite, and he has furnished him with language well suited to the forth-right spirit and daring of his action: it is easy and unembarrassed, and has much of the comic flow of Fletcher, with more than his fullness and freedom. As if to confound the poet's detractors, who maintain that, when he deserts the ancients, he is nothing, this play, which is strictly original in all its parts, has in it a richness and raciness, which are not found where he is supposed to be a copyist; and which those, from whom he is said to derive the whole of his reputation, do not always exhibit.

It was said by the critics of the last century, at the head of whom we may place Dryden, that the *Silent Woman* preserved the unities of time and place more strictly than any drama on the English stage: with the exception of the present play, the remark may be just; for it occupies no more time than the representation demands; and the plot, notwithstanding the amazing vigour and variety of the action, is confined to a single spot, without the slightest sacrifice of probability, while the action of the *Silent Woman* is extended to three or four, as occasion required. In a word, if a model be sought of all that is regular in design and perfect in execution in the English drama, it will be found (if found at all) in THE ALCHEMIST.

CATILINE

HIS

CONSPIRACY.

CATILINE HIS CONSPIRACY.] This tragedy was first acted in 1611 by the king's servants, and published in the same year, in quarto, and again in 1635. It is also in the folio 1616, and seems to be almost the last play which was printed under the author's own inspection. It appeared with this motto:

——— *His non plebecula gaudet:*
Verùm equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, et gaudia vana. HOR.

Catiline, as Mr. Malone asserts, in several places, "was *deservedly* damn'd." "These be *bitter words, gossip;*" and they must, therefore, be content to put up with a bitter answer, from the poet's own mouth. "I forsee," he says, "that some will be so *ready to discredit me*, that they will have the impudence to belie themselves." That Catiline was not received with general approbation at first, we know; but that it was "damned," if by this harsh term be meant, as I suppose, that it was driven from the stage, is an assertion directly in the face of the most positive evidence to the contrary. It was frequently played before the troubles; it was one of the first plays revived at the Restoration, when, old Downes tells us, "it proved very satisfactory to the town;" and it continued, Langbaine adds, "still in vogue on the stage, (in his time,) and was always presented with success." No one knows this better than Mr. Malone.

Catiline was not new to the English stage. More than twenty years before the appearance of the present play, Stephen Gosson had produced a tragedy on the subject, called *Catillins Conspiracies*, a profanation of talents which he frequently regrets. Puritan as he was, however, Gosson admits that "some plays are tolerable," and this, he honestly confesses, was one of the number. It does not appear to have been printed. In 1598, as we learn from Mr. Henslow's *MSS. Catiline's Conspiracy*, a play by Robert Wilson and Harry Chettle, was acted. From the known occupation of Chettle, who, next to Decker, was, as Jonson says, "the greatest dresser up of plays about the town," it is not improbable that this was some alteration of Gosson's tragedy. The editor of Baker's *Biographia Dramatica* thinks it "likely that Jonson made some use of *Chettle's* piece"! Mr. Jones has here ventured out of his depth. He should have confined himself to abusing Jonson, (a task better suited to his talents,) and not pretend to judge him. Had he looked into his play, he would have discovered that if "some use" was made of any thing, it was of original authorities.

The actors were the same as those in *the Alchemist*, with the exception of Robert Armin, whose place is filled by Richard Robinson, of whom Jonson appears to have thought favourably.

TO THE

Great Example of Honour and Virtue,

The Most Noble

WILLIAM EARL OF PEMBROKE,

LORD CHAMBERLAIN, &c.*

MY LORD,

IN so thick and dark an ignorance, as now almost covers the age, I crave leave to stand near your light, and by that to be read. Posterity may pay your benefit the honour and thanks, when it shall know, that you dare, in these jig-given times, to countenance a legitimate Poem. *I call it so, against all noise of opinion; from whose crude and airy reports, I appeal to the great and singular faculty of judgment in your lordship, able to vindicate truth from error. It is the first, of this race, that ever I dedicated to any person;† and had I not thought it the best, it should have been taught a less ambition. Now it approacheth your censure cheerfully, and with the same assurance that innocency would appear before a magistrate.*

Your Lordship's most faithful honourer,

BEN JONSON.

* *William, earl of Pembroke.*] This nobleman, the third earl of Pembroke, was in the first year of James I. made knight of the Garter; and in the fifteenth of the same reign, on the resignation of lord Ellesmere, elected chancellor of the University of Oxford. To him also, our author dedicated his *Epigrams*. WHAL.

† *It is the first, of this race, that ever I dedicated to any person.*] Meaning his first tragedy: for *Sejanus* was published without any dedication. WHAL.

TO THE

READER IN ORDINARY.

THE muses forbid that I should restrain your meddling, whom I see already busy with the title, and tricking over the leaves: it is your own. I departed with my right, when I let it first abroad; and now, so secure an interpreter I am of my chance, that neither praise nor dispraise from you can affect me. Though you commend the two first acts, with the people, because they are the worst; and dislike the oration of Cicero, in regard you read some pieces of it at school, and understand them not yet: I shall find the way to forgive you. Be any thing you will be at your own charge. Would I had deserved but half so well of it in translation, as that ought to deserve of you in judgment, if you have any. I know you will pretend, whosoever you are, to have that, and more: but all pretensions are not just claims. The commendation of good things may fall within a many, the approbation but in a few; for the most commend out of affection, self-tickling, an easiness, or imitation: but men judge only out of knowledge. That is the trying faculty: and to those works that will bear a judge, nothing is more dangerous than a foolish praise. You will say, I shall not have yours therefore; but rather the contrary, all vexation of censure. If I were not above such molestations now, I had great cause to think unworthily of my studies, or they had so of me. But I leave you to your exercise. Begin.

TO THE READER EXTRAORDINARY.

You I would understand to be the better man, though

places in court go otherwise: to you I submit myself and work. Farewell.

*BEN JONSON.**

* This address to the reader, is taken from the 4to. 1611. It has so much merit, and is altogether so curious a mode of soothing a reader's prejudices, that it ought by no means to be lost. WHAL.

It does not appear in the 4to. 1635.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sylla's Ghost.

L. Sergius Catiline.	Cato.
Publius Lentulus.	Catulus.
Caius Cethegus.	Crassus.
Autronius.	Cæsar.
Quintus Curius.	Qu. Cicero.
Vargunteius.	Syllanus.
Lucius Cassius Longinus.	Flaccus.
	Pomtinius.
Porcius Lecca.	Q. Fabius Sanga.
Fulvius.	Petreius.
Lucius Bestia.	*Senators.*
Gabinius Cimber.	*Allobroges.*
Statilius.	
Ceparius.	Aurelia Orestilla.
C. Cornelius.	Fulvia.
Volturtius.	Sempronia.
Cicero.	Galla.
Caius Antonius.	

Soldiers, Porters, Lictors, Servants, Pages, &c.
Chorus.

The SCENE, partly at Rome, *and partly in* Fesulæ.

CATILINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in Catiline's *House.*

The Ghost of Sylla *rises.*

Dost thou not feel me, Rome? not yet! is night
So heavy on thee, and my weight so light?[1]
Can Sylla's ghost arise within thy walls,
Less threatening than an earthquake, the quick falls
Of thee and thine? Shake not the frighted heads
Of thy steep towers, or shrink to their first beds?
Or, as their ruin the large Tyber fills,
Make that swell up, and drown thy seven proud
hills?

[1] *Dost thou not feel me, Rome? not yet! is night*
So heavy on thee, and my weight so light?] "The poet opens his play with the ghost of Sylla. This is an imitation of Seneca's *Thyestes*, in which the ghost of Tantalus appears, attended by the Furies. Perhaps this first scene ought rather to be considered as a prologue:" (no doubt of it.) "There are other instances in the ancient dramatic writers, where these shadowy beings are introduced in the beginning of a play. In the *Hecuba* of Euripides, the ghost of Polydorus opens the tragedy. WHAL.

Oldham informs us that his "first satyr" (that on the Jesuits) "was drawn by Sylla's ghost in the great Jonson, which may be perceived (he adds) by some strokes and touches therein, however short they come of the original."

What sleep is this doth seize thee so like death,
And is not it? wake, feel her in my breath:
Behold, I come, sent from the Stygian sound,
As a dire vapour that had cleft the ground,[2]
To ingender with the night, and blast the day;
Or like a pestilence that should display
Infection through the world: which thus I do.—
[The curtain draws, and Catiline is discovered in his study.
Pluto be at thy counsels, and into
Thy darker bosom enter Sylla's spirit!
All that was mine, and bad, thy breast inherit.
Alas, how weak is that for Catiline!
Did I but say—vain voice!—all that was mine?—
All that the Gracchi, Cinna, Marius would,
What now, had I a body again, I could,
Coming from hell, what fiends would wish should be,
And Hannibal could not have wish'd to see,
Think thou, and practise. Let the long-hid seeds
Of treason in thee, now shoot forth in deeds
Ranker than horror; and thy former facts
Not fall in mention, but to urge new acts.
Conscience of them provoke thee on to more:
Be still thy incests, murders, rapes before
Thy sense; thy forcing first a vestal nun;
Thy parricide, late, on thine own only son,[3]

[2] *Behold, I come, sent from the Stygian sound,*
As a dire vapour that had cleft the ground.] From Seneca:

——— *Mittor, ut dirus vapor*
Tellure rupta, vel gravem populis lucm
Sparsura pestis. Thyest. ver. 87.

[3] ——— *Thy forcing first a vestal nun;*
Thy parricide, late, on thine own only son.] This priestess of Vesta, defiled by Catiline, is said to have been a sister of Tully. (If Whalley alludes to Fabia, she was sister to Terentia, Cicero's wife.) He killed his son, in order to make room for his mistress, Aurelia Orestilla: the quartos 1611 and 1635 read

After his mother, to make empty way
For thy last wicked nuptials; worse than they,
That blaze that act of thy incestuous life,
Which got thee at once a daughter and a wife.
I leave the slaughters that thou didst for me,
Of senators; for which, I hid for thee
Thy murder of thy brother, being so bribed,
And writ him in the list of my proscribed
After thy fact, to save thy little shame;
Thy incest with thy sister, I not name:
These are too light; fate will have thee pursue
Deeds, after which no mischief can be new;
The ruin of thy country: thou wert built
For such a work, and born for no less guilt.
What though defeated once thou'st been, and known,
Tempt it again: that is thy act, or none.
What all the several ills that visit earth,
Brought forth by night with a sinister birth,
Plagues, famine, fire, could not reach unto,
The sword, nor surfeits; let thy fury do:
Make all past, present, future ill thine own;
And conquer all example in thy one.
Nor let thy thought find any vacant time
To hate an old, but still a fresher crime
Drown the remembrance; let not mischief cease,
But while it is in punishing, increase:[4]

thine own natural son: the lection I follow, is that of the eldest folio, 1616, which I think the most emphatical. WHAL.

[4] ——— *Let not mischief cease,*
But while it is in punishing, increase:] These, with the preceding and following verses, are likewise from Seneca:

——— *Nec vacet cuiquam vetus*
Odisse crimen; semper oriatur novum;
Nec unum in uno; dumque punitur scelus
Crescat. ——— ——— ———
Jusque omne pereat; non sit à vestris malis
Immune cœlum ———
Nox atra fiat, excidat cœlo dies. WHAL.

Conscience and care die in thee; and be free
Not heaven itself from thy impiety:
Let night grow blacker with thy plots, and day,
At shewing but thy head forth, start away
From this half-sphere; and leave Rome's blinded walls
To embrace lusts, hatreds, slaughters, funerals,
And not recover sight till their own flames
Do light them to their ruins! All the names
Of thy confederates too be no less great
In hell than here: that when we would repeat
Our strengths in muster, we may name you all,
And furies upon you for furies call!
Whilst what you do may strike them into fears,
Or make them grieve, and wish your mischief theirs.
[Sinks.

CATILINE *rises, and comes forward.*

Cat. It is decreed: nor shall thy fate, O Rome,
Resist my vow. Though hills were set on hills,
And seas met seas to guard thee, I would through;
Ay, plough up rocks,[5] steep as the Alps, in dust,
And lave the Tyrrhene waters into clouds,
But I would reach thy head, thy head, proud city!

[5] *Ay, plough up rocks*, &c.] All the copies concur in reading I, the old affirmative, which Whalley mistook for the pronoun, and corrupted into I'd plough, &c., to the injury of the spirit of the passage. In the numerous editions of this play, there are many petty variations, with which it is scarcely necessary to trouble the reader; especially as, in almost every instance, that of 1616, the only one which appears to have been printed under Jonson's own eye, is carefully followed. In this place the 4to. 1635, reads "I, *pluck* up" &c.

Robert Baron, in his tragedy of *Mirza*, not content with bor-

The ills that I have done cannot be safe
But by attempting greater; and I feel
A spirit within me chides my sluggish hands,
And says, they have been innocent too long.
Was I a man bred great as Rome herself,
One form'd for all her honours, all her glories,
Equal to all her titles; that could stand
Close up with Atlas, and sustain her name
As strong as he doth heaven! and was I,
Of all her brood, mark'd out for the repulse
By her no-voice, when I stood candidate
To be commander in the Pontic war!
I will hereafter call her step-dame ever.
If she can lose her nature, I can lose
My piety, and in her stony entrails
Dig me a seat; where I will live again,
The labour of her womb, and be a burden
Weightier than all the prodigies and monsters
That she hath teem'd with, since she first knew
Mars—

Enter AURELIA ORESTILLA.

Who's there?
Aur. 'Tis I.
Cat. Aurelia?
Aur. Yes.
Cat. Appear,
And break like day, my beauty, to this circle:
Upbraid thy Phœbus, that he is so long
In mounting to that point, which should give thee
Thy proper splendour. Wherefore frowns my sweet?

rowing the plan and distribution of Catiline, has taken almost the whole of this and the preceding speech to himself. If we are not more honest than our ancestors, we certainly are at more pains to conceal our thefts; for Baron's plagarisms are open and undisguised.

Have I too long been absent from these lips,
This cheek, these eyes? [*Kisses them.*] What is
my trespass, speak?
Aur. It seems you know, that can accuse
your self.
Cat. I will redeem it.
Aur. Still you say so. When?
Cat. When Orestilla, by her bearing well
These my retirements, and stol'n times for thought,
Shall give their effects leave to call her queen
Of all the world, in place of humbled Rome.
Aur. You court me now.
Cat. As I would always, love,
By this ambrosiac kiss, and this of nectar,
Wouldst thou but hear as gladly as I speak.
Could my Aurelia think I meant her less,
When, wooing her, I first removed a wife,
And then a son, to make my bed and house
Spacious and fit to embrace her? these were deeds
Not to have begun with, but to end with more
And greater: He that, building, stays at one
Floor, or the second, hath erected none.
'Twas how to raise thee I was meditating,
To make some act of mine answer thy love;
That love, that, when my state was now quite
sunk,
Came with thy wealth and weigh'd it up again,
And made my emergent fortune once more look
Above the main; which now shall hit the stars,
And stick my Orestilla there amongst them,
If any tempest can but make the billow,
And any billow can but lift her greatness.
But I must pray my love, she will put on
Like habits with myself; I have to do
With many men, and many natures:[6] Some

[6] ——— *I have to do*
With many men, and many natures.] The following description

That must be blown and sooth'd; as Lentulus,
Whom I have heav'd with magnifying his blood,
And a vain dream out of the Sybil's books,
That a third man of that great family
Whereof he is descended, the Cornelii,
Should be a king in Rome: which I have hired
The flattering augurs to interpret Him,
Cinna and Sylla dead. Then bold Cethegus,
Whose valour I have turn'd into his poison,
And praised so into daring, as he would
Go on upon the gods, kiss lightning, wrest
The engine from the Cyclops, and give fire
At face of a full cloud, and stand his ire,
When I would bid him move. Others there are,
Whom envy to the state draws, and puts on
For contumelies received, (and such are sure ones,)
As Curius, and the forenamed Lentulus,
Both which have been degraded in the senate,
And must have their disgraces still new rubb'd,
To make them smart, and labour of revenge.
Others whom mere ambition fires, and dole
Of provinces abroad, which they have feign'd
To their crude hopes, and I as amply promis'd:
These, Lecca, Vargunteius, Bestia, Autronius.
Some whom their wants oppress, as the idle captains
Of Sylla's troops; and divers Roman knights,
The profuse wasters of their patrimonies,
So threaten'd with their debts, as they will now
Run any desperate fortune for a change.
These, for a time, we must relieve, Aurelia,

is artful in the poet, to let us into the true characters of the several conspirators; and prepare us for their appearance. It is perfectly consonant likewise to historic truth; and is only a poetical translation of what Sallust himself hath given us in the introduction to his history of Catiline's conspiracy. Whal.

And make our house their safeguard: like for those
That fear the law, or stand within her gripe,
For any act past or to come; such will,
From their own crimes, be factious, as from ours.
Some more there be, slight airlings, will be won
With dogs and horses, or perhaps a whore;
Which must be had: and if they venture lives
For us, Aurelia, we must hazard honours
A little. Get thee store and change of women,
As I have boys; and give them time and place,
And all connivance: be thy self, too, courtly;
And entertain and feast, sit up, and revel;
Call all the great, the fair, and spirited dames
Of Rome about thee; and begin a fashion
Of freedom and community: some will thank thee,
Though the sour senate frown, whose heads must ach
In fear and feeling too. We must not spare
Or cost or modesty: It can but shew
Like one of Juno's or of Jove's disguises,
In either thee or me: and will as soon,
When things succeed, be thrown by, or let fall,
As is a veil put off, a visor changed,
Or the scene shifted in our theatres—[7]

[*Noise within.*

Who's that? It is the voice of Lentulus.

[7] *Or the scene shifted in our theatres—*] This is an oversight. Jonson was too well acquainted with the Roman theatre, to attribute any thing like "shifting the scene" to it. It is not improbable, that some kind of improvement in theatrical exhibitions was taking place about this time in our chief theatres. Inigo Jones had made use of moveable scenes a few years before at Oxford, and the players could not be insensible to the advantages derived from them. Little, however, was effected; nor, indeed, would the low price of admission allow of much. The nature of scenery, as we now use the word, was certainly well

Aur. Or of Cethegus.
Cat. In, my fair Aurelia,
And think upon these arts: they must not see
How far you're trusted with these privacies,
Though on their shoulders, necks and heads you rise. [*Exit Aurelia.*

Enter LENTULUS, *in discourse with* CETHEGUS.

Lent. [8]It is, methinks, a morning full of fate!
It riseth slowly, as her sullen car
Had all the weights of sleep and death hung at it!
She is not rosy-finger'd, but swoll'n black;
Her face is like a water turn'd to blood,
And her sick head is bound about with clouds,
As if she threaten'd night ere noon of day!
It does not look as it would have a hail
Or health wish'd in it, as on other morns.

understood by Jonson, and, in the magnificent masques produced by him for the entertainment of the court, was carried to a considerable degree of perfection.

[8] Lent. *It is, methinks, a morning full of fate!*] Lentulus is before described as much addicted to superstition, and the observance of omens; this remark therefore upon the blackness of the morning, could not have proceeded with equal propriety from the mouth of any other. The beginning of Mr. Addison's *Cato*, hath a great similitude to this speech of Lentulus, which almost induceth one to imagine it a copy from our poet. WHAL.

The conclusion of Whalley's note is gravely absurd. *Cato* begins thus:

> "The dawn is overcast, the morning lours,
> "And heavily in clouds brings on the day," &c.

The "great similitude," therefore, consists altogether in the darkness of the morning. To see "a copy" of the bold and picturesque description of Lentulus in the drawling, commonplace, speech of Portius, argues "an imagination" which may be confidently pronounced almost peculiar to the critic.

Cet. Why, all the fitter, Lentulus; our coming
Is not for salutation, we have business.
Cat. Said nobly, brave Cethegus! Where's
Autronius?
Cet. Is he not come?
Cat. Not here.
Cet. Nor Vargunteius?
Cat. Neither.
Cet. A fire in their beds and bosoms,
That so will serve their sloth rather than virtue!
They are no Romans,—and at such high need
As now!
Len. Both they, Longinus, Lecca, Curius,
Fulvius, Gabinius, gave me word, last night,
By Lucius Bestia, they would all be here,
And early.
Cet. Yes; as you, had I not call'd you.
Come, we all sleep, and are mere dormice; flies
A little less than dead: more dullness hangs
On us than on the morn. We are spirit-bound
In ribs of ice, our whole bloods are one stone,
And honour cannot thaw us, nor our wants,
Though they burn hot as fevers to our states.
Cat. I muse they would be tardy at an hour
Of so great purpose.
Cet. If the gods had call'd
Them to a purpose, they would just have come
With the same tortoise speed; that are thus slow
To such an action, which the gods will envy,
As asking no less means than all their powers,
Conjoin'd, to effect! I would have seen Rome
burnt
By this time, and her ashes in an urn;
The kingdom of the senate rent asunder,
And the degenerate talking gown run frighted
Out of the air of Italy.
Cat. Spirit of men!

Thou heart of our great enterprise! how much
I love these voices in thee!
Cet. O, the days
Of Sylla's sway, when the free sword took leave
To act all that it would!
Cat. And was familiar
With entrails, as our augurs.
Cet. Sons kill'd fathers,
Brothers their brothers.
Cat. And had price and praise.
All hate had license given it, all rage reins.
Cet. Slaughter bestrid the streets, and stretch'd himself
To seem more huge; whilst to his stained thighs
The gore he drew flow'd up, and carried down
Whole heaps of limbs and bodies through his arch.
No age was spared, no sex.
Cat. Nay, no degree.
Cet. Not infants in the porch of life were free.
The sick, the old, that could but hope a day
Longer by nature's bounty, not let stay.
Virgins, and widows, matrons, pregnant wives,
All died.
Cat. 'Twas crime enough, that they had lives:[9]
To strike but only those that could do hurt,

[9] *'Twas crime enough, that they had lives:*] This description of outrageous cruelty, which triumphed in the days of Sylla, is borrowed from Lucan, (lib. 1.) who gives us this account of the barbarities exercised by Marius and his faction.

Quis fuit ille dies, Marius quo mœnia victor
Corripuit? quantoque gradu mors sæva cucurrit?
Nobilitas cum plebe perit: lateque vagatur
Ensis; et à nullo revocatum est pectore ferrum:
Stat cruor in templis, multaque rubentia cæde
Lubrica saxa madent: nulli sua profuit ætas.
Non senis extremum piguit vergentibus annis
Præcipitasse diem: nec primo in limine vitæ

Was dull and poor: some fell to make the number,
As some the prey.
Cet. The rugged Charon fainted,
And ask'd a navy, rather than a boat,
To ferry over the sad world that came:
The maws and dens of beasts could not receive
The bodies that those souls were frighted from;
And e'en the graves were fill'd with men yet living,
Whose flight and fear had mix'd them with the dead.
Cat. And this shall be again, and more, and more,
Now Lentulus, the third Cornelius,
Is to stand up in Rome.
Lent. Nay, urge not that
Is so uncertain.
Cat. How!
Lent. I mean, not clear'd,
And therefore not to be reflected on.
Cat. The Sybil's leaves uncertain! or the comments
Of our grave, deep, divining men not clear!
Lent. All prophecies, you know, suffer the torture.
Cat. But this already hath confess'd, without;
And so been weigh'd, examined and compared,
As 'twere malicious ignorance in him
Would faint in the belief.
Lent. Do you believe it?

Infantis miseri nascentia rumpere fata.
Crimine quo parvi cædem potuere mereri?
Sed satis est jam posse mori. WHAL.

These are noble lines: nothing in them, however, is worthy to be compared with the figure of "Slaughter bestriding the streets," &c. which is inexpressibly striking.

Cat. Do I love Lentulus, or pray to see it?
Lent. The augurs all are constant I am meant.
Cat. They had lost their science else.
Lent. They count from Cinna.
Cat. And Sylla next, and so make you the third;
All that can say the sun is risen, must think it.
Lent. Men mark me more of late, as I come forth.
Cat. Why, what can they do less? Cinna and Sylla
Are set and gone; and we must turn our eyes
On him that is, and shines. Noble Cethegus,
But view him with me here! he looks already
As if he shook a sceptre o'er the senate,
And the awed purple dropp'd their rods and axes:
The statues melt again, and household gods
In groans confess the travail of the city;
The very walls sweat blood before the change,
And stones start out to ruin ere it comes.
Cet. But he, and we, and all are idle still.
Lent. I am your creature, Sergius; and whate'er
The great Cornelian name shall win to be,
It is not augury nor the Sybil's books,
But Catiline that makes it.
Cat. I am shadow
To honour'd Lentulus and Cethegus here,
Who are the heirs of Mars.
Cet. By Mars himself,
Catiline is more my parent; for whose virtue
Earth cannot make a shadow great enough,
Though envy should come too. [*Noise within.*] O, here they are.
Now we shall talk more, though we yet do nothing.

Enter AUTRONIUS, VARGUNTEIUS, LONGINUS, CURIUS, LECCA, BESTIA, FULVIUS, GABINIUS, &c. *and Servants.*

Aut. Hail, Lucius Catiline.
Var. Hail, noble Sergius.
Lon. Hail, Publius Lentulus.
Cur. Hail, the third Cornelius.
Lec. Caius Cethegus, hail.
Cet. Hail, sloth and words,
Instead of men and spirits!
Cat. Nay, dear Caius——
Cet. Are your eyes yet unseel'd? dare they look day
In the dull face?
Cat. He's zealous for the affair,
And blames your tardy coming, gentlemen.
Cet. Unless we had sold ourselves to sleep and ease,
And would be our slaves' slaves—
Cat. Pray you forbear.
Cet. The north is not so stark and cold.
Cat. Cethegus——
Bes. We shall redeem all if your fire will let us.
Cat. You are too full of lightning, noble Caius.
Boy, see all doors be shut, that none approach us
On this part of the house. [*Exit Servant.*] Go you, and bid
The priest, he kill the slave I mark'd last night,
And bring me of his blood, when I shall call him:
Till then, wait all without. [*Exeunt Servants.*
Var. How is't, Autronius?
Aut. Longinus?
Lon. Curius?
Cur. Lecca?
Var. Feel you nothing?

Lon. A strange unwonted horror doth invade me,
I know not what it is.
[*A darkness comes over the place.*
Lec. The day goes back,[1]
Or else my senses!
Cur. As at Atreus' feast!
Ful. Darkness grows more and more!
Len. The vestal flame,
I think, be out.
[*A groan of many people is heard under ground.*
Gab. What groan was that?
Cet. Our phant'sies:
Strike fire out of ourselves, and force a day.
[*A second groan.*
Aut. Again it sounds!
Bes. As all the city gave it!
Cet. We fear what ourselves feign.
[*A fiery light appears.*
Var. What light is this?
Cur. Look forth.
Len. It still grows greater!
Lec. From whence comes it?

[1] *The day goes back*, &c.] Jonson has made a noble use of these prodigies, which are noticed by several historians—the circumstances in the text are chiefly from Dio: Αλλα δι αυτοις σημεια εκ αισια συνηνεχθη. κεραυνοι τε γαρ εν αιθρια πολλοι επεσον, και ἡ γη ισχυρως εσεισθη, ειδωλα τε πολλαχοθι ανθρωπων εφαντασθη, και λαμπαδες απηκας εις τον ουρανον απο των δυσμων ανεδραμον. &c. Lib. xxxvii. 25. Cicero also alludes to them in the historical poem on his consulship, of which these vigorous lines remain:

Principio, ætherio flammatus Jupiter igni
Vertitur, et totum collustrat lumine muudum,
Menteque divina cœlum terrasque petissit.

With Juvenal's leave, these are not "*ridenda poemata.*" In the third *Catil.* there is more to the same purpose. It should be noticed, however, that these portents are said to have taken place at a later period of the conspiracy.

Lon. A bloody arm it is, that holds a pine
Lighted above the capitol! and now
It waves unto us!
Cat. Brave, and ominous!
Our enterprise is seal'd.
Cet. In spite of darkness,
That would discountenance it. Look no more;
We lose time and our selves. To what we came for,—
Speak, Lucius, we attend you.
Cat. Noblest Romans,[2]
If you were less, or that your faith and virtue
Did not hold good that title, with your blood,
I should not now unprofitably spend
My self in words, or catch at empty hopes,
By airy ways, for solid certainties.
But since in many, and the greatest dangers,
I still have known you no less true than valiant,
And that I taste in you the same affections,
To will or nil, to think things good or bad,
Alike with me, which argues your firm friendship;
I dare the boldlier with you set on foot,
Or lead unto this great and goodliest action.
What I have thought of it afore, you all
Have heard apart: I then express'd my zeal
Unto the glory; now, the need inflames me.
When I forethink the hard conditions
Our states must undergo, except in time
We do redeem our selves to liberty,
And break the iron yoke forged for our necks;
For what less can we call it, when we see,

[2] Cat. *Noblest Romans,*
If you were less, or that your faith and virtue
Did not hold good that title, &c.] This speech of Catiline is in general a translation of his speech in Sallust, and expressed with great decorum and spirit. WHAL.

The common-wealth engross'd so by a few,
The giants of the state, that do by turns
Enjoy her, and defile her! all the earth,
Her kings and tetrarchs are their tributaries;
People and nations pay them hourly stipends;
The riches of the world flow to their coffers,
And not to Rome's. While, (but those few,) the rest,
However great we are, honest, and valiant,
Are herded with the vulgar, and so kept,
As we were only bred to consume corn,
Or wear out wool; to drink the city's water;
Ungraced, without authority or mark,
Trembling beneath their rods; to whom, if all
Were well in Rome, we should come forth bright axes.[3]
All places, honours, offices are theirs,
Or where they will confer them: they leave us
The dangers, the repulses, judgments, wants;
Which how long will you bear, most valiant spirits?
Were we not better to fall once with virtue,
Than draw a wretched and dishonour'd breath,
To lose with shame, when these men's pride will laugh?
I call the faith of Gods and men to question,
The power is in our hands, our bodies able,
Our minds as strong; o' the contrary, in them
All things grown aged, with their wealth and years:

[3] *Trembling beneath their rods: to whom, if all*
Were well in Rome, we should come forth bright axes.] The original is *sine gratiâ, sine auctoritate, his obnoxii quibus, si respublica valeret, formidini essemus.* Our poet hath preserved the sentiment, and given it a very ingenious turn; the allusion is to the consul's fasces, or rods, in which the axe was bound up. WHAL.

There wants but only to begin the business,
The issue is certain.
Cet. Lon. On! let us go on!
Cur. Bes. Go on, brave Sergius!
Cat. It doth strike my soul,
And who can scape the stroke, that hath a soul,
Or but the smallest air of man within him?
To see them swell with treasure, which they pour
Out in their riots, eating, drinking, building,
Ay, in the sea! planing of hills with valleys,
And raising valleys above hills! whilst we
Have not to give our bodies necessaries.
They have their change of houses, manors, lordships;
We scarce a fire, or a poor household Lar!
They buy rare Attic statues, Tyrian hangings,
Ephesian pictures, and Corinthian plate,
Attalic garments, and now new-found gems,
Since Pompey went for Asia, which they purchase
At price of provinces! the river Phasis
Cannot afford them fowl, nor Lucrine lake
Oysters enow: Circei too is search'd,
To please the witty gluttony of a meal!
Their ancient habitations they neglect,
And set up new; then, if the echo like not
In such a room, they pluck down those, build newer,
Alter them too; and by all frantic ways,
Vex their wild wealth, as they molest the people,
From whom they force it! Yet they cannot tame,
Or overcome their riches! not by making
Baths, orchards, fish-pools, letting in of seas
Here, and then there forcing them out again
With mountainous heaps, for which the earth hath lost
Most of her ribs, as entrails; being now

Wounded no less for marble, than for gold!
We, all this while, like calm benumb'd spectators,
Sit till our seats do crack, and do not hear
The thund'ring ruins; whilst at home our wants,
Abroad, our debts, do urge us; our states daily
Bending to bad, our hopes to worse; and what
Is left but to be crush'd? Wake, wake, brave friends,
And meet the liberty you oft have wish'd for.
Behold, renown, riches, and glory court you!
Fortune holds out these to you, as rewards.
Methinks, though I were dumb, the affair itself,
The opportunity, your needs, and dangers,
With the brave spoil the war brings, should invite you.
Use me your general, or soldier; neither
My mind nor body shall be wanting to you:
And, being consul, I not doubt to effect
All that you wish, if trust not flatter me,
And you'd not rather still be slaves, than free.[4]

Cet. Free, Free!

Lon. 'Tis Freedom.

Cur. Freedom we all stand for.

Cat. Why these are noble voices! Nothing wants, then,
But that we take a solemn sacrament,
To strengthen our design.

Cet. And most to act it:
Deferring hurts, where powers are so prepared.

Aut. Yet, ere we enter into open act,

[4] This concludes the fine speech of Catiline as given by Sallust. We have many good versions of it; but not one that comes near the bold and animated translation of our author, who yet is accused by those who "make their ignorance their wantonness" of creeping servilely after his original.

With favour, 'twere no loss, if't might be inquired,
What the condition of these arms would be.
Var. Ay, and the means to carry us through.
Cat. How, friends!
Think you that I would bid you grasp the wind,
Or call you to th' embracing of a cloud?
Put your known valours on so dear a business,
And have no other second than the danger,
Nor other garland than the loss? Become
Your own assurances. And for the means,
Consider, first, the stark security
The commonwealth is in now; the whole senate
Sleepy, and dreaming no such violent blow;
Their forces all abroad; of which the greatest,
That might annoy us most, is farthest off,
In Asia, under Pompey; those near hand,
Commanded by our friends; one army in Spain,
By Cneus Piso; the other in Mauritania,
By Nucerinus; both which I have firm,
And fast unto our plot. My self, then, standing
Now to be consul, with my hoped colleague
Caius Antonius, one no less engaged
By his wants, than we; and whom I've power to melt,
And cast in any mould: beside, some others,
That will not yet be named, both sure, and great ones,
Who, when the time comes, shall declare themselves
Strong for our party; so that no resistance
In nature can be thought. For our reward then,
First, all our debts are paid; dangers of law,
Actions, decrees, judgments against us, quitted;
The rich men, as in Sylla's times, proscribed,
And publication made of all their goods:

That house is yours; that land is his; those waters,
Orchards, and walks, a third's; he has that honour,
And he that office: such a province falls
To Vargunteius; this to Autronius; that
To bold Cethegus; Rome to Lentulus.
You share the world, her magistracies, priesthoods,
Wealth and felicity, amongst you, friends;
And Catiline your servant. Would you, Curius,
Revenge the contumely stuck upon you,
In being removed from the senate? now,
Now is your time. Would Publius Lentulus
Strike for the like disgrace? now is his time.
Would stout Longinus walk the streets of Rome,
Facing the Prætor? now has he a time
To spurn and tread the fasces into dirt,
Made of the usurers and the lictors' brains.
Is there a beauty here in Rome you love?
An enemy you would kill? what head's not yours?
Whose wife, which boy, whose daughter, of what race,
That the husband, or glad parents, shall not bring you,
And boasting of the office? only spare
Your selves, and you have all the earth beside,
A field to exercise your longings in.
I see you raised, and read your forward minds
High in your faces. Bring the wine and blood
You have prepared there.

Enter Servants with a bowl.

Lon. How!
Cat. I have kill'd a slave,

And of his blood caused to be mix'd with wine:
Fill every man his bowl. There cannot be
A fitter drink to make this sanction in.
Here I begin the sacrament to all.[5]
O for a clap of thunder now, as loud
As to be heard throughout the universe,
To tell the world the fact, and to applaud it!
Be firm, my hand, not shed a drop; but pour
Fierceness into me with it, and fell thirst
Of more and more, till Rome be left as bloodless
As ever her fears made her, or the sword.
And when I leave to wish this to thee, step-dame,
Or stop to effect it, with my powers fainting,
So may my blood be drawn, and so drunk up,
As is this slave's. [*Drinks.*

Lon. And so be mine.

Len. And mine.

Aut. And mine.

Var. And mine. [*They drink.*

[5] *Here I begin the* sacrament *to all.*] Jonson uses the word *sacrament* in the same sense which belongs to the Latin original. *Sacramentum* was the oath the soldiers took when they were inlisted: the horrid ceremony now attending it is recorded by Sallust, who does not, indeed, relate it for a certainty: *Fuere ed tempestate, qui dicerent Catilinam oratione habitâ, cum ad jusjurandum populares sui sceleris adigeret, humani corporis sanguinem vino permixtum in pateris circumtulisse, &c.* The circumstances of this conspiracy are in general so well known, and our author hath so closely adhered to the history, that it is unnecessary to point out every imitation; which would be only transcribing whole pages and whole orations. WHAL.

Whalley should have added, that Sallust is the only ancient author who appears to doubt of this horrid transaction, which is far from being improbable.—In the conclusion of his note, he is right. He seems, however, to imagine that Jonson confined himself to Sallust; whereas he had evidently consulted Dio, Cicero, Paterculus, Valerius Maximus, Suetonius, Plutarch, and many other writers on the subject; and this not cursorily, but with a most patient and critical eye.

Cet. Swell me my bowl yet fuller.
Here, I do drink this, as I would do Cato's,
Or the new fellow Cicero's, with that vow
Which Catiline hath given. [*Drinks.*
Cur. So do I.
Lec. And I.
Bes And I.
Ful. And I.
Gab. And all of us. [*They drink.*
Cat. Why now's the business safe, and each man strengthen'd—
Sirrah, what ail you?[6]
Page. Nothing.
Bes. Somewhat modest.
Cat. Slave, I will strike your soul out with my foot,
Let me but find you again with such a face:
You whelp——
Bes. Nay, Lucius.
Cat. Are you coying it,
When I command you to be free, and general
To all?
Bes. You'll be observed.
Cat. Arise! and shew
But any least aversion in your look
To him that bourds you next;[7] and your throat opens.—

[6] *Sirrah, what ail you?*] This he directs to one of his boys, whom he had observed to shrink from the caresses of L. Bestia. Catiline had already said to Orestilla:

——— "Get thee store of women,
"As I have boys, and give them time and place,
"And all connivance, too—we must not spare
"Or cost or modesty."

Bestia was at this time tribune of the people; it was therefore of great importance to the conspiracy, to secure his services. The marginal note here is, *He spies one of his boys not answer—*

[7] *To him that* bourds *you next,*] To *bourd* is to jest, to be

Noble confederates, thus far is perfect.
Only your suffrages I will expect
At the assembly for the choosing consuls,
And all the voices you can make by friends
To my election: then let me work out
Your fortunes and mine own. Mean while, all rest
Seal'd up and silent, as when rigid frosts
Have bound up brooks and rivers, forced wild beasts
Unto their caves, and birds into the woods,
Clowns to their houses, and the country sleeps:
That, when the sudden thaw comes, we may break
Upon them like a deluge, bearing down
Half Rome before us, and invade the rest
With cries, and noise, able to wake the urns
Of those are dead, and make their ashes fear.
The horrors that do strike the world, should come
Loud, and unlook'd for; till they strike, be dumb.
Cet. Oraculous Sergius!
Len. God-like Catiline! [*Exeunt.*

familiarly merry with any one. *Bourde*, (see Junius's *Etymologicon*,) *est oblectabilium facetiarum hilaritate, variæque urbanitatis lepore, familiarium consortia detinere.* WHAL.

There are three different expressions which occur in our old writers, and which the commentators perpetually perplex and confound with their ridiculous annotations: these are to *board*, to *bourd*, and to *boud*, or *boude*, from the Fr. The first, as sir Toby correctly and briefly explains it, is to approach, to accost; the second, as above, to jest, or toy with; and the third, which is less frequent, to pout, or appear sullen. These distinct and appropriate meanings, the respective words always preserve, and nothing but the perversity, or dulness of the critics can account for the pages wasted in conjectures upon the sense of a couple of terms as frequent as they are simple. "*Boude* at this!" occurs in the *Humourous Lieutenant*, where, by an error of the press, it is printed *boudge*. Boude, boute, and pout are the same word.

CHORUS.

Can nothing great, and at the height,
Remain so long, but its own weight
Will ruin it? or is't blind chance,
That still desires new states to advance,
And quit the old? else why must Rome
Be by itself now overcome?
Hath she not foes enow of those
Whom she hath made such, and enclose
Her round about? or are they none,
Except she first become her own:
O wretchedness of greatest states,
To be obnoxious to these fates!
That cannot keep what they do gain;
And what they raise so ill sustain!
Rome now is mistress of the whole
World, sea and land, to either pole;
And even that fortune will destroy
The pow'r that made it: she doth joy
So much in plenty, wealth, and ease,
As now th' excess is her disease.
She builds in gold, and to the stars,
As if she threaten'd heav'n with wars;
And seeks for hell in quarries deep,
Giving the fiends, that there do keep,
A hope of day. Her women wear
The spoils of nations in an ear,
Changed for the treasure of a shell;
And in their loose attires do swell,
More light than sails, when all winds play:
Yet are the men more loose than they;
More kemb'd, and bath'd, and rubb'd, and trimm'd,
More sleek, more soft, and slacker limb'd;

As prostitute; so much, that kind[8]
May seek itself there, and not find.
They eat on beds of silk and gold,
At ivory tables, or wood sold
Dearer than it; and leaving plate,
Do drink in stone of higher rate.
They hunt all grounds, and draw all seas,
Fowl every brook and bush, to please
Their wanton taste; and in request
Have new and rare things, not the best.
Hence comes that wild and vast expense,
That hath enforced Rome's virtue thence,
Which simple poverty first made:
And now ambition doth invade
Her state, with eating avarice,
Riot, and every other vice.
Decrees are bought, and laws are sold,
Honours, and offices, for gold;
The people's voices, and the free
Tongues in the senate, bribed be:[9]

[8] *So much, that* kind] i. e. nature. WHAL.

[9] ——— *The people's voices, and the free*
Tongues in the senate, bribed be.] In this part of the chorus our poet had his eye upon the specimen *belli civilis* by Petronius Arbiter:

Nec minor in campo furor est, emptique Quirites
Ad prædam strepitumque lucri suffragia vertunt.
Venalis populus, venalis curia patrum.

The sentiments of Petronius furnished him with matter, not only in the present instance, but for the general design of the whole chorus. I will take leave to transcribe a few lines from the speech of Pluto to Fortune, which are made use of in the verses before these:

En etiam mea regna petunt, perfossa dehiscit
Molibus insanis tellus; jam montibus hastis
Antra gemunt: et dum varios lapis invenit usus,
Inferni manes cœlum sperare jubentur.

Were I to add more, I should copy almost the whole poem. Jonson, I think, does not appear to any great advantage in the

Such ruin of her manners Rome
Doth suffer now, as she's become
(Without the gods it soon gainsay)
Both her own spoiler, and own prey.
So, Asia, art thou cru'lly even
With us, for all the blows thee given;
When we, whose virtue conquer'd thee,
Thus, by thy vices, ruin'd be.

choruses to this play. Mr. Sympson was of the same opinion: he says, the sentiments in them are not sufficiently great, nor his measures at all imitative of the ancients. But I imagine Seneca, not Sophocles or Æschylus, was what the poet copied after, and 'tis then no wonder that he succeeded no better.

WHAL.

Jonson has, as Whalley truly says, laid the rhapsody of Eumolpus under contribution, and in more places than he seems aware of. Even the opening lines are taken from it;—but I shall not multiply quotations. It seems more necessary to observe that in this string of moral reflections, which Jonson calls a chorus, but which is spoken by no one, and addressed to no one, he thought not of imitating the ancients, but his own countrymen. Most of our old tragedies have appendages of this kind; but those which he had obviously in view, were the *Cornelia* of Kidd, and the four tragedies of lord Sterling, whose choruses, like the present, make no apparent part of the action. *Gorboduc* has a chorus, and, to name no more, so have the *Cleopatra* and *Philotas* of *Daniel*, all prior not only to *Catiline* but the *Silent Woman*; and all tending to prove the candour and judgment of Messrs. Steevens and Malone in affirming that, when Jonson says, in the latter play, "You shall be the chorus and—speak between the acts," he invidiously meant to *sneer* at Shakspeare!

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Fulvia's *House.*

Enter FULVIA, GALLA, *and Servant.*

Ful. Those rooms do smell extremely. Bring my glass
And table hither.—Galla!
Gal. Madam.
Ful. Look
Within, in my blue cabinet, for the pearl
I had sent me last, and bring it.
Gal. That from Clodius?
Ful. From Caius Cæsar. You are for Clodius still,
Or Curius. [*Exit Galla.*]—Sirrah, if Quintus Curius come,
I am not in fit mood; I keep my chamber:
Give warning so without. [*Exit Serv.*

Re-enter GALLA.

Gal. Is this it, madam?
Ful. Yes; help to hang it in mine ear.
Gal. Believe me,
It is a rich one, madam.
Ful. I hope so:
It should not be worn there else. Make an end,
And bind my hair up.
Gal. As 'twas yesterday?
Ful. No, nor the t'other day: when knew you me
Appear two days together in one dressing?

Gal. Will you have't in the globe or spire?[1]
Ful. How thou wilt;
Any way, so thou wilt do it, good impertinence.
Thy company, if I slept not very well
A-nights, would make me an arrant fool, with questions.
Gal. Alas, madam———
Ful. Nay, gentle half o' the dialogue, cease.
Gal. I do it indeed but for your exercise,
As your physician bids me.
Ful. How! does he bid you
To anger me for exercise?
Gal. Not to anger you,
But stir your blood a little; there is difference
Between lukewarm and boiling, madam.
Ful. Jove!
She means to cook me, I think. Pray you, have done.
Gal. I mean to dress you, madam.
Ful. O, my Juno,
Be friend to me! offering at wit too? why, Galla,
Where hast thou been?
Gal. Why, madam?
Ful. What hast thou done
With thy poor innocent self?
Gal. Wherefore, sweet madam?
Ful. Thus to come forth, so suddenly, a wit-worm?
Gal. It pleases you to flout one. I did dream
Of lady Sempronia——
Ful. O, the wonder's out!
That did infect thee: well, and how?

[1] Gal. *Will you have't in the* globe *or* spire?] These were some of the various ways in which the Roman ladies bound up their hair: and the manner is still to be seen on the coins and medals of that and the following age. WHAL.

Gal. Methought
She did discourse the best——
Ful. That ever thou heard'st?
Gal. Yes.
Ful. In thy sleep! of what was her discourse?
Gal. Of the republic, madam, and the state,
And how she was in debt, and where she meant
To raise fresh sums: she's a great stateswoman!
Ful. Thou dream'st all this?
Gal. No, but you know she is, madam;
And both a mistress of the Latin tongue,
And of the Greek.
Ful. Ay, but I never dreamt it, Galla,
As thou hast done; and therefore you must pardon me.
Gal. Indeed you mock me, madam.
Ful. Indeed, no:
Forth with your learned lady. She has a wit too?
Gal. A very masculine one.
Ful. A she-critic, Galla?
And can compose in verse, and make quick jests,
Modest, or otherwise?
Gal. Yes, madam.
Ful. She can sing too?
And play on instruments?
Gal. Of all kinds, they say.
Ful. And doth dance rarely?
Gal. Excellent! so well,
As a bald senator made a jest, and said,
'Twas better than an honest woman need.[a]

[a] Ful. *And doth dance rarely?* Gal. *Excellent! so well,*
As a bald senator made a jest, and said,
'Twas better than an honest woman need.] Our poet throughout the character of Sempronia, had his eye upon Sallust: he has faithfully selected the particulars, yet varied the arrangement of them, in a manner different from the historian's relation. Sallust, in drawing the picture of this celebrated lady, hath the following strokes: *Psallere, saltare elegantius quam necesse est probæ.*

Ful. Tut, she may bear that: few wise women's honesties
Will do their courtship hurt.

Jonson has made Fulvia's attendant express herself in the same terms, but as coming from the dry gravity of a *conscript* father. This gives an air of humour to the whole: and is justly adapted to the vein of loquacity, characteristic of *my lady's woman*. (Whalley, perhaps, did not know that this "bald senator" was Scipio Africanus.) This scene will come under the censure which Dryden passes on some others in this play, and on a scene of our author's *Sejanus*. Jonson himself, says that critic, "in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, has given us this oleo of a play, this unnatural mixture of comedy and tragedy. In *Sejanus* you may take notice of the scene betwixt Livia and the physician, which is a pleasant satire upon the artificial helps of beauty: in *Catiline* you may see the parliament of women; the little envies of them to one another, and all that passes betwixt Curius and Fulvia; scenes admirable in their kind, but of an ill mingle with the rest." WHAL.

The world, it may be hoped, will one day have enough of the critical opinions of Dryden. Just at the time in which he wrote this, it happened to suit him to decry what he calls "the unnatural mixture of comedy and tragedy;" afterwards, it became convenient to think it the properest thing in the world; and the *Spanish Friar* was produced, on which, as Dr. Johnson says, he prided himself not a little. When he introduced the vile buffoonery and licentiousness of the despicable Dominick, among his battles and murders, the "unnatural mixture" probably, no longer "sounded in his ears, just as ridiculously as the history of David with the merry humours of Goliah:" (*Essay on Dram. Poet.*) though it subsequently fell again under his displeasure. —But, omitting this, it appears to me that the criticism of Dryden is as injudicious as it is inconsistent. The brothel loves of Torrismond and Leonora indeed are neither forwarded nor retarded by the comic scenes; but the introduction of Livia's physician in *Sejanus*, and still more of Fulvia and Sempronia in *Catiline*, is a main part of the story, and absolutely necessary to the progress and success of the plot. Dryden allows that the "scenes are admirable;" and unquestionably the curious and pertinent learning displayed in the act before us, which is written with all the sprightliness and vigour of the best ages of English prose, may be sought in vain in the dramas of our author's contemporaries. Sempronia is most exquisitely described by Sallust; Jonson wrought, therefore, after a finished model; but he has not disgraced it.—She was the wife of D. Brutus, and, as is generally

Gal. She's liberal too, madam.
Ful. What, of her money or her honour, prithee?
Gal. Of both; you know not which she doth spare least.
Ful. A comely commendation!
Gal. Troth, 'tis pity
She is in years.
Ful. Why, Galla?
Gal. For it is.
Ful. O, is that all! I thought thou'dst had a reason.
Gal. Why, so I have: she has been a fine lady,
And yet she dresses her self, except you, madam,
One of the best in Rome; and paints, and hides
Her decays very well.
Ful. They say, it is
Rather a visor, than a face, she wears.
Gal. They wrong her verily, madam; she doth sleek
With crumbs of bread and milk, and lies a-nights
In as neat gloves——But she is fain, of late,
To seek, more than she's sought to, the fame is,
And so spends that way.
Ful. Thou know'st all! but, Galla,

supposed, the mother of the Brutus "who stabbed Cæsar." Her beauty, (which was now in the wane,) her accomplishments, her wit, her ambition, and her notorious profligacy and extravagance, made her a fit tool for *Catiline*, who employed her in the furtherance of his designs with considerable success. Of Fulvia, Sallust says little, but that she was of noble birth. It appears from other authorities, that she was an abandoned strumpet: subsequently she became the wife of Clodius, a man not ill-suited to her; after his death she married Marc Antony, whom she involved in war by her turbulent passions. Jonson has used the few hints which the historian afforded him, with great ingenuity, and, amidst a rigid adherence to facts, expanded her character with much liveliness of incident and genuine humour.

What say you to Catiline's lady, Orestilla?
There is the gallant!
Gal. She does well. She has
Very good suits, and very rich; but then
She cannot put them on; she knows not how
To wear a garment. You shall have her all
Jewels and gold sometimes, so that her self
Appears the least part of her self.[3] No, in troth,
As I live, madam, you put them all down
With your mere strength of judgment, and do draw, too,
The world of Rome to follow you! You attire
Your self so diversly, and with that spirit,
Still to the noblest humours, they could make
Love to your dress, although your face were away, they say.
Ful. And body too, and have the better match on't.
Say they not so too, Galla?

Re-enter Servant.

Now! what news
Travails your countenance with?
Serv. If't please you, madam,
The lady Sempronia is lighted at the gate.
Gal. Castor, my dream, my dream!
Serv. And comes to see you.
Gal. For Venus' sake, good madam, see her.
[*Exit Serv.*
Ful. Peace,
The fool is wild, I think.
Gal. And hear her talk,
Sweet madam, of state-matters and the senate.

[3] ——— ——— *So that her self*
Appears the least part of her self.] The thought is from Ovid,
—— *Pars minima est ipsa puella sui.* WHAL.

Enter SEMPRONIA.

Sem. Fulvia, good wench, how dost thou?
Ful. Well, Sempronia.
Whither are you thus early addrest?
Sem. To see
Aurelia Orestilla; she sent for me.
I came to call thee with me; wilt thou go?
Ful. I cannot now, in troth; I have some letters
To write and send away.
Sem. Alas, I pity thee.
I have been writing all this night, and am
So very weary, unto all the tribes,
And centuries, for their voices, to help Catiline
In his election. We shall make him consul,
I hope, amongst us. Crassus, I, and Cæsar
Will carry it for him.
Ful. Does he stand for it?
Sem. He's the chief candidate.
Ful. Who stands beside?—
Give me some wine, and powder for my teeth.
Sem. Here's a good pearl, in troth.
Ful. A pretty one.
Sem. A very orient one!—there are competitors,
Caius Antonius, Publius Galba, Lucius
Cassius Longinus, Quintus Cornificius,
Caius Licinius, and that talker Cicero.
But Catiline and Antonius will be chosen;
For four of the other, Licinius, Longinus,
Galba and Cornificius, will give way:
And Cicero they will not choose.
Ful. No! why?
Sem. It will be cross'd by the nobility.
Gal. How she does understand the common business! [*Aside.*

Sem. Nor were it fit. He is but a new fellow,
An inmate here in Rome, as Catiline calls him,[4]
And the patricians should do very ill
To let the consulship be so defiled
As 't would be, if he obtain'd it! a mere upstart,
That has no pedigree, no house, no coat,
No ensigns of a family!
Ful. He has virtue.
Sem. Hang virtue! where there is no blood, 'tis vice,
And in him sauciness. Why should he presume
To be more learned or more eloquent
Than the nobility? or boast any quality
Worthy a nobleman, himself not noble?
Ful. 'Twas virtue only, at first, made all men noble.
Sem. I yield you, it might at first, in Rome's poor age,
When both her kings and consuls held the plough,
Or garden'd well; but now we have no need
To dig, or lose our sweat for't. We have wealth,
Fortune, and ease; and then their stock to spend on,
Of name, for virtue; which will bear us out
'Gainst all new comers, and can never fail us,
While the succession stays. And we must glorify
A mushroom! one of yesterday! a fine speaker!
'Cause he has suck'd at Athens! and advance him,
To our own loss! no, Fulvia; there are they

[4] ——————— *He is but a* new fellow,
An inmate here in Rome, as Catiline calls him.] *Marcus Tullius inquilinus civis urbis Romæ.* SALLUST. A *new fellow* was what the Romans called *novus homo*; the first of his family who bore any public office, one that had not the images of his ancestors to shew. WHAL.

Can speak Greek too, if need were. Cæsar and I,
Have sat upon him; so hath Crassus too,
And others. We have all decreed his rest,
For rising farther.
Gal. Excellent rare lady!
Ful. Sempronia, you are beholden to my woman here,
She does admire you.
Sem. O good Galla, how dost thou?
Gal. The better for your learned ladyship.
Sem. Is this gray powder a good dentifrice?
Ful. You see I use it.
Sem. I have one is whiter.
Ful. It may be so.
Sem. Yet this smells well.
Gal. And cleanses
Very well, madam, and resists the crudities.
Sem. Fulvia, I pray thee, who comes to thee now,
Which of our great patricians?
Ful. Faith, I keep
No catalogue of them: sometimes I have one,
Sometimes another, as the toy takes their bloods.
Sem. Thou hast them all. Faith, when was Quintus Curius,
Thy special servant, here?
Ful. My special servant!
Sem. Yes, thy idolater, I call him.
Ful. He may be yours,
If you do like him.
Sem. How!
Ful. He comes not here;
I have forbid him hence.
Sem. Venus forbid!
Ful. Why?
Sem. Your so constant lover!
Ful. So much the rather.

I would have change; so would you too, I am
sure:
And now you may have him.
Sem. He's fresh yet, Fulvia;
Beware how you do tempt me.
Ful. Faith, for me
He's somewhat too fresh indeed; the salt is
gone,
That gave him season: his good gifts are done.
He does not yield the crop that he was wont:
And for the act, I can have secret fellows,
With backs worth ten of him, and they shall
please me,
Now that the land is fled, a myriad better.
Sem. And those one may command.
Ful. 'Tis true: these lordlings,
Your noble Fauns,[6] they are so imperious, saucy,
Rude, and as boisterous as centaurs, leaping
A lady at first sight.
Sem. And must be borne
Both with and out, they think.
Ful. Tut, I'll observe
None of them all, nor humour them a jot
Longer than they come laden in the hand,
And say, Here's one for t' other.
Sem. Does Cæsar give well?
Ful. They shall all give and pay well, that
come here,
If they will have it; and that, jewels, pearl,
Plate, or round sums to buy these. I'm not taken
With a cob-swan,[7] or a high-mounting bull,

[6] *Your noble Fauns*, &c.] Besides the obvious allusion to the nature of these poetical beings, it seems probable that Jonson meant also to mark the vanity of the patricians in deriving their descent from the fabulous and heroic ages. This propensity is ridiculed by Persius, Juvenal, and others. Faunus was one of the most ancient kings of Italy.

[7] *With a* cob-swan,] Whalley has placed a note of interro-

As foolish Leda and Europa were;
But the bright gold, with Danäe. For such price
I would endure a rough, harsh Jupiter,
Or ten such thund'ring gamesters, and refrain
To laugh at 'em, till they are gone, with my much suffering.

Sem. Thou'rt a most happy wench, that thus canst make
Use of thy youth and freshness, in the season;
And hast it to make use of.

Ful. Which is the happiness.

Sem. I am now fain to give to them, and keep music,
And a continual table to invite them.

Ful. Yes, and they study your kitchen more than you.

Sem. Eat myself out with usury, and my lord too,
And all my officers, and friends besides,
To procure money for the needful charge
I must be at, to have them; and yet scarce
Can I achieve them so.

Ful. Why, that's because
You affect young faces only, and smooth chins,
Sempronia. If you'd love beards and bristles,
One with another, as others do, or wrinkles——
[*Knocking within.*
Who's that? look, Galla.

Gal. 'Tis the party, madam.

Ful. What party? has he no name?

Gal. 'Tis Quintus Curius.

Ful. Did I not bid them say, I kept my chamber?

Gal. Why, so they do.

gation after this word, in his copy, as if he were ignorant of its import. A cob-swan (see vol. i. p. 28,) is, simply, a swan of the largest size.

Sem. I'll leave you, Fulvia.
Ful. Nay, good Sempronia, stay.
Sem. In faith, I will not.
Ful. By Juno, I would not see him.
Sem. I'll not hinder you.
Gal. You know he will not be kept out, madam,
Sem. No,
Nor shall not, careful Galla, by my means.
Ful. As I do live, Sempronia——
Sem. What needs this?
Ful. Go, say I am asleep, and ill at ease.
Sem. By Castor,[s] no, I'll tell him, you are awake;
And very well: stay, Galla; farewell, Fulvia,
I know my manners. Why do you labour thus,
With action against purpose? Quintus Curius,
She is, i' faith, here, and in disposition. [*Exit.*
Ful. Spight with your courtesy! how shall I be tortured!

Enter CURIUS.

Cur. Where are you, fair one, that conceal yourself,
And keep your beauty within locks and bars here,
Like a fool's treasure?
Ful. True, she was a fool,
When first she shew'd it to a thief.
Cur. How, pretty sullenness,
So harsh and short!

[s] Sem. *By* Castor, *no, I'll tell him you're awake.*] We must observe our poet's exactness in adapting his oaths to his speakers. Gellius tells us, that, amongst the Romans, the women never swore by Hercules, nor the men by *Castor*. *Nusquam invenire est apud idoneos quidem scriptores, aut mehercle feminam dicere, aut mecastor virum. Ædepol autem, quod jusjurandum per Pollucem est, et viro et feminæ commune est*, l. ii. c. 6. Accordingly in the next scene, Curius swears by Pollux, and Fulvia, as the women should do, by *Castor*. WHAL.

Ful. The fool's artillery, sir.
Cur. Then take my gown off for the encounter.
[*Takes off his gown.*
Ful. Stay, sir,
I am not in the mood.
Cur. I'll put you into 't.
Ful. Best put yourself in your case again, and keep
Your furious appetite warm against you have place for't.
Cur. What! do you coy it?
Ful. No, sir; I am not proud.
Cur. I would you were! You think this state becomes you,
By Hercules, it does not. Look in your glass now,
And see how scurvily that countenance shews;
You would be loth to own it.
Ful. I shall not change it.
Cur. Faith, but you must, and slack this bended brow;
And shoot less scorn: there is a Fortune coming
Towards you, dainty, that will take thee thus,
And set thee aloft, to tread upon the head
Of her own statue here in Rome.
Ful. I wonder
Who let this promiser in! Did you, good diligence?
Give him his bribe again: or, if you had none,
Pray you demand him, why he is so venturous,
To press thus to my chamber, being forbidden,
Both by my self and servants?
Cur. How! this is handsome,
And somewhat a new strain!
Ful. 'Tis not strain'd, sir;
'Tis very natural.
Cur. I have known it otherwise
Between the parties, though.

Ful. For your foreknowledge,
Thank that which made it: It will not be so
Hereafter, I assure you.
Cur. No, my mistress!
Ful. No; though you bring the same materials.
Cur. Hear me,
You over-act when you should under-do.
A little call your self again, and think.
If you do this to practise on me, or find
At what forced distance you can hold your servant;
That it be an artificial trick to inflame,
And fire me more, fearing my love may need it,
As heretofore you have done, why, proceed.
Ful. As I have done heretofore!
Cur. Yes, when you'd feign
Your husband's jealousy, your servants' watches,
Speak softly, and run often to the door,
Or to the window, form strange fears that were not;
As if the pleasure were less acceptable,
That were secure.
Ful. You are an impudent fellow.
Cur. And, when you might better have done it at the gate,
To take me in at the casement.
Ful. I take you in!
Cur. Yes, you, my lady. And then, being abed with you,
To have your well taught waiter here come running,
And cry, *her lord!* and hide me without cause,
Crush'd in a chest, or thrust up in a chimney:
When he, tame crow, was winking at his farm;
Or, had he been here, and present, would have kept

Both eyes and beak seel'd up,[9] for six sesterces.
Ful. You have a slanderous, beastly, unwash'd tongue
In your rude mouth, and savouring yourself,
Unmanner'd lord.
Cur. How now!
Ful. It is your title, sir;
Who, since you've lost your own good name, and know not
What to lose more, care not whose honour you wound,
Or fame you poison with it. You should go
And vent your self in the region where you live,
Among the suburb-brothels, bawds, and brokers,
Whither your broken fortunes have design'd you.
Cur. Nay, then I must stop your fury, I see; and pluck
The tragic visor off. Come, lady Cypris,
Know your own virtues, quickly. I'll not be
Put to the wooing of you thus, afresh,
At every turn, for all the Venus in you.
Yield, and be pliant, or by Pollux——[*Offers to force her, she draws her knife.*] How now!
Will Laïs turn a Lucrece?
Ful. No, but by Castor,
Hold off your ravisher's hands, I pierce your heart else.

[9] ——— *Would have kept*
Both eyes and beak seel'd up,] *Seeling* is a term in falconry, which we have had before in this play:
"Are your eyes yet *unseel'd*?" Act. 1. WHAL.
The old copies read *seal'd;* yet I believe that Whalley has given the author's word. He has omitted the explanation. To *seel* is to sew up. "*Seeling*" (says that authentic voucher, the *Gentleman's Recreation*) "is when a hawk first taken is so blinded with a thread run through the eye-lids that she sees not, or very little, the better to make her endure the hood."

I'll not be put to kill myself, as she did,
For you, sweet Tarquin. What! do you fall of?
Nay, it becomes you graciously! Put not up.
You'll sooner draw your weapon on me, I think it,
Than on the senate, who have cast you forth
Disgracefully, to be the common tale
Of the whole city; base, infámous man!
For, were you other, you would there employ
Your desperate dagger.
Cur. Fulvia, you do know
The strengths you have upon me; do not use
Your power too like a tyrant: I can bear,
Almost until you break me.
Ful. I do know, sir,
So does the senate too know, you can bear.
Cur. By all the gods, that senate will smart deep
For your upbraidings. I should be right sorry
To have the means so to be venged on you,
At least, the will, as I shall shortly on them.
But go you on still: fare you well, dear lady;
You could not still be fair, unless you were proud.
You will repent these moods, and ere't be long, too:
I shall have you come about again.
Ful. Do you think so?
Cur. Yes, and I know so.
Ful. By what augury?
Cur. By the fair entrails of the matrons' chests,
Gold, pearl, and jewels here in Rome, which Fulvia
Will then, but late, say that she might have shared;
And grieving miss.
Ful. Tut, all your promised mountains,
And seas, I am so stalely acquainted with——
Cur. But, when you see the universal flood
Run by your coffers; that my lords, the senators,

Are sold for slaves, their wives for bondwomen,
Their houses, and fine gardens, given away,
And all their goods, under the spear at outcry,[1]
And you have none of this, but are still Fulvia,
Or perhaps less, while you are thinking of it;
You will advise then, coyness, with your cushion,
And look on your fingers; say, how you were
wish'd—[2]
And so he left you. [*Exit.*
Ful. Call him again, Galla: [*Exit Galla.*
This is not usual. Something hangs on this
That I must win out of him.

Re-enter CURIUS.

Cur. How now, melt you?

[1] ——— *under the* spear *at* outcry,] i. e. at an open sale. The Roman mode of proclaiming an auction was setting up a spear, at the foot of which the goods were sold: hence, as Whalley observes, the phrase, *sub hasta vendere*. Almost all the customs of this people were derived from the camp, where spoil taken from the enemy was originally disposed of in this manner. *Outcry* is constantly used by our old writers for an auction. Thus Massinger:

"The goods of this poor man sold at an *outcry*."
City Madam.

And Killigrew:

"Let for a term of years, or sold at *outcry*."
Parson's Wedding.

Indeed, the person whom we now call an auctioneer, was anciently termed an *out-crier*. Thus Stow: "He first caused the same to be cried throughe the citie by a man wyth a bell, and then to be solde by the common *outcrier*." Edit. 1581, p. 1123.

[2] *Say, how you were* wish'd—] The reader, who reflects on what has passed between these lovers, will think this a very unintelligible expression; but Mr. Theobald's margin proposes an emendation, and exhibits *'witch'd* as the most proper term.
WHAL.

This is a strange note. The text is surely perfectly easy and

Ful. Come, you will laugh now, at my easiness;
But 'tis no miracle: doves, they say, will bill,
After their pecking and their murmuring.
Cur. Yes,
And then 'tis kindly. I would have my love
Angry sometimes, to sweeten off the rest
Of her behaviour.
Ful. You do see, I study
How I may please you then.—But you think, Curius,
'Tis covetise hath wrought me; if you love me,
Change that unkind conceit.
Cur. By my loved soul,
I love thee, like to it; and 'tis my study,
More than mine own revenge, to make thee happy.
Ful. And 'tis that just revenge doth make me happy
To hear you prosecute; and which, indeed,
Hath won me to you, more than all the hope
Of what can else be promised. I love valour
Better than any lady loves her face,
Or dressing—than my self does. Let me grow
Still where I do embrace. But what good means
Have you to effect it? shall I know your project?
Cur. Thou shalt, if thou'lt be gracious.
Ful. As I can be.
Cur. And wilt thou kiss me then?
Ful. As close as shells
Of cockles meet.

intelligible, and Theobald's imaginary improvement, something worse than unnecessary. Could Whalley have forgotten how often Jonson, (and, in fact, every writer of his time) uses *wished* for *prayed*, *desired*, &c.? For the rest, I cannot pass over this scene without recommending it to the reader's admiration. It is conducted with no less art than learning, and the discovery of the plot, while it is strictly consonant to history, is produced in a way at once natural and dramatic.

Cur. And print them deep?
Ful. Quite through
Our subtle lips.[3]
Cur. And often?
Ful. I will sow them
Faster than you can reap. What is your plot?
Cur. Why now my Fulvia looks like her bright name,
And is her self!
Ful. Nay, answer me, your plot:
I pray thee tell me, Quintus.
Cur. Ay, these sounds
Become a mistress. Here is harmony!
When you are harsh, I see the way to bend you
Is not with violence, but service. Cruel,
A lady is a fire; gentle, a light.
Ful. Will you not tell me what I ask you?
[*Kisses and flatters him along still.*
Cur. All
That I can think, sweet love, or my breast holds,
I'll pour into thee.
Ful. What is your design then?
Cur. I'll tell thee; Catiline shall now be consul:
But you will hear more shortly.
Ful. Nay, dear love——
Cur. I'll speak it in thine arms; let us go in.

[3] Ful. *Quite through*
Our subtle *lips.*] i. e. thin, fine. So Shakspeare:

"Like to a bowl upon a *subtle* ground."

And Spenser has a parallel expression:

"Cover'd with lids devised of substance *sly*." WHAL.

These "thin, fine, sly" lips are none of Jonson's. His are—lips, acquainted with the mystery of kissing: soft and balmy, like those of Dame Pliant, in the *Alchemist:*

"Subtle lips, that must be tasted often
"To make a judgment."

Rome will be sack'd, her wealth will be our prize;
By public ruin private spirits must rise. [*Exeunt.*

CHORUS.

Great father Mars, and greater Jove,
By whose high auspice, Rome hath stood
So long; and first was built in blood
Of your great nephew,[4] *that then strove*
Not with his brother, but your rites:
Be present to her now, as then,
And let not proud and factious men
Against your wills oppose their mights.

Our consuls now are to be made;
O, put it in the public voice
To make a free and worthy choice;
Excluding such as would invade
The commonwealth. Let whom we name
Have wisdom, foresight, fortitude,
Be more with faith than face endued,
And study conscience above fame.

Such as not seek to get the start
In state, by power, parts or bribes,
Ambition's bawds; but move the tribes
By virtue, modesty, desart.
Such as to justice will adhere,
Whatever great one it offend:
And from th' embraced truth not bend
For envy, hatred, gifts or fear;

[4] *Of your great* nephew,] i. e. grandson. The Romans used *nepos* both for a nephew and a grandchild: hence the former word in our old writers is common in either sense. Examples are unnecessary.

That by their deeds will make it known,
Whose dignity they do sustain;
And life, state, glory, all they gain,
Count the republic's, not their own.

Such the old Bruti, Decii were,
The Cipi,[5] *Curtii, who did give*
Themselves for Rome, and would not live
As men, good only for a year.
Such were the great Camilli too;
The Fabii, Scipios; that still thought
No work at price enough was bought,
That for their country they could do.

And to her honour so did knit,
As all their acts were understood
The sinews of the public good;
And they themselves, one soul with it.
These men were truly magistrates,
These neither practised force nor forms;
Nor did they leave the helm in storms:
And such they are make happy states.

[5] *The* Cipi, Curtii, *who did give*
Themselves for Rome.] The story of the *Bruti*, *Decii*, and *Curtii* is well known; that of *Cipus* needs a little explanation: *Genutius Cipus* was a Roman prætor, who going out of the city, perceived horns to sprout suddenly from his head; inquiring into the prodigy, the aruspices declared that, if he returned into the city, it portended he would become a king: to prevent this, out of love to his country, he voluntarily went into exile. The story is told by Valerius Maximus, lib. v. cap. 6. Ovid gives it more at large in the 15th book of the *Metamorphoses*. WHAL.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Field of Mars.

Enter CICERO, CATO, CATULUS, ANTONIUS, CRASSUS, CÆSAR, *Chorus, Lictors, and People.*

Cic. Great honours are great burdens,[6] but on whom
They are cast with envy, he doth bear two loads.
His cares must still be double to his joys,
In any dignity; where, if he err,
He finds no pardon: and for doing well
A most small praise, and that wrung out by force.
I speak this, Romans, knowing what the weight
Of the high charge, you have trusted to me, is:
Not that thereby I would with art decline
The good, or greatness of your benefit;
For I ascribe it to your singular grace,

[6] *Great honours* &c.] Jonson has taken especial care to involve his machinery in complete obscurity: so that I have been reduced to guess not only at every exit and entrance in the piece; but also at every place of the action. I know not how fortunate I may have been in this: but assuredly I should not have ventured on so laborious and unthankful a task had I not had more confidence in the reader's lenity than my own judgment. Here, however, the scene is sufficiently marked—Cicero is now in the Campus Martius, addressing the centuries after his unanimous election to the consulship. Catiline, strange to say, was a candidate for the same honour; but he was rejected with indignation, and C. Antonius given to Cicero for a colleague. The history here, as every where else, is closely and critically followed.

And vow to owe it to no title else,
Except the Gods, that Cicero is your consul.
I have no urns, no dusty monuments,
No broken images of ancestors,
Wanting an ear, or nose; no forged tables
Of long descents, to boast false honours from,
Or be my undertakers to your trust;
But a new man, as I am styled in Rome,
Whom you have dignified; and more, in whom
You have cut a way, and left it ope for virtue
Hereafter to that place: which our great men
Held, shut up with all ramparts, for themselves.
Nor have but few of them in time been made
Your consuls, so; new men, before me, none:
At my first suit, in my just year;[7] preferr'd
To all competitors! and some the noblest——
Cra. [*Aside to Cæsar.*] Now the vein swells!
Cæs. Up, glory.
Cic. And to have
Your loud consents from your own utter'd voices,
Not silent books; nor from the meaner tribes,
But first and last, the universal concourse!
This is my joy, my gladness. But my care,
My industry and vigilance now must work,
That still your counsels of me be approved,
Both by your selves, and those, to whom you have,
With grudge, preferr'd me: Two things I must labour,
That neither they upbraid, nor you repent you;
For every lapse of mine will now be call'd
Your error, if I make such: but my hope is,
So to bear through, and out, the consulship,
As spight shall ne'er wound you, though it may me.

[7] *In my* just year.] i. e. the 43d year of his age; none being capable of the consulship before that age. WHAL.

And for my self, I have prepared this strength,
To do so well, as, if there happen ill
Unto me, it shall make the gods to blush;
And be their crime, not mine, that I am envied.
Cæs. O confidence! more new than is the man!
Cic. I know well in what terms I do receive
The commonwealth, how vexed, how perplex'd:
In which there's not that mischief, or ill fate,
That good men fear not, wicked men expect not.
I know, besides, some turbulent practices
Already on foot, and rumours of more dangers—
Cras. Or you will make them, if there be none.
[*Aside.*
Cic. Last,
I know 'twas this, which made the envy and pride
Of the great Roman blood bate, and give way
To my election.
Cato. Marcus Tullius, true;
Our need made thee our consul, and thy virtue.
Cæs. Cato, you will undo him with your praise.
Cato. Cæsar will hurt himself with his own envy.
People. The voice of Cato is the voice of Rome.
Cato. The voice of Rome is the consent of heaven!
And that hath placed thee, Cicero, at the helm,
Where thou must render now thy self a man,
And master of thy art. Each petty hand
Can steer a ship becalm'd; but he that will
Govern and carry her to her ends, must know
His tides, his currents; how to shift his sails;
What she will bear in foul, what in fair weathers;
Where her springs are, her leaks; and how to stop 'em;
What sands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten her;
The forces and the natures of all winds,

Gusts, storms, and tempests; when her keel
ploughs hell,
And deck knocks heaven; then to manage her,
Becomes the name and office of a pilot.
Cic. Which I'll perform with all the diligence
And fortitude I have; not for my year,
But for my life; except my life be less,
And that my year conclude it: if it must,
Your will, loved gods. This heart shall yet
employ
A day, an hour is left me, so for Rome,
As it shall spring a life out of my death,
To shine for ever glorious in my facts:
The vicious count their years, virtuous their acts.
People. Most noble consul! let us wait him
home.
[*Exeunt Cato, Cicero, Licters, and People.*
Cæs. Most popular consul he is grown, me-
thinks!
Cras. How the rout cling to him!
Cæs. And Cato leads them!
Cras. You, his colleague Antonius, are not
look'd on.
Ant. Not I, nor do I care.
Cæs. He enjoys rest,
And ease the while: let the other's spirit toil,
And wake it out, that was inspired for turmoil.
Catu. If all reports be true yet, Caius Cæsar,
The time hath need of such a watch and spirit.
Cæs. Reports! do you believe them, Catulus?
Why, he does make and breed 'em for the people,
To endear his service to them. Do you not taste
An art that is so common? Popular men,
They must create strange monsters, and then
quell them,
To make their arts seem something. Would you
have

Such an Herculean actor in the scene,
And not his hydra? they must sweat no less
To fit their properties, than to express their parts.[a]
Cras. Treasons and guilty men are made in states,
Too oft, to dignify the magistrates.
Catu. Those states be wretched that are forced to buy
Their rulers fame with their own infamy.
Cras. We therefore should provide that ours do not.
Cæs. That will Antonius make his care.
Ant. I shall.
Cæs. And watch the watcher.
Catu. Here comes Catiline.
How does he brook his late repulse?
Cæs. I know not,
But hardly sure.
Catu. Longinus too did stand?
Cæs. At first: but he gave way unto his friend.
Catu. Who's that come? Lentulus?
Cæs. Yes; he is again
Taken into the senate.
Ant. And made prætor.
Catu. I know't; he had my suffrage, next the consuls.
Cæs. True, you were there, prince of the senate, then,

[a] ——— *They must sweat no less*
To fit their properties, *than to express their parts.*] Having called the consul an *Herculean actor in the scene*, he continues the metaphor in terms taken from the stage. All necessaries in the performance of a play, are called by the name of *properties*; and the sense is, that it will cost him as much pains to get the proper implements and material for his scheme, as to act his own part in it. WHAL.

Enter CATILINE, LONGINUS, *and* LENTULUS.

Cat. Hail, noblest Romans! The most worthy consul,
I gratulate your honour.
Ant. I could wish
It had been happier by your fellowship,
Most noble Sergius, had it pleased the people.
Cat. It did not please the Gods, who instruct the people:
And their unquestion'd pleasures must be serv'd.
They know what's fitter for us than our selves;[9]
And 'twere impiety to think against them.
Catu. You bear it rightly, Lucius; and it glads me,
To find your thoughts so even.
Cat. I shall still
Study to make them such to Rome, and heaven.
I would withdraw with you a little, Julius.
[*Aside to Cæs.*
Cæs. I'll come home to you: Crassus would not have you
To speak to him 'fore Quintus Catulus. [*Aside.*
Cat. I apprehend you. No, when they shall judge
Honours convenient for me, I shall have them,
With a full hand; I know it. In mean time,
They are no less part of the commonwealth,
That do obey, than those that do command.
Catu. O let me kiss your forehead, Lucius.
How are you wrong'd!

[9] *They know what's fitter for us than our selves;*] This is from Juvenal:

Permittes ipsis expendere numinibus quid, &c.

The hypocritical language of Catiline is artfully assumed to deceive Q. Catulus and the consul, Antonius, of whose good opinion and assistance he stood in need.

Cat. By whom?
Catu. Public report;
That gives you out to stomach your repulse,
And brook it deadly.
Cat. Sir, she brooks not me.
Believe me rather, and your self, now of me:
It is a kind of slander to trust rumour.
Catu. I know it: and I could be angry with it.
Cat. So may not I: Where it concerns himself,
Who's angry at a slander, makes it true.
Catu. Most noble Sergius! this your temper melts me.
Cras. Will you do office to the consul, Quintus?
Cæs. Which Cato and the rout have done the other?
Catu. I wait when he will go. Be still your self.
He wants no state, or honours, that hath virtue.
[*Exeunt Catulus, Antonius, Cæsar, Crassus, Lictors, &c.*
Cat. Did I appear so tame as this man thinks me!
Look'd I so poor? so dead? so like that nothing,
Which he calls virtuous? O my breast, break quickly;
And shew my friends my in-parts, lest they think
I have betray'd them. [*Aside.*
Lon. Where's Gabinius?
Len. Gone.
Lon. And Vargunteius?
Len. Slipt away; all shrunk:
Now that he miss'd the consulship.
Cat. I am
The scorn of bondmen, who are next to beasts.
What can I worse pronounce myself, that's fitter,
The owl of Rome, whom boys and girls will hoot!
That were I set up for that wooden god

That keeps our gardens, could not fright the crows,
Or the least bird, from muting on my head!
[*Aside.*

Lon. 'Tis strange how he should miss it!

Len. Is't not stranger,
The upstart Cicero should carry it so,
By all consents, from men so much his masters?

Lon. 'Tis true.

Cat. To what a shadow am I melted! [*Aside.*

Lon. Antonius won it but by some few voices.

Cat. Struck through, like air, and feel it not! My wounds
Close faster than they're made. [*Aside.*

Len. The whole design,
And enterprise is lost by it: all hands quit it,
Upon his fail.

Cat. I grow mad at my patience:
It is a visor that hath poison'd me:
Would it had burnt me up, and I died inward,
My heart first turn'd to ashes!

Lon. Here's Cethegus yet.

Enter CETHEGUS.

Cat. Repulse upon repulse! an in-mate consul!—
That I could reach the axle, where the pins are
Which bolt this frame; that I might pull them out,
And pluck all into Chaos, with my self!

Cet. What! are we wishing now?

Cat. Yes, my Cethegus;
Who would not fall with all the world about him?[1]

[1] *Who would not fall with all the world about him?*]
—— *Vitæ est avidus quisquis non vult*
Mundo secum pereunte mori. SENECA Thyest.

Cet. Not I, that would stand on it, when it falls;
And force new nature out to make another.
These wishings taste of woman, not of Roman;
Let us seek other arms.
Cat. What should we do?
Cet. Do, and not wish; something that wishes take not:
So sudden, as the gods should not prevent,
Nor scarce have time to fear.
Cat. O noble Caius!
Cet. It likes me better that you are not consul.
I would not go through open doors, but break 'em;
Swim to my ends through blood; or build a bridge
Of carcasses; make on upon the heads
Of men struck down like piles, to reach the lives
Of those remain and stand: then is't a prey,
When danger stops, and ruin makes the way.[2]
Cat. How thou dost utter me, brave soul, that may not
At all times shew such as I am, but bend
Unto occasion! Lentulus, this man,
If all our fire were out, would fetch down new,
Out of the hand of Jove; and rivet him

[2] Make on *upon the heads* &c.] Whalley, by the advice of his precious coadjutors, Seward and Sympson, would willingly read, make *one*, i. e. says he, make a bridge! To *make on*, and *go on*, in the language of Jonson's days, signified to rush forward with violence. The expression has already occurred in this play, p. 205.

——— "as he would,
"*Go on* upon the gods, kiss lightning," &c.

[3] ——— *Then is't a prey,*
When danger stops, and ruin makes the way.] This is very strongly expressed: it seems to be taken from a similar expression in Lucan, l. i. ver. 150.

——— *Impellens quicquid sibi summa petenti*
Obstaret, gaudensque viam fecisse ruinâ. WHAR.

To Caucasus, should he but frown; and let
His own gaunt eagle fly at him, to tire.[4]
Len. Peace, here comes Cato.
Cat. Let him come, and hear;
I will no more dissemble. Quit us all;
I, and my loved Cethegus here, alone
Will undertake this giants' war, and carry it.

Re-enter CATO.

Len. What needs this, Lucius?
Lon. Sergius, be more wary.
Cat. Now, Marcus Cato, our new consul's spy,
What is your sour austerity sent to explore?
Cato. Nothing in thee, licentious Catiline;
Halters and racks cannot express from thee
More than thy deeds: 'tis only judgment waits thee.
Cat. Whose? Cato's! shall he judge me?
Cato. No, the gods,
Who ever follow those, they go not with;
And senate, who with fire must purge sick Rome
Of noisome citizens, whereof thou art one.
Be gone, or else let me. 'Tis bane to draw
The same air with thee.
Cet. Strike him.
Len. Hold, good Caius.
Cet. Fear'st thou not, Cato?
Cato. Rash Cethegus, no.
'Twere wrong with Rome, when Catiline and thou
Do threat, if Cato fear'd.
Cat. The fire you speak of,

[4] ——— *And let*
His own gaunt eagle fly at aim, to tire.] i. e. to prey on: see vol. ii. p. 470.

If any flame of it approach my fortunes,
I'll quench it not with water, but with ruin.
Cato. You hear this, Romans. [*Exit.*
Cat. Bear it to the consul.
Cet. I would have sent away his soul before him.
You are too heavy, Lentulus, and remiss;
It is for you we labour, and the kingdom
Promised you by the Sybils.
Cat. Which his prætorship,
And some small flattery of the senate more,
Will make him to forget.
Len. You wrong me, Lucius.
Lon. He will not need these spurs.
Cet. The action needs them;
These things, when they proceed not, they go backward.
Len. Let us consult then.
Cet. Let us first take arms:
They that deny us just things now, will give
All that we ask, if once they see our swords.
Cat. Our objects must be sought with wounds, not words. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Cicero's *House.*

Enter CICERO *and* FULVIA.

Cic. Is there a heaven, and gods? and can it be
They should so slowly hear, so slowly see!
Hath Jove no thunder, or is Jove become
Stupid as thou art, O near-wretched Rome,
When both thy senate and thy gods do sleep,

And neither thine, nor their own states do keep!
What will awake thee, heaven? what can excite
Thine anger, if this practice be too light?
His former drifts partake of former times,
But this last plot was only Catiline's;
O, that it were his last! but he before
Hath safely done so much, he'll still dare more.
Ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks back;
And is a swelling, and the last affection
A high mind can put off;[5] being both a rebel
Unto the soul and reason, and enforceth
All laws, all conscience, treads upon religion,
And offereth violence to nature's self.
But here is that transcends it! A black purpose
To confound nature; and to ruin that,
Which never age nor mankind can repair!—
Sit down, good lady; Cicero is lost
In this your fable: for, to think it true
Tempteth my reason, it so far exceeds
All insolent fictions of the tragic scene!
The commonwealth yet panting underneath
The stripes and wounds of a late civil war,
Gasping for life, and scarce restored to hope;
To seek t' oppress her with new cruelty,
And utterly extinguish her long name,
With so prodigious and unheard of fierceness!
What sink of monsters, wretches of lost minds,
Mad after change, and desperate in their states,
Wearied and gall'd with their necessities,
For all this I allow them, durst have thought it?

[5] ——— *the last affection*
A high mind can put off;] Change "ambition" to the desire of fame, which is nearly synonymous with it; and the observation is a trite and established truth, of which the speaker himself was an illustrious example. See Massinger, vol. iv. p. 330. *Insolent*, which occurs just below, is a Latinism for strange, unwonted, &c.

Would not the barbarous deeds have been believed,
Of Marius and Sylla, by our children,
Without this fact had risse[6] forth greater for them?
All that they did was piety to this!
They yet but murder'd kinsfolk, brothers, parents,
Ravish'd the virgins, and perhaps some matrons;
They left the city standing, and the temples:
The gods and majesty of Rome were safe yet!—
These purpose to fire it, to despoil them,
(Beyond the other evils) and lay waste
The far-triúmphed world: for, unto whom
Rome is too little, what can be enough?

Ful. 'Tis true, my lord, I had the same discourse.

Cic. And then, to take a horrid sacrament
In human blood, for execution
Of this their dire design; which might be call'd
The height of wickedness: but that that was higher,
For which they did it!

Ful. I assure your lordship,
The extreme horror of it almost turn'd me
To air, when first I heard it; I was all
A vapour when 'twas told me, and I long'd
To vent it any where: 'twas such a secret,
I thought it would have burnt me up.

Cic. Good Fulvia,
Fear not your act; and less repent you of it.

Ful. I do not, my good lord; I know to whom
I've utter'd it.

Cic. You have discharged it safely.
Should Rome, for whom you've done the happy service,

[6] *Without this fact had* risse] This old participle is frequently employed by Jonson. It has already appeared in the *Poetaster*, and occurs again just below. Whalley and others modernize it into *rose*.

Turn most ingrate, yet were your virtue paid
In conscience of the fact: so much good deeds
Reward themselves!

Ful. My lord, I did it not
To any other aim but for itself;
To no ambition.

Cic. You have learn'd the difference
Of doing office to the public weal,
And private friendship: and have shewn it, lady.
Be still your self. I have sent for Quintus Curius,
And for your virtuous sake, if I can win him
Yet to the commonwealth, he shall be safe too.

Ful. I'll undertake, my lord, he shall be won.

Cic. Pray you join with me then, and help to work him.

Enter a Lictor.

Cic. How now! Is he come?

Lict. He's here, my lord.

Cic. Go presently,
Pray my colleague Antonius I may speak with him,
About some present business of the state;
And, as you go, call on my brother Quintus,
And pray him, with the tribunes, to come to me.
Bid Curius enter. [*Exit Lict.*]—Fulvia, you will aid me?

Ful. It is my duty.

Enter Curius.

Cic. O, my noble lord!
I have to chide you, i'faith. Give me your hand,—
Nay, be not troubled; it shall be gently, Curius.
You look upon this lady? what! do you guess
My business yet? come, if you frown, I thunder;

Therefore put on your better looks and thoughts:
There's nought but fair and good intended to you;
And I would make those your complexion.
Would you, of whom the senate had that hope,
As, on my knowledge, it was in their purpose
Next sitting to restore you, as they had done
The stupid and ungrateful Lentulus,—
Excuse me, that I name you thus together,
For yet you are not such—would you, I say,
A person both of blood and honour, stock'd
In a long race of virtuous ancestors,
Embark your self for such a hellish action,
With parricides and traitors, men turn'd furies,
Out of the waste and ruin of their fortunes?
(For 'tis despair that is the mother of madness.)
Such as want that, which all conspirators,
But they, have first, mere colour for their mischief?
O, I must blush with you. Come, you shall not labour
To extenuate your guilt, but quit it clean:
Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leave them.
He acts the third crime that defends the first.
Here is a lady that hath got the start
In piety of us all, and for whose virtue
I could almost turn lover again, but that
Terentia would be jealous. What an honour
Hath she achieved to herself! what voices,
Titles, and loud applauses will pursue her
Through every street! what windows will be fill'd,
To shoot eyes at her! what envy and grief in matrons,
They are not she, when this her act shall seem
Worthier a chariot, than if Pompey came
With Asia chain'd! all this is, while she lives;
But dead, her very name will be a statue,

Not wrought for time, but rooted in the minds
Of all posterity; when brass and marble,
Ay, and the Capitol itself is dust!
Ful. Your honour thinks too highly of me.
Cic. No;
I cannot think enough, and I would have
Him emulate you. 'Tis no shame to follow
The better precedent. She shews you, Curius,
What claim your country lays to you, and what duty
You owe to it: be not afraid to break
With murderers and traitors, for the saving
A life so near and necessary to you,
As is your country's. Think but on her right.
No child can be too natural to his parent:
She is our common mother, and doth challenge
The prime part of us; do not stop, but give it.
He that is void of fear, may soon be just;
And no religion binds men to be traitors.
Ful. My lord, he understands it, and will follow
Your saving counsel; but his shame yet stays him.
I know that he is coming.'[7]
Cur. Do you know it?
Ful. Yes; let me speak with you.
[*Takes him aside.*
Cur. O, you are——
Ful. What am I?
Cur. Speak not so loud.
Ful. I am what you should be.
[*Lowering her voice.*
Come, do you think I'd walk in any plot
Where madam Sempronia should take place of me,
And Fulvia come in the rear, or on the by?

[7] *I know that he is* coming.] i. e. giving way to your wishes. So, in the *Fox:*

"I hear him *coming*."

That I would be her second in a business,
Though it might vantage me all the sun sees?
It was a silly phant'sy of yours. Apply
Yourself to me and the consul, and be wise;
Follow the fortune I have put you into:
You may be something this way, and with safety.
Cic. Nay, I must tolerate no whisperings, lady.
Ful. Sir, you may hear: I tell him in the way
Wherein he was, how hazardous his course was.
Cic. How hazardous! how certain to all ruin.
Did he, or do yet any of them imagine
The gods would sleep to such a Stygian practice,
Against that commonwealth which they have founded
With so much labour, and like care have kept,
Now near seven hundred years? It is a madness,
Wherewith heaven blinds them, when it would confound them,[8]
That they should think it. Come, my Curius,
I see your nature's right; you shall no more
Be mention'd with them: I will call you mine,
And trouble this good shame[9] no farther. Stand
Firm for your country, and become a man
Honour'd and loved: it were a noble life,
To be found dead, embracing her. Know you
What thanks, what titles, what rewards the senate
Will heap upon you, certain, for your service?
Let not a desperate action more engage you,

[8] ——————— *It is a madness,*
Wherewith heav'n blinds them, when it would confound them.] From the Latin adage,

Perdere quos vult Jupiter, dementat prius. WHAL.

[9] *This good shame*] Cicero is complimentary and poetical, at once:—this modest and virtuous lady. Examples of a similar kind are to be found in Shakspeare and others, where the predominant quality of the moment is turned into an appellative. Thus Coriolanus terms Volumnia, his "gracious silence."

Than safety should; and wicked friendship force,
What honesty and virtue cannot work.
Ful. He tells you right, sweet friend: 'tis saving counsel.
Cur. Most noble consul, I am yours and hers,
I mean, my country's; you have form'd me new,
Inspiring me with what I should be truly:
And I entreat, my faith may not seem cheaper
For springing out of penitence.
Cic. Good Curius,
It shall be dearer rather; and because
I'd make it such, hear how I trust you more.
Keep still your former face, and mix again
With these lost spirits; run all their mazes with them;
For such are treasons: find their windings out,
And subtle turnings; watch their snaky ways,
Through brakes and hedges, into woods of darkness
Where they are fain to creep upon their breasts
In paths ne'er trod by men, but wolves and panthers.
Learn, beside Catiline, Lentulus, and those
Whose names I have, what new ones they draw in;
Who else are likely; what those great ones are
They do not name; what ways they mean to take;
And whither their hopes point to war, or ruin
By some surprise. Explore all their intents;
And what you find may profit the republic,
Acquaint me with it, either by your self,
Or this your virtuous friend, on whom I lay
The care of urging you: I'll see that Rome
Shall prove a thankful and a bounteous mother.
Be secret as the night.
Cur. And constant, sir.
Cic. I do not doubt it, though the time cut off

All vows: The dignity of truth is lost
With much protesting. Who is there?

Enter a Servant.

This way,
Lest you be seen and met. And when you come,
Be this your token [*whispers with him.*] to this fellow. Light them.

[*Exit Servant with Cur. and Fulvia.*

O Rome, in what a sickness art thou fallen!
How dangerous and deadly, when thy head
Is drown'd in sleep, and all thy body fevery!
No noise, no pulling, no vexation wakes thee,
Thy lethargy is such: or if, by chance,
Thou heav'st thy eye-lids up, thou dost forget,
Sooner than thou wert told, thy proper danger.
I did unreverently to blame the gods,
Who wake for thee, though thou snore to thy self.
Is it not strange thou should'st be so diseased,
And so secure? but more, that the first symptoms
Of such a malady should not rise out
From any worthy member, but a base
And common strumpet, worthless to be named
A hair, or part of thee? Think, think, hereafter,
What thy needs were, when thou must use such means;
And lay it to thy breast, how much the gods
Upbraid thy foul neglect of them, by making
So vile a thing the author of thy safety.
They could have wrought by nobler ways, have struck
Thy foes with forked lightning, or ramm'd thunder;
Thrown hills upon them in the act; have sent
Death, like a damp, to all their families;

Or caus'd their consciences to burst them: but
When they will shew thee what thou art, and make
A scornful difference 'twixt their power and thee,
They help thee by such aids as geese* and harlots.

Re-enter Lictor.

How now, what answer? is he come?
Lict. Your brother
Will straight be here, and your colleague Antonius
Said coldly he would follow me. [*Exit.*
Cic. Ay, that
Troubles me somewhat, and is worth my fear.
He is a man 'gainst whom I must provide,
That, as he'll do no good, he do no harm.
He, though he be not of the plot, will like it,
And wish it should proceed; for, unto men
Prest with their wants, all change is ever welcome.
I must with offices and patience win him,
Make him by art that which he is not born,
A friend unto the public, and bestow
The province on him, which is by the senate
Decreed to me;[1] that benefit will bind him:

* ——— *by such aids as* geese] He alludes to the trite story of "the cackling of these animals waking the guards of the Capitol, when the Gauls were on the point of surprising it."

[1] ——— *and bestow*
The province on him, which is by the senate
Decreed to me;] Antonius, who was somewhat deeper in the plot, than Cicero seems to imagine, was overwhelmed with debt. Macedonia, therefore, which was one of the most desirable governments in the republic, and which had fallen to Cicero by lot, was a bribe well calculated to secure the fidelity and co-operation of his colleague. Cicero received in exchange the province of Cisalpine Gaul, an appointment no way suited to his unwarlike disposition, and which, indeed, he afterwards wisely

'Tis well, if some men will do well for price;
So few are virtuous when the reward's away.
Nor must I be unmindful of my private;[2]
For which I have call'd my brother and the tribunes,
My kinsfolks, and my clients, to be near me.
He that stands up 'gainst traitors, and their ends,
Shall need a double guard, of law, and friends:
Especially in such an envious state,
That sooner will accuse the magistrate,
Than the delinquent; and will rather grieve
The treason is not acted, than believe. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Catiline's *House.*

Enter CÆSAR *and* CATILINE.

Cæs. The night[3] grows on, and you are for your meeting;

transferred to his friend Metellus Celer. The city was his proper stage of action; there the senate and the forum heard him with alternate wonder and delight.

In the lines which immediately follow, Cicero has quoted Ovid and Juvenal in the spirit of prophecy: not that the thought was originally theirs; for the world had not reached the age of Cicero, without some one asking,

——— *Quis virtutem amplectitur ipsam*
Præmia si tollas?

[2] *Nor must I be unmindful of my* private,] Interest, or safety. A similar mode of expression occurs in *Timon of Athens*, A. iv. S. 3.

"Of him, that his *particular* to foresee
"Smells from the general weal." WHAL.

[3] Cæs. *The night* &c.] Jonson seems hostile to Cæsar, as he has made him play a more prominent part in the conspiracy than he actually appears to have done. Sallust is evidently partial to Cæsar; but even Dio, Plutarch, and Suetonius, who

I'll therefore end in few. Be resolute,
And put your enterprise in act. The more
Actions of depth and danger are consider'd,
The less assuredly they are perform'd:
And thence it happeneth, that the bravest plots,
Not executed straight, have been discover'd.
Say, you are constant, or another, a third,
Or more; there may be yet one wretched spirit,
With whom the fear of punishment shall work
'Bove all the thoughts of honour and revenge.
You are not now to think what's best to do,
As in beginnings, but what must be done,
Being thus enter'd; and slip no advantage
That may secure you. Let them call it mischief;
When it is past, and prosper'd, 'twill be virtue.
They're petty crimes are punish'd, great rewarded.
Nor must you think of peril, since attempts
Begun with danger, still do end with glory;
And, when need spurs, despair will be call'd wisdom.
Less ought the care of men, or fame to fright you;
For they that win, do seldom receive shame
Of victory, howe'er it be achieved;
And vengeance, least: for who, besieged with wants,
Would stop at death, or any thing beyond it?
Come, there was never any great thing yet
Aspired, but by violence or fraud:

more than insinuate that he was an actor in the plot, produce little else for their authority than the reports of the day. That he knew of Catiline's designs cannot be doubted, and that he wished them to succeed to a certain point, may be fairly conjectured from his ambitious views: but that he attended any of the meetings, or directly participated in the measures of so rash and inconsiderate a set as followed the desperate fortunes of Catiline, his known prudence and political sagacity forbid us to imagine.

And he that sticks for folly of a conscience
To reach it——
Cat. Is a good religious fool.[4]
Cæs. A superstitious slave, and will die beast.
Good night. You know what Crassus thinks, and I,
By this. Prepare your wings as large as sails,
To cut through air, and leave no print behind you.
A serpent, ere he comes to be a dragon,
Does eat a bat;[5] and so must you a consul,
That watches. What you do, do quickly, Sergius. [*Going.*
You shall not stir for me.
Cat. Excuse me.—Lights there!
Cæs. By no means.
Cat. Stay then. All good thoughts to Cæsar,
And like to Crassus.

[4] Cat. *Is a good* religious *fool.*] It is probable that our poet uses the word *religious* in the same sense the Romans assigned to *religiosus*, which was generally taken to signify a fearful superstitious person; and so Cæsar understands him. WHAL.

[5] *A serpent, ere he comes to be a dragon,*
Does eat a bat;] This is the Greek proverb, Οφις η μη φαγῃ οφιν, δρακων ου γινησεται, which, Erasmus says, savours, to him, a little of vulgarity. This however was not seen, or not regarded by our old writers, who make frequent use of it. "No man, (says Lord Bacon) prospers so suddenly as by others errors. *Serpens nisi serpentem comederit non fit draco.*" And Beaumont: "The snake that would be a dragon and have wings must eat" —a snake, I suppose; but the words have dropt out of the text; and the editor, who found no previous remarks on the passage, has suffered the defect to escape him;—and he proceeds, like Lord Bacon, to illustrate the saying: "And what implieth that but this—that in this cannibal age, he that would have the suit of wealth, must not care whom he feeds on," &c. *The Honest Man's Fortune*, A. iii. S. 3. It is used in a similar manner by Dryden:

"A serpent ne'er becomes a flying dragon
"Till he has eat a serpent." *Œdipus.*

Cæs. Mind but your friends' counsels. [*Exit.*
Cat. Or I will bear no mind.—

Enter AURELIA.

How now, Aurelia!
Are your confederates come, the ladies?
Aur. Yes.
Cat. And is Sempronia there?
Aur. She is.
Cat. That's well.
She has a sulphurous spirit, and will take
Light at a spark. Break with them, gentle love,
About the drawing as many of their husbands
Into the plot, as can; if not, to rid them:
That will be the easier practice unto some,
Who have been tired with them long. Solicit
Their aids for money, and their servants' help,
In firing of the city at the time
Shall be design'd. Promise them states and empires,
And men for lovers, made of better clay
Than ever the old potter Titan knew.[6]

Enter LECCA.

Who's that? O, Porcius Lecca! Are they met?
Lec. They are all here.
Cat. Love, you have your instructions:
I'll trust you with the stuff you have to work on,
You'll form it! [*Exit Aurelia.*] Porcius, fetch the silver eagle
I gave you in charge; and pray 'em they will enter. [*Exit Lecca.*

[6] *Than ever the old* potter *Titan knew.*] From Juvenal:

——— *quibus arte benigna,*
Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan.

Enter CETHEGUS, CURIUS, LENTULUS, VARGUNTEIUS, LONGINUS, GABINIUS, CEPARIUS, AUTRONIUS, &c.

Cat. O friends, your faces glad me! This will be
Our last, I hope, of consultation.
Cet. So it had need.
Cur. We lose occasion daily.
Cat. Ay, and our means; whereof one wounds me most
That was the fairest: Piso is dead in Spain.[7]
Cet. As we are here.
Lon. And, as 'tis thought, by envy
Of Pompey's followers.
Len. He too's coming back,
Now, out of Asia.
Cat. Therefore, what we intend
We must be swift in. Take your seats, and hear.
I have already sent Septimius
Into the Picene territory, and Julius,
To raise force for us in Apulia;
Manlius at Fesulæ is by this time up,
With the old needy troops that follow'd Sylla:
And all do but expect when we will give
The blow at home.

[7] *Piso is dead in Spain.*] Piso was murdered in his way to that province by some Spanish horse, whom he had incorporated with his cavalry. He was a young nobleman of the most profligate manners, and was supposed by some to have provoked his fate by cruelty in his command; though others (as the historian adds) pretended that he was put to death at the instigation of Pompey, by some of his dependents, disguised as troopers. This opinion is judiciously adopted by the poet. The Julius mentioned just below, was Caius Julius.

Re-enter P. LECCA *with the eagle.*

Behold this silver eagle,[8]
'Twas Marius' standard in the Cimbrian war,
Fatal to Rome; and as our augurs tell me,
Shall still be so: for which one ominous cause,
I've kept it safe, and done it sacred rites,
As to a godhead, in a chapel built
Of purpose to it. Pledge then all your hands,
To follow it with vows of death and ruin,
Struck silently and home. So waters speak
When they run deepest. Now's the time, this year,
The twentieth from the firing of the Capitol,
As fatal too to Rome, by all predictions;

[8] *Behold this silver* eagle, &c.] This eagle, which is noticed by most of the historians, was Catiline's favourite standard. With the usual inconsistency of the ancient atheists, while he denied the existence of the gods, he seems to have attributed a supernatural power to this senseless ensign, and to have paid it a kind of religious worship. He sent it before him to the army; and, in the fatal action which followed, he took his station under it, with the bravest of his adherents. The superstitious reverence which he paid it, together with other circumstances mentioned in the text, are thus noticed by Cicero: *Sciam a quo aquilam illam argenteam, quam tibi ac tuis omnibus, perniciosam esse confido et funestam futuram; cui domi tuæ sacrarium scelerum tuorum constitutum fuit, sciam esse præmissam? Tu ut illa diutius carere possis, quam venerari, ad eædem proficiscens, solebas? a cujus altaribus sæpe istam dexteram impiam ad necem civium transtulisti?* In Cat. I. 9. To this eagle may be attributed the great number of standards of this description in the Roman armies in after times. It had originally belonged to Marius, who gained so many battles under it, that he conceived an affection for the device, and as far as in him lay, changed the minotaurs, and boars, and wolves, and dragons which the soldiers had anciently borne, into eagles. Pompey's army seems scarcely to have had any other device; for Cæsar tells us that, at the battle of Pharsalia, he took near sixty of them.

And in which honour'd Lentulus must rise
A king, if he pursue it.
Cur. If he do not,
He is not worthy the great destiny.
Len. It is too great for me; but what the gods
And their great loves decree me, I must not
Seem careless of.
Cat. No, nor we envious,
We have enough beside; all Gallia, Belgia,
Greece, Spain and Africk.
Cur. Ay, and Asia too,
Now Pompey is returning.
Cat. Noblest Romans,
Methinks our looks are not so quick and high,
As they were wont.
Cur. No! whose is not?[9]
Cat. We have
No anger in our eyes, no storm, no lightning:
Our hate is spent, and fumed away in vapour,
Before our hands be at work: I can accuse
Not any one, but all, of slackness.
Cet. Yes,
And be your self such, while you do it.
Cat. Ha!
'Tis sharply answer'd, Caius.
Cet. Truly, truly.
Len. Come, let us each one know his part to do,
And then be accused. Leave these untimely quarrels.
Cur. I would there were more Romes than one to ruin!
Cet. More Romes! more worlds.

[9] Cur. *No! whose is not?*] This is artful. Curius, who is conscious of his treachery, is quick to avert suspicion. Addison has made great use of this part of the drama in his *Cato*.

Cur. Nay then, more gods and natures,
If they took part.
Len. When shall the time be first?
Cat. I think, the Saturnals![1]
Cet. 'Twill be too long.
Cat. They are not now far off, 'tis not a month.
Cet. A week, a day, an hour is too far off:
Now were the fittest time.
Cat. We have not laid
All things so safe and ready.
Cet. While we are laying,
We shall all lie and grow to earth. Would I
Were nothing in it, if not now: these things,
They should be done, ere thought.
Cat. Nay, now your reason
Forsakes you, Caius. Think but what commodity
That time will minister; the city's custom
Of being then in mirth and feast——
Len. Loos'd whole
In pleasure and security——
Ant. Each house
Resolved in freedom——
Cur. Every slave a master——
Lon. And they too no mean aids——
Cur. Made from their hope
Of liberty——
Len. Or hate unto their lords.
Var. 'Tis sure, there cannot be a time found out
More apt and natural.
Len. Nay, good Cethegus,
Why do your passions now disturb our hopes?

[1] Cat. *I think, the Saturnals.*] i. e. about the 17th of December. The Saturnalia lasted for several days, and as the slaves were then indulged with a considerable degree of liberty, the time, as Catiline remarks, was peculiarly fit for the purpose.

Cet. Why do your hopes delude your certainties?
Cat. You must lend him his way. [*Aside to Lentulus.*] Think for the order,
And process of it.
Lon. Yes.
Len. I like not fire,
'Twill too much waste my city.
Cat. Were it embers,
There will be wealth enough raked out of them,
To spring a new. It must be fire, or nothing.
Lon. What else should fright or terrify them?
Var. True.
In that confusion must be the chief slaughter.
Cur. Then we shall kill them bravest.
Cep. And in heaps.
Aut. Strew sacrifices.
Cur. Make the earth an altar.
Lon. And Rome the fire.
Lec. 'Twill be a noble night.
Var. And worth all Sylla's days.
Cur. When husbands, wives,
Grandsires, and nephews,[a] servants, and their lords,
Virgins, and priests, the infant, and the nurse,
Go all to hell together in a fleet.*
Cat. I would have you, Longinus and Statilius,
To take the charge o' the firing, which must be,
At a sign given with a trumpet, done
In twelve chief places of the city at once.
The flax and sulphur are already laid
In, at Cethegus' house; so are the weapons.

[a] *Grandsires, and* nephews,] i. e. grandsons, *nepotes*. See p. 245.
* *In a* fleet] He alludes to the speech of Cethegus, p. 210.

Gabinius, you, with other force, shall stop
The pipes and conduits, and kill those that come
For water.
Cur. What shall I do?
Cat. All will have
Employment, fear not: ply the execution.
Cur. For that, trust me and Cethegus.
Cat. I will be
At hand with the army, to meet those that scape:
And, Lentulus, begirt you Pompey's house,
To seize his sons alive; for they are they
Must make our peace with him: all else cut off,
As Tarquin did the poppy-heads,[3] or mowers
A field of thistles; or else, up, as ploughs
Do barren lands, and strike together flints
And clods, th' ungrateful senate and the people;
Till no rage gone before, or coming after,
May weigh with yours, though horror leap'd herself
Into the scale: but, in your violent acts,
The fall of torrents and the noise of tempests,
The boiling of Charybdis, the sea's wildness,
The eating force of flames, and wings of winds,
Be all out-wrought by your transcendant furies.
It had been done ere this, had I been consul;
We had had no stop, no let.
Len. How find you Antonius?
Cat. The other has won him, — lost: that Cicero
Was born to be my opposition,
And stands in all our ways.

[3] *As Tarquin did the poppy-heads,*] When Sextus, the son of Tarquin, had treacherously wrought himself into favour at Gabii, he sent a messenger to his father at Rome to learn his pleasure. He gave him no reply, but took him into the garden, *et ibi inambulans tacitus, summa papaverum capita dicitur baculo decussisse.* Liv. l. i. c. 54. WHAL.

Cur. Remove him first.
Cet. May that yet be done sooner?
Cat. Would it were done.
Cur. Var. I'll do't.
Cet. It is my province; none usurp it.
Len. What are your means?
Cet. Enquire not. He shall die.
Shall, was too slowly[4] said; he's dying: that
Is yet too slow; he's dead.
Cat. Brave, only Roman,
Whose soul might be the world's soul, were that dying;
Refuse not yet the aids of these your friends.
Len. Here's Vargunteius holds good quarter with him.
Cat. And under the pretext of clientele
And visitation, with the morning hail,
Will be admitted.
Cet. What is that to me?
Var. Yes, we may kill him in his bed, and safely.
Cet. Safe is your way then, take it: mine's mine own. [*Exit.*
Cat. Follow him, Vargunteius, and persuade,
The morning is the fittest time.
Lon. The night
Will turn all into tumult.
Len. And perhaps
Miss of him too.

[4] *He* shall *die*,
Shall, *was too slowly* &c.] Literally from the *Hercules Furens*, and put, with great judgment, into the mouth of the impetuous Cethegus.

Si novi Herculem
Lycus Creonti debitas pœnas dabit:
Lentum est, dabit; dat: hoc quoque lentum est; dedit. v. 644.

Cat. Entreat and conjure him
In all our names——
Len. By all our vows and friendships.
[*Exit Vargunteius.*

Enter SEMPRONIA, AURELIA, *and* FULVIA.

Sem. What! is our council broke up first?
Aur. You say,
Women are greatest talkers.
[*Whispers with Cat. while Ful. takes Cur. aside.*
Sem. We have done,
And are now fit for action.
Lon. Which is passion;
There is your best activity, lady.
Sem. How
Knows your wise fatness that?
Lon. Your mother's daughter
Did teach me, madam.
Cat. Come, Sempronia, leave him;
He is a giber, and our present business
Is of more serious consequence. Aurelia
Tells me, you've done most masculinely within,
And play'd the orator.
Sem. But we must hasten
To our design as well, and execute;
Not hang still in the fever of an accident.
Cat. You say well, lady.
Sem. I do like our plot
Exceeding well; 'tis sure, and we shall leave
Little to fortune in it.
Cat. Your banquet stays.
Aurelia, take her in. Where's Fulvia?
Sem. O, the two lovers are coupling.
Cur. In good faith,
She's very ill with sitting up.

Sem. You'd have her
Laugh, and lie down.
Ful. No, faith, Sempronia,
I am not well; I'll take my leave, it draws
Toward the morning. Curius shall stay with you.
Madam, I pray you pardon me; my health
I must respect.
Aur. Farewell, good Fulvia.
Cur. [*Aside to Fulvia.*] Make haste, and bid him
get his guards about him;
For Vargunteius and Cornelius
Have underta'en it, should Cethegus miss:
Their reason, that they think his open rashness
Will suffer easier discovery
Than their attempt, so veiled under friendship.
I'll bring you to your coach. Tell him, beside,
Of Cæsar's coming forth here.
Cat. My sweet madam,
Will you be gone?
Ful. I am, my lord, in truth,
In some indisposition.
Cat. I do wish
You had all your health, sweet lady. Lentulus,
You'll do her service.
Len. To her coach,—and duty.
[*Exeunt all but Catiline.*
Cat. What ministers men must for practice
use,
The rash, the ambitious, needy, desperate,
Foolish and wretched, e'en the dregs of man-
kind,
To whores and women! still it must be so.
Each have their proper place, and in their rooms
They are the best. Grooms fittest kindle fires,
Slaves carry burdens, butchers are for slaughters,
Apothecaries, butlers, cooks, for poisons;
As these for me: dull stupid Lentulus,

My stale, with whom I stalk; [5] the rash Cethegus,
My executioner; and fat Longinus,
Statilius, Curius, Ceparius, Cimber,
My labourers, pioneers, and incendiaries:
With these domestic traitors, bosom thieves,
Whom custom hath called wives: the readiest helps
To strangle headstrong husbands, rob the easy,
And lend the moneys on returns of lust.
Shall Catiline not do now, with these aids,
So sought, so sorted, something shall be call'd
Their labour, but his profit? and make Cæsar
Repent his venturing counsels to a spirit
So much his lord in mischief? when all these
Shall, like the brethren sprung of dragons teeth,
Ruin each other, and he fall amongst them,
With Crassus, Pompey, or who else appears
But like, or near a great one. May my brain
Resolve to water, and my blood turn phlegm,
My hands drop off unworthy of my sword,
And that be inspired of itself to rip
My breast for my lost entrails, when I leave
A soul that will not serve; and who will, are
The same with slaves, such clay I dare not fear.
The cruelty I mean to act, I wish
Should be call'd mine, and tarry in my name;
Whilst after-ages do toil out themselves
In thinking for the like, but do it less:
And were the power of all the fiends let loose,
With fate to boot, it should be still example,
When, what the Gaul or Moor could not effect,

[5] *My* stale *with whom I stalk.*] The allusion is to an animal, or a pasteboard representation of one, under cover of which, the fowler stalks unseen, till he gets within a convenient distance of his game.

Nor emulous Carthage, with their length of spight,
Shall be the work of one, and that MY night.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in CICERO'S *House.*

Enter CICERO, FULVIA, *and Attendant.*

Cic. I thank your vigilance. Where's my brother Quintus?
Call all my servants up! [*Exit Attendant.*] Tell noble Curius,
And say it to yourself, you are my savers:
But that's too little for you; you are Rome's.
What could I then hope less?

Enter QUINTUS CICERO.

O brother! now
The enginers[6] I told you of are working,
The machine 'gins to move. Where are your weapons?
Arm all my household presently, and charge
The porter, he let no man in till day.
Qui. Not clients, and your friends?
Cic. They wear those names,
That come to murder me. Yet send for Cato,
And Quintus Catulus; those I dare trust;
And Flaccus and Pomptinius, the prætors,
By the back way.
Qui. Take care, good brother Marcus,

[6] *The* enginers *I told you of*, &c.] The old copies read *engines*. Whalley saw the defect of the metre, and attempted to remedy it, but without success. I have little doubt but that the text is now as it originally stood.

Your fears be not form'd greater than they should;
And make your friends grieve, while your enemies laugh.
Cic. 'Tis brother's counsel, and worth thanks. But do
As I entreat you. [*Exit Quintus.*] I provide, not fear.—
Was Cæsar there, say you?
Ful. Curius says he met him
Coming from thence.
Cic. O, so. And had you a council
Of ladies too? who was your speaker, madam?
Ful. She that would be, had there been forty more;
Sempronia, who had both her Greek and figures,
And ever and anon would ask us, if
The witty consul could have mended that,
Or orator Cicero could have said it better?
Cic She is my gentle enemy. Would Cethegus
Had no more danger in him! But my guards
Are you, great Powers, and the unbated strengths
Of a firm conscience, which shall arm each step
Ta'en for the state; and teach me slack no pace
For fear of malice.

Re-enter QUINTUS.

How now, brother?
Qui. Cato,
And Quintus Catulus were coming to you,
And Crassus with them. I have let them in
By the garden.
Cic. What would Crassus have?
Qui. I hear
Some whispering 'bout the gate, and making doubt
Whether it be not yet too early, or no?

But I do think, they are your friends and clients,
Are fearful to disturb you.
Cic. You will change
To another thought anon. Have you given the porter
The charge I will'd you?
Qui. Yes.
Cic. Withdraw and hearken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Street before Cicero's *House.*

Enter VARGUNTEIUS *and* CORNELIUS, *with armed men.*

Varg. The door's not open yet.
Cor. You were best to knock.
Var. Let them stand close then; and, when we are in,
Rush after us.
Cor. But where's Cethegus?
Var. He
Has left it, since he might not do't his way.
Por. [*within.*] Who's there? [*Knocks.*
Var. A friend, or more.
Por. [*within.*] I may not let
Any man in, till day.
Var. No! why?
Cor. Thy reason?
Por. [*within.*] I am commanded so.
Var. By whom?
Cor. I hope
We are not discover'd.
Var. Yes, by revelation!—
Pray thee, good slave, who has commanded thee?

Por. [*within.*] He that may best, the consul.
Var. We are his friends.
Por. [*within.*] All's one.
Cor. Best give your name.
Var. Dost thou hear, fellow?
I have some instant business with the consul.
My name is Vargunteius.
Cic. [*appears at the window above, with Cato, Catulus, and Crassus.*] True, he knows it,
And for what friendly office you are sent.
Cornelius too is there—
Var. We are betray'd.
Cic. And desperate Cethegus, is he not?
Var. Speak you, he knows my voice.
Cic. What say you to't?
Cor. You are deceived, sir.
Cic. No, 'tis you are so;
Poor misled men. Your states are yet worth pity,
If you would hear, and change your savage minds.
Leave to be mad; forsake your purposes
Of treason, rapine, murder, fire, and horror:
The commonwealth hath eyes that wake as sharply
Over her life, as yours do for her ruin.
Be not deceived, to think her lenity
Will be perpetual; or, if men be wanting,
The gods will be, to such a calling cause.
Consider your attempts, and while there's time,
Repent you of them. It doth make me tremble,
There should those spirits yet breathe, that when they cannot
Live honestly, would rather perish basely.
Cato. You talk too much to 'em, Marcus; they are lost:
Go forth, and apprehend them.
Catu. If you prove

This practice,[7] what should let the common-
wealth
To take due vengeance?
Var. Let us shift, away!
The darkness hath conceal'd us yet. We'll say,
Some have abused our names.
Cor. Deny it all. [*Exeunt below.*
Cato. Quintus, what guards have you? call the
tribunes' aid,
And raise the city. Consul, you are too mild,
The foulness of some facts takes thence all mercy;
Report it to the senate. [*It thunders and lightens violently on a sudden.*] Hear! the gods
Grow angry with your patience. 'Tis their care,
And must be yours, that guilty men escape not:
As crimes do grow, justice should rouse itself.
[*Exeunt above.*

CHORUS.

What is it, heavens, you prepare
With so much swiftness, and so sudden rising?
There are no sons of earth that dare,
Again, rebellion? or the gods' surprising?

The world doth shake, and nature fears;
Yet is the tumult and the horror greater

[7] *If you prove this* practice.] *i. e.* a piece of treachery, a stratagem, a wicked combination. The word has already occurred more than once in this sense in the present play: thus, p. 258:

——what can excite
Thine anger, if this *practice* be too light?

And again, p. 263:

——did he imagine
The gods would sleep to such a Stygian practice?

Within our minds, than in our ears:
So much Rome's faults (now grown her fate) do
threat her.

The priests and people run about,
Each order, age, and sex amaz'd at other;
And at the ports all thronging out,
As if their safety were to quit their mother:

Yet find they the same dangers there,
From which they make such haste to be preserved:
For guilty states do ever bear
The plagues about them which they have deserved.

And till those plagues do get above
The mountain of our faults, and there do sit,
We see them not: thus still we love
Th' evil we do, until we suffer it.

But most ambition, that near vice
To virtue, hath the fate of Rome provoked;
And made that now Rome's self ['s] no price
To free her from the death wherewith she's yoked.

That restless ill that still doth build
Upon success, and ends not in aspiring:
But there begins; and ne'er is fill'd
While aught remains that seems but worth desiring,

Wherein the thought, unlike the eye,
To which things far seem smaller than they are,
Deems all contentment placed on high;
And thinks there's nothing great but what is far.

O, that in time Rome did not cast
Her errors up, this fortune to prevent!
To have seen her crimes ere they were past,
And felt her faults before her punishment.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street at the foot of the Capitol.

[*The storm continued.*][8]

Enter the Allobrogian Ambassadors.[9] *Divers Senators pass by them, quaking and trembling.*

1 *Am.* Can these men fear, who are not only ours,
But the world's masters! Then I see the gods
Upbraid our suff'rings, or would humble them,
By sending these affrights while we are here;
That we might laugh at their ridiculous fear,
Whose names we trembled at beyond the Alps.
Of all that pass, I do not see a face
Worthy a man; that dares look up and stand

[8] *The storm continued.*] There is a reference to this storm, (by which the Capitol appears to have been struck) in that fine fragment of Cicero's, already quoted (p. 213.) Few of his contemporaries have any thing superior to the following lines:

Nunc ea Torquato quæ quondam, et consule Cotta
Lydius ediderat Tyrrhenæ gentis haruspex,
Omnia fixa tuus glomerans determinat annus.
Nam pater altitonans stellanti nixus Olympo,
Ipse suos quondam tumulos ac templa petivit,
Et Capitolinis injecit sedibus ignes.

[9] The Allobroges were a people of ancient Gaul, principally settled in Savoy and part of Dauphiny. They were an unquiet and mutinous people, and their deputies were now at Rome, with a complaint against their governor, L. Murena, which the Senate had refused to hear. Hence the ill humour with which they are introduced on the scene, and the readiness with which they subsequently enter into the views of the conspirators.

One thunder out: but downward all, like beasts,
Running away from every flash is made.
The falling world could not deserve such baseness.
Are we employed here by our miseries,
Like superstitious fools, or rather slaves,
To plain our griefs, wrongs, and oppressions,
To[1] a mere clothed senate, whom our folly
Hath made, and still intends to keep, our tyrants?
It is our base petitionary breath
That blows them to this greatness; which this
prick [*Points to his sword.*
Would soon let out, if we were bold and[2] wretched.
When they have taken all we have, our goods,
Crop, lands and houses, they will leave us this:
A weapon and an arm will still be found,
Though naked left, and lower than the ground.

[1] *To a mere clothed senate.*] *i. e.* as Shakspeare expresses it, "a *toged* senate," men who derive their importance from their official purple. As this drama was probably deemed a learned one, the two gentlemen already mentioned, Sympson and Seward, seem to have thought that they had found a fair opportunity for the display of their scholarship; and accordingly took every occasion of obtruding their remarks on the editor, who, on his part, appears but too ready to encourage them. A mere clothed senate, Sympson would exchange for what he calls "a more poetical reading," a *fear-clothed* senate; i. e. as he judiciously explains it, "a senate whose fears enwrapt them more than their furs!" I have silently thrown out much of their lumber of course, though it has occasionally cost me some pains to abstain from exposing their absurd temerity.

[2] *If we were bold* and *wretched.*] Here again the duumvirate advance their farthing candle; and actually persuade Whalley to corrupt the text. He has altered, he says, "the conjunctive particle, *and* to *as*, which, his two friends assure him, is the *justest* and *easiest* reading!" His two friends did not see that the expression was Juvenal's, *fortibus ac miseris*, nor that the concluding lines were a pretty close translation of his threat to Ponticus.

——tollas licet omne quod usquam est
Auri atque argenti; scutem gladiumque relinques,
Et jacula et galeam: spoliatis arma supersunt.

Enter CATO, CATULUS, *and* CICERO.

Cato. Do; urge thine anger still, good heaven and just!
Tell guilty men what powers are above them.
In such a confidence of wickedness,
'Twas time they should know something fit to fear.

Catu. I never saw a morn more full of horror.

Cato. To Catiline and his: but to just men,
Though heaven should speak with all his wrath at once,
That with his breath the hinges of the world
Did crack, we should stand upright and unfear'd.

Cic. Why so we do, good Cato. Who be these?

Catu. Ambassadors from the Allobroges,
I take them, by their habits.

1 *Am.* Ay, these men
Seem of another race; let's sue to these,
There's hope of justice with their fortitude.

Cic. Friends of the senate and of Rome, to-day
We pray you to forbear us: on the morrow,
What suit you have, let us, by Fabius Sanga,
Whose patronage your state doth use,[3] but know it,
And on the consul's word, you shall receive
Dispatch, or else an answer worth your patience.

2 *Am.* We could not hope for more, most worthy consul.

[*Exeunt Cato, Catulus, and Cicero.*

This magistrate hath struck an awe into me,
And by his sweetness won a more regard
Unto his place, than all the boist'rous moods

[3] *Whose patronage your state doth use,*] Every nation subjected or allied to the Romans, had its patron in the senate, who was bound to watch over its peculiar interests, and was, in fact, its representative.

That ignorant greatness practiseth, to fill
The large, unfit authority it wears.
How easy is a noble spirit discern'd
From harsh and sulphurous matter, that flies out
In contumelies, makes a noise, and stinks!
May we find good and great men: that know how
To stoop to wants and meet necessities,
And will not turn from any equal suits!
Such men, they do not succour more the cause
They undertake with favour and success,
Than by it their own judgments they do raise,
In turning just men's needs into their praise.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Temple of Jupiter Stator.

Enter CICERO, ANTONIUS, CATO, CATULUS, CÆSAR, CRASSUS, *and many other Senators, Prætor, Officers, &c.*

Præ. Room for the consuls! Fathers, take
your places.
Here in the house of Jupiter the Stayer,
By edict from the consul, Marcus Tullius,
You're met, a frequent senate. Hear him speak.
Cic. What may be happy and auspicious still
To Rome and hers!
Honour'd and conscript fathers,
If I were silent, and that all the dangers
Threat'ning the state and you, were yet so hid
In night, or darkness thicker in their breasts,
That are the black contrivers, so that no
Beam of the light could pierce them; yet the
voice
Of heaven, this morning hath spoke loud enough

T' instruct you with a feeling of the horror,
And wake you from a sleep as stark as death.
I have of late spoke often in this senate
Touching this argument, but still have wanted
Either your ears or faith; so incredible
Their plots have seem'd, or I so vain, to make
These things for mine own glory and false greatness,
As hath been given out. But be it so.
When they break forth, and shall declare themselves
By their too foul effects, then, then the envy
Of my just cares will find another name.
For me, I am but one, and this poor life,
So lately aim'd at, not an hour yet since,
They cannot with more eagerness pursue,
Than I with gladness would lay down and lose
To buy Rome's peace, if that would purchase it.
But when I see they'd make it but the step
To more and greater; unto yours, Rome's, all;
I would with those preserve it, or then fall.

Cæs. Ay, ay, let you alone, cunning artificer!
See how his gorget peers above his gown,*
To tell the people in what danger he was.
It was absurdly done of Vargunteius,
To name himself before he was got in.
[*Aside to Crassus.*

Cras. It matters not, so they deny it all:
And can but carry the lie constantly.
Will Catiline be here?

* *See how his gorget peers above his gown,*] This circumstance was much noticed at the time. It does not appear, however, that Cicero wore it at this debate; it was a few days before, at the election for consuls, when Catiline was a second time repulsed, that he threw open his gown and displayed his breastplate:—a circumstance to which, as he now told Catiline, was owing, not only his own safety, but that of the consuls elect, Silanus and Murena.

Cæs. I have sent for him.
Cras. And have you bid him to be confident?
Cæs. To that his own necessity will prompt him.
Cras. Seem to believe nothing at all that Cicero
Relates us.
Cæs. It will mad him.
Cras. O, and help
The other party.

Enter Q. CICERO *with the Tribunes and Guards.*

Who is that, his brother?
What new intelligence has he brought him now?
Cæs. Some cautions from his wife, how to behave him.
Cic. Place some of them without, and some bring in.
Thank their kind loves: it is a comfort yet,
That all depart not from their country's cause.
Cæs. How now, what means this muster, consul Antonius?
Ant. I do not know; ask my colleague, he'll tell you.
There is some reason in state that I must yield to,
And I have promised him; indeed he has bought it,
With giving me the province.
Cic. I profess,
It grieves me, fathers, that I am compell'd
To draw these arms, and aids for your defence;
And more, against a citizen of Rome,
Born here amongst you, a patrician,
A man, I must confess, of no mean house,
Nor no small virtue, if he had employ'd
Those excellent gifts of fortune and of nature,
Unto the good, not ruin of the state.

But being bred in his father's needy fortunes,
Brought up in his sister's prostitution,
Confirm'd in civil slaughter, entering first
The commonwealth with murder of the gentry;
Since, both by study and custom conversant
With all licentiousness, what could be hoped
In such a field of riot, but a course
Extreme pernicious? though I must protest,
I found his mischiefs sooner with mine eyes
Than with my thought; and with these hands of mine,
Before they touch'd at my suspicion.

Cæs. What are his mischiefs, consul? you declaim
Against his manners, and corrupt your own:
No wise man should, for hate of guilty men,
Lose his own innocence.

Cic. The noble Cæsar
Speaks god-like truth. But when he hears I can
Convince him, by his manners, of his mischiefs,
He might be silent; and not cast away
His sentences in vain, where they scarce look
Toward his subject.

Enter CATILINE, *and sits down by* CATO, *who quits his place.*

Cato. Here he comes himself.
If he be worthy any good man's voice,
That good man sit down by him: Cato will not.

Catu. If Cato leave him, I'll not keep aside.
[*Rises*

Cat. What face is this the senate here puts on
Against me, fathers? give my modesty
Leave to demand the cause of so much strangeness.

Cæs. It is reported here, you are the head
To a strange faction, Lucius.

Cic. Ay, and will
Be proved against him.
Cat. Let it be. Why, consul,
If in the commonwealth there be two bodies,
One lean, weak, rotten, and that hath a head,
The other strong and healthful, but hath none;
If I do give it one, do I offend?
Restore your selves unto your temper, fathers,
And, without perturbation, hear me speak.
Remember who I am, and of what place,
What petty fellow this is that opposes;
One that hath exercised his eloquence
Still to the bane of the nobility,
A boasting, insolent tongue-man!—
Cato. Peace, lewd traitor,
Or wash thy mouth. He is an honest man,
And loves his country; would thou didst so too.
Cat. Cato, you are too zealous for him.
Cato. No;
Thou art too impudent.
Catu. Catiline, be silent.
Cat. Nay then, I easily fear my just defence
Will come too late to so much prejudice.
Cæs. Will he sit down? [*Aside.*
Cat. Yet let the world forsake me,
My innocence must not.
Cato. Thou innocent!
So are the Furies.
Cic. Yes, and Até too.
Dost thou not blush,[1] pernicious Catiline,

[1] *Dost thou not blush*, &c.] In what has already passed, Jonson has made use of various authorities; in what follows he principally confines himself to Cicero's first oration against Catiline. Of this version, (for it is no other,) he was not a little vain: and certainly, as a scholastic exercise, it has many claims to praise. As part of a scenic representation, it fails in the essential qualities of action and interest.

Or hath the paleness of thy guilt drunk up
Thy blood, and drawn thy veins as dry of that,
As is thy heart of truth, thy breast of virtue?
Whither at length wilt thou abuse our patience?
Still shall thy fury mock us! to what license
Dares thy unbridled boldness run itself!
Do all the nightly guards kept on the palace,
The city's watches, with the people's fears,
The concourse of all good men, this so strong
And fortified seat here of the senate,
The present looks upon thee, strike thee nothing?
Dost thou not feel thy counsels all laid open,
And see thy wild conspiracy bound in
With each man's knowledge? Which of all this order
Canst thou think ignorant, if they will but utter
Their conscience to the right, of what thou didst
Last night, what on the former, where thou wert,
Whom thou didst call together, what your plots were?
O age and manners! this the consul sees,
The senate understands, yet this man lives!—
Lives! ay, and comes here into council with us,
Partakes the public cares, and with his eye
Marks and points out each man of us to slaughter.
And we, good men, do satisfy the state,
If we can shun but this man's sword and madness.
There was that virtue once in Rome, when good men
Would, with more sharp coercion, have restrain'd
A wicked citizen, than the deadliest foe.
We have that law still, Catiline, for thee;
An act as grave as sharp: the state's not wanting,
Nor the authority of this senate; we,
We that are consuls, only fail our selves.
This twenty days the edge of that decree
We have let dull and rust; kept it shut up,
As in a sheath, which drawn, should take thy head.

Yet still thou liv'st: and liv'st not to lay by
Thy wicked confidence, but to confirm it.
I could desire, grave fathers, to be found
Still merciful, to seem, in these main perils
Grasping the state, a man remiss and slack;
But then I should condemn myself of sloth,
And treachery. Their camp's in Italy,
Pitch'd in the jaws here of Hetruria;
Their numbers daily increasing, and their general
Within our walls; nay, in our council! plotting
Hourly some fatal mischief to the public.
If, Catiline, I should command thee now,
Here to be taken, kill'd; I make just doubt,
Whether all good men would not think it done
Rather too late, than any man too cruel.

Cato. Except he were of the same meal and batch.

Cic. But that which ought to have been done long since,
I will, and for good reason, yet forbear.
Then will I take thee, when no man is found
So lost, so wicked, nay, so like thy self,
But shall profess, 'tis done of need and right.
While there is one that dares defend thee, live;
Thou shalt have leave, but so as now thou liv'st;
Watch'd at a hand, besieged, and opprest
From working least commotion to the state.
I have those eyes and ears shall still keep guard,
And spial on thee, as they've ever done,
And thou not feel it. What then canst thou hope?
If neither night can with her darkness hide
Thy wicked meetings, nor a private house
Can, in her walls, contain the guilty whispers
Of thy conspiracy: if all break out,
All be discover'd, change thy mind at last,
And lose thy thoughts of ruin, flame, and slaughter.
Remember how I told here to the senate,

That such a day thy lictor, Caius Manlius,
Would be in arms. Was I deceived, Catiline,
Or in the fact, or in the time, the hour?
I told too in this senate, that thy purpose
Was, on the fifth o' the kalends of November, [5]
To have slaughter'd this whole order: which my caution
Made many leave the city. Canst thou here
Deny, but this thy black design was hinder'd
That very day, by me? thy self closed in
Within my strengths, so that thou could'st not move
Against a public reed; [6] when thou wert heard
To say upon the parting of the rest,
Thou would'st content thee with the murder of us
That did remain? Hadst thou not hope beside,

[5] ——— ——— *Thy purpose*
Was on the fifth (the calends) *of November* &c.] Tully's words are, *Dixi ego idem in senatu, cædem te optimatum contulisse in ante diem* v. *calend. Novembr.* So that we have here a slight mistake. The *calends* of a month, as every one knows, are the first day of the month. So that *the fifth*, and *the calends* of November cannot possibly be the same day. We must read therefore, agreeably to the Latin:

——— *thy purpose*
Was on the fifth o' the calends of November. WHAL.

The quarto reads, without a parenthesis,

"Was on the fifth the calends of November;"

so that we want only the o', which probably dropt out at the press.

[6] *So that thou could'st not move*
Against a *public* reed?] "The ingenious Mr. Sympson" (Mr. Sympson again!) observes that we should read, "Against *the* public *weal.*" And so it actually stands in Whalley's edition, together with a grave comment on the errors of printers and transcribers. Catiline was so closely hemm'd in, by Cicero's precautions, that he had not power to shake even a reed belonging to the republic. This is the obvious sense of the passage, which runs thus in the original: *Commovere te contra rempublicam non potuisse.*

By a surprise by night to take Præneste?
Where when thou cam'st, didst thou not find the place
Made good against thee with my aids, my watches?
My garrisons fortified it. Thou dost nothing, Sergius,
Thou canst endeavour nothing, nay, not think,
But I both see and hear it; and am with thee,
By and before, about and in thee too.
Call but to mind thy last night's business[7]—Come,
I'll use no circumstance—at Lecca's house,
The shop and mint of your conspiracy,
Among your sword-men, where so many associates
Both of thy mischief and thy madness met.
Dar'st thou deny this? wherefore art thou silent?
Speak, and this shall convince thee: here they are,
I see them in this senate, that were with thee.
O, ye immortal Gods! in what clime are we,
What region do we live in, in what air?
What commonwealth or state is this we have?
Here, here, amongst us, our own number, fathers,
In this most holy council of the world
They are, that seek the spoil of me, of you,
Of ours, of all; what I can name's too narrow:
Follow the sun, and find not their ambition.
These I behold, being consul; nay, I ask
Their counsels of the state, as from good patriots:
Whom it were fit the axe should hew in pieces,
I not so much as wound yet with my voice.
Thou wast last night with Lecca, Catiline,
Your shares of Italy you there divided;

[7] *Call but to mind thy last night's business*—] This meeting of the conspirators (which was the last) took place on the evening of the sixth of November, A. U. 690.

Appointed who, and whither each should go;
What men should stay behind in Rome, were chosen;
Your offices set down; the parts mark'd out,
And places of the city, for the fire;
Thy self, thou affirm'dst, wast ready to depart,
Only a little let there was that stay'd thee,
That I yet lived. Upon the word, stepp'd forth
Three of thy crew, to rid thee of that care;
Two undertook this morning, before day,
To kill me in my bed. All this I knew,
Your convent scarce dismiss'd, arm'd all my servants,
Call'd both my brother and friends, shut out your clients
You sent to visit me; whose names I told
To some there of good place, before they came.

Cato. Yes, I, and Quintus Catulus can affirm it.

Cæs. He's lost and gone! His spirits have forsook him. [*Aside.*

Cic. If this be so, why, Catiline, dost thou stay?
Go where thou mean'st. The ports are open; forth!
The camp abroad wants thee, their chief, too long.
Lead with thee all thy troops out; purge the city.
Draw dry that noisome and pernicious sink,
Which, left behind thee, would infect the world.
Thou wilt free me of all my fears at once,
To see a wall between us. Dost thou stop
To do that, now commanded, which, before,
Of thine own choice, thou wert prone to? Go! the consul
Bids thee, an enemy, to depart the city:
Whither, thou'lt ask, to exile? I not bid
Thee that: but ask my counsel, I persuade it.

What is there here in Rome, that can delight thee?
Where not a soul, without thine own foul knot,
But fears and hates thee. What domestic note
Of private filthiness, but is burnt in
Into thy life, what close and secret shame,
But is grown one with thine own infamy?
What lust was ever absent from thine eyes,
What lewd fact from thy hands, what wickedness
From thy whole body? where's that youth drawn in
Within thy nets, or catch'd up with thy baits,
Before whose rage thou hast not borne a sword,
And to whose lusts thou hast not held a torch?
Thy latter nuptials I let pass in silence,
Where sins incredible on sins were heap'd;
Which I not name, lest in a civil state
So monstrous facts should either appear to be,
Or not to be revenged. Thy fortunes too
I glance not at, which hang but till next ides.[a]
I come to that which is more known, more public;
The life and safety of us all, by thee
Threaten'd and sought. Stood'st thou not in the field,[*]
When Lepidus and Tullus were our consuls,
Upon the day of choice, arm'd, and with forces,
To take their lives, and our chief citizens?

[a] ——— *Thy fortunes too*
I glance not at, which hang but till next ides.] That being the time when the money-lenders of Rome were used to call in their respective loans. We have an instance in those well-known verses of Horace:

Hæc ubi locutus fœnerator Alphius,
Jamjam futurus rusticus,
Omnem relegit idibus pecuniam,
Quæret calendis ponere. WHAL.

[*] ——— *in the* field,] i. e. the Campus Martius.

When not thy fear, nor conscience changed thy
mind,
But the mere fortune of the commonwealth
Withstood thy active malice? Speak but right.
How often hast thou made attempt on me?
How many of thy assaults have I declined
With shifting but my body, as we'd say?
Wrested thy dagger from thy hand, how oft?
How often hath it fallen, or slipt, by chance?
Yet can thy side not want it: which, how vow'd,
Or with what rites 'tis sacred of thee, I know not,
That still thou mak'st it a necessity,
To fix it in the body of a consul.
But let me lose this way, and speak to thee,
Not as one moved with hatred, which I ought,
But pity, of which none is owing thee.
Cato. No more than unto Tantalus or Tityus.[9]
Cic. Thou cam'st erewhile into this senate: Who
Of such a frequency, so many friends
And kindred thou hast here, saluted thee?
Were not the seats made bare upon thy entrance?
Risse not the consular men, and left their places,
So soon as thou sat'st down, and fled thy side,
Like to a plague or ruin, knowing how oft
They had by thee been mark'd out for the shambles?
How dost thou bear this? Surely, if my slaves
At home fear'd me with half the affright and horror,
That here thy fellow-citizens do thee,

[9] Cato. *No more than unto Tantulus or Tityus.*] Poor Tantalus is rather awkwardly brought in.—This long harangue, which would fatigue the lungs of any actor, and exercise the patience of any audience, is but tamely interrupted by Cato, who is sacrificed to the hero of the day.

I should soon quit my house, and think it need too.
Yet thou dar'st tarry here! go forth at last,
Condemn thy self to flight and solitude.
Discharge the commonwealth of her deep fear.—
Go; into banishment, if thou wait'st the word:
Why dost thou look? they all consent unto it.
Dost thou expect the authority of their voices,
Whose silent wills condemn thee? while they sit,
They approve it; while they suffer it, they decree it;
And while they are silent to it, they proclaim it.
Prove thou there honest, I'll endure the envy.
But there's no thought thou shouldst be ever he,
Whom either shame should call from filthiness,
Terror from danger, or discourse from fury.
Go; I entreat thee: yet why do I so?
When I already know they are sent afore,
That tarry for thee in arms, and do expect thee
On the Aurelian way. I know the day
Set down 'twixt thee and Manlius, unto whom
The silver eagle too is sent before;
Which I do hope shall prove to thee as baneful
As thou conceiv'st it to the commonwealth.
But, may this wise and sacred senate say,
What mean'st thou Marcus Tullius? if thou know'st
That Catiline be look'd for to be chief
Of an intestine war; that he's the author
Of such a wickedness; the caller out
Of men of mark in mischief, to an action
Of so much horror; prince of such a treason;
Why dost thou send him forth? why let him scape?
This is to give him liberty and power:
Rather thou should'st lay hold upon him, send him
To deserv'd death, and a just punishment.

To these so holy voices thus I answer.
If I did think it timely, conscript fathers,
To punish him with death, I would not give
The fencer use of one short hour to breathe;
But when there are in this grave order some,
Who, with soft censures, still do nurse his hopes;
Some that, with not believing, have confirm'd
His designs more, and whose authority
The weaker, as the worst men too, have follow'd,
I would now send him where they all should see
Clear as the light, his heart shine; where no man
Could be so wickedly or fondly stupid,
But should cry out, he saw, touch'd, felt and grasp'd it.
Then, when he hath run out himself, led forth
His desperate party with him, blown together
Aids of all kinds, both shipwreck'd minds and fortunes;
Not only the grown evil that now is sprung
And sprouted forth, would be pluck'd up and weeded,
But the stock, root, and seed of all the mischiefs
Choaking the common wealth: where,* should we take,
Of such a swarm of traitors, only him,
Our cares and fears might seem a while relieved,
But the main peril would bide still inclosed
Deep in the veins and bowels of the state.
As human bodies labouring with fevers,
While they are tost with heat, if they do take
Cold water, seem for that short space much eased,
But afterward are ten times more afflicted.
Wherefore, I say, let all this wicked crew
Depart, divide themselves from good men, gather
Their forces to one head; as I said oft,

* ——— where, *should we take*, &c.] i. e. whereas. See our old writers, *passim*.

Let them be sever'd from us with a wall;
Let them leave off attempts upon the consul
In his own house; to circle in the prætor;
To gird the court with weapons; to prepare
Fire and balls, swords, torches, sulphur, brands;
In short, let it be writ in each man's forehead
What thoughts he bears the public. I here promise,
Fathers conscript, to you, and to myself,
That diligence in us consuls, for my honour'd
Colleague abroad, and for myself at home;
So great authority in you; so much
Virtue in these, the gentlemen of Rome,
Whom I could scarce restrain to-day in zeal
From seeking out the parricide, to slaughter;
So much consent in all good men and minds,
As on the going out of this one Catiline,
All shall be clear, made plain, oppress'd, revenged.
And with this omen go, pernicious plague!
Out of the city, to the wish'd destruction

[1] *And with this omen go*, &c.] There is no part of Cicero's speech which Jonson has laboured so much, or so successfully, as that which relates to his urging Catiline to go into voluntary exile. Cicero himself seems to have been particularly anxious on this head. The celebrated speech before us, was made, in the senate, on the seventh of November; on the eighth, the consul called the people together in the Forum, and again directed his eloquence, principally to the same point. That he convinced his auditors, is highly probable; but he must have been aware that the driving of Catiline out of the city, and thus allowing him to take the command of the insurgents, was a doubtful, not to say a dangerous step. Indeed, it had nearly proved a fatal one; for Catiline was much stronger than was commonly supposed, and his final destruction was not accomplished without a vast effusion of blood. "The victory (as Sallust says) fell indeed to the republick; but it was accompanied with such loss, as to check all feeling of joy, since the bravest of the troops were either killed in the action, or left it grievously wounded, and unfit for service."

Of thee and those, that, to the ruin of her,
Have ta'en that bloody and black sacrament.
Thou, Jupiter, whom we do call the STAYER
Both of this city and this empire, wilt,
With the same auspice thou didst raise it first,
Drive from thy altars, and all other temples,
And buildings of this city, from our walls,
Lives, states and fortunes of our citizens,
This fiend, this fury, with his complices.
And all th' offence of good men, these known traitors
Unto their country, thieves of Italy,
Join'd in so damn'd a league of mischief, thou
Wilt with perpetual plagues, alive and dead,
Punish for Rome, and save her innocent head.

Cat. If an oration, or high language, fathers,
Could make me guilty, here is one hath done it:
He has strove to emulate this morning's thunder,
With his prodigious rhetoric. But I hope
This senate is more grave, than to give credit
Rashly to all he vomits, 'gainst a man
Of your own order, a patrician,
And one whose ancestors have more deserv'd
Of Rome than this man's eloquence could utter,
Turn'd the best way; as still it is the worst.

Cato. His eloquence hath more deserv'd to-day,
Speaking thy ill, than all thy ancestors
Did, in their good; and that the state will find,
Which he hath saved.

Cat. How, he! were I that enemy
That he would make me, I'd not wish the state
More wretched than to need his preservation.
What do you make him, Cato, such a Hercules?
An Atlas? a poor petty inmate!

Cato. Traitor!

Cat. He save the state! a burgess' son of Arpinum.

The gods would rather twenty Romes should perish
Than have that contumely stuck upon them,
That he should share with them in the preserving
A shed, or sign-post.
Cato. Peace, thou prodigy!
Cat. They would be forced themselves again, and lost
In the first rude and indigested heap,
Ere such a wretched name as Cicero
Should sound with theirs.
Catu. Away, thou impudent head.
Cat. Do you all back him? are you silent too?
Well, I will leave you, fathers, I will go.
[*He turns suddenly on Cicero.*
But—my fine dainty speaker——
Cic. What now, fury,
Wilt thou assault me here?
Omnes. Help, aid the consul.
Cat. See, fathers, laugh you not? who threaten'd him?
In vain thou dost conceive, ambitious orator,
Hope of so brave a death as by this hand.
Cato. Out of the court with the pernicious traitor.
Cat. There is no title that this flattering senate,
Nor honour the base multitude can give thee,
Shall make thee worthy Catiline's anger.
Cato. Stop,
Stop that portentous mouth.
Cat. Or when it shall,
I'll look thee dead.
Cato. Will none restrain the monster?
Catu. Parricide!
Qui. Butcher! traitor! leave the senate.

Cat. I am gone to banishment, to please you, fathers,
Thrust headlong forth!
Cato. Still dost thou murmur, monster?
Cat. Since I am thus put out, and made a——
Cic. What?
Catu. Not guiltier than thou art.
Cat. I will not burn
Without my funeral pile.
Cato. What says the fiend?
Cat. I will have matter, timber.
Cato. Sing out, screech-owl.
Cat. It shall be in——
Catu. Speak thy imperfect thoughts.
Cat. The common fire, rather than mine own;
For fall I will with all, ere fall alone.
[*Rushes out of the Senate.*
Cra. He's lost, there is no hope of him.
[*Aside to Cæsar.*
Cæs. Unless
He presently take arms, and give a blow
Before the consuls' forces can be levied.
Cic. What is your pleasure, fathers, shall be done?
Catu. See,[a] that the commonwealth receive no loss.
Cato. Commit the care thereof unto the consuls.
Cra. 'Tis time.
Cæs. And need. [*Goes aside with Crassus.*
Cic. Thanks to this frequent senate.

[a] *See, that the commonwealth receive no loss.*] The usual form of committing supreme authority to the consuls. *Videant Consules, ne quid detrimenti capiat Respublica.*

But what decree they unto Curius,
And Fulvia?
Catu. What the consul shall think meet.
Cic. They must receive reward, though it be not known;
Lest when a state needs ministers, they've none.
Cato. Yet, Marcus Tullius, do not I believe,
But Crassus and this Cæsar here ring hollow.
Cic. And would appear so, if that we durst prove them.
Cato. Why dare we not? what honest act is that,
The Roman senate should not dare, and do?
Cic. Not an unprofitable dangerous act,
To stir too many serpents up at once.
Cæsar and Crassus, if they be ill men,
Are mighty ones; and we must so provide,
That while we take one head from this foul hydra,
There spring not twenty more.
Cato. I approve your counsel.
Cic. They shall be watch'd and look'd to. Till they do
Declare themselves, I will not put them out
By any question. There they stand. I'll make
Myself no enemies, nor the state no traitors.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Catiline's *House.*

Enter CATILINE, LENTULUS, CETHEGUS, CURIUS, GABINIUS, LONGINUS, *and* STATILIUS.

Cat. False to ourselves? all our designs discover'd
To this state-cat?
Cet. Ay; had I had my way,
He had mew'd in flames at home, not in the senate;
I had singed his furs by this time.
Cat. Well, there's now
No time of calling back, or standing still.
Friends, be yourselves; keep the same Roman hearts
And ready minds you had yester-night. Prepare
To execute what we resolv'd; and let not
Labour, or danger, or discovery fright you.
I'll to the army; you, the while, mature
Things here at home: draw to you any aids
That you think fit, of men of all conditions,
Of any fortunes, that may help a war.
I'll bleed a life, or win an empire for you.
Within these few days look to see my ensigns
Here, at the walls: be you but firm within.
Mean time, to draw an envy on the consul,
And give a less suspicion of our course,
Let it be given out here in the city,
That I am gone, an innocent man, to exile
Into Massilia; willing to give way
To fortune and the times; being unable
To stand so great a faction, without troubling

The commonwealth; whose peace I rather seek,
Than all the glory of contention,
Or the support of mine own innocence.
Farewell the noble Lentulus, Longinus,
Curius, the rest; and thou, my better genius,
The brave Cethegus: when we meet again,
We'll sacrifice to liberty.
Cet. And revenge;
That we may praise our hands once.
Len. O ye fates,
Give fortune now her eyes, to see with whom
She goes along, that she may ne'er forsake him.
Cur. He needs not her nor them. Go but on, Sergius:
A valiant man is his own fate and fortune.
Lon. The fate and fortune of us all go with him!
Gab. Sta. And ever guard him!
Cat. I am all your creature. [*Exit.*
Len. Now, friends, 'tis left with us. I have already
Dealt by Umbrenus with the Allobroges
Here resiant in Rome;[1] whose state, I hear,
Is discontent with the great usuries
They are oppress'd with: and have made complaints
Divers unto the senate, but all vain.
These men I have thought (both for their own oppressions,
As also that by nature they're a people
Warlike and fierce, still watching after change,
And now in present hatred with our state,)

[1] *Here* resiant *in Rome.*] *Resiant* was common with our ancestors for resident. It is now a mere law term. The last person in whose writings it occurs, as a current expression, is, I believe, sir John Hawkins, who has it, more than once, in his *Life of Dr. Johnson.*

The fittest, and the easiest to be drawn
To our society, and to aid the war:
The rather for their seat; being next borderers
On Italy; and that they abound with horse,
Of which one want our camp doth only labour:
And I have found them coming. They will meet
Soon at Sempronia's house, where I would pray you
All to be present, to confirm them more.
The sight of such spirits hurts not, nor the store.
Gab. I will not fail.
Sta. Nor I.
Cur. Nor I.
Cet. Would I
Had somewhat by myself apart to do;
I have no genius to these many counsels:
Let me kill all the senate for my share,
I'll do it at next sitting.
Len. Worthy Caius,
Your presence will add much.
Cet. I shall mar more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The House of Brutus.

Enter CICERO *and* SANGA.

Cic. The state's beholden to you, Fabius Sanga,
For this great care: and those Allobroges
Are more than wretched, if they lend a listening
To such persuasion.
San. They, most worthy consul,
As men employ'd here from a grieved state,
Groaning beneath a multitude of wrongs,
And being told there was small hope of ease

To be expected to their evils from hence,
Were willing at the first to give an ear
To any thing that sounded liberty:
But since, on better thoughts, and my urg'd reasons,
They're come about, and won to the true side.
The fortune of the commonwealth has conquer'd.
Cic. What is that same Umbrenus was the agent?
San. One that hath had negociation
In Gallia oft, and known unto their state.
Cic. Are the ambassadors come with you?
San. Yes.
Cic. Well, bring them in; if they be firm and honest,
Never had men the means so to deserve
Of Rome as they. [*Exit Sanga.*] A happy wish'd occasion,
And thrust into my hands for the discovery
And manifest conviction of these traitors:
Be thank'd, O Jupiter!

Re-enter SANGA *with the* Allobrogian Ambassadors.

My worthy lords,
Confederates of the senate, you are welcome!
I understand by Quintus Fabius Sanga,
Your careful patron here, you have been lately
Solicited against the commonwealth,
By one Umbrenus—take a seat, I pray you—
From Publius Lentulus, to be associates
In their intended war. I could advise,
That men whose fortunes are yet flourishing,
And are Rome's friends, would not without a cause
Become her enemies; and mix themselves
And their estates with the lost hopes of Catiline,

Or Lentulus, whose mere despair doth arm them:
That were to hazard certainties for air,
And undergo all danger for a voice.
Believe me, friends, loud tumults are not laid
With half the easiness that they are raised:
All may begin a war, but few can end it.
The senate have decreed that my colleague
Shall lead their army against Catiline,
And have declared both him and Manlius traitors:
Metellus Celer hath already given
Part of their troops defeat. Honours are promised
To all will quit them; and rewards proposed
Even to slaves, that can detect their courses.
Here in the city, I have, by the prætors
And tribunes, placed my guards and watches so,
That not a foot can tread, a breath can whisper,
But I have knowledge. And be sure, the senate
And people of Rome, of their accustom'd greatness,
Will sharply and severely vindicate
Not only any fact, but any practice
Or purpose 'gainst the state: therefore, my lords,
Consult of your own ways, and think which hand
Is best to take. You now are present suitors
For some redress of wrongs: I'll undertake
Not only that shall be assured you; but
What grace, or privilege else, senate or people
Can cast upon you worthy such a service,
As you have now the way and means to do them,
If but your wills consent with my designs.

1 *Amb.* We covet nothing more, most worthy consul.
And howsoe'er we have been tempted lately
To a defection, that not makes us guilty:
We are not yet so wretched in our fortunes,
Nor in our wills so lost, as to abandon
A friendship, prodigally, of that price,

As is the senate and the people of Rome's,
For hopes that do precipitate themselves.
Cic. You then are wise and honest. Do but this then—
When shall you speak with Lentulus and the rest?
1 *Amb.* We are to meet anon at Brutus' house.
Cic. Who, Decius Brutus? he is not in Rome.
San. O, but his wife Sempronia.
Cic. You instruct me,
She is a chief. Well, fail not you to meet them,
And to express the best affection
You can put on, to all that they intend.
Like it, applaud it, give the commonwealth
And senate lost to 'em: promise any aids
By arms or counsel. What they can desire,
I would have you prevent. Only say this,
You have had dispatch in private by the consul,
Of your affairs; and for the many fears
The state's now in, you are will'd by him this evening
To depart Rome: which you, by all sought means,
Will do, of reason, to decline suspicion.
Now for the more authority of the business
They have trusted to you, and to give it credit
With your own state at home, you would desire
Their letters to your senate and your people,
Which shewn, you durst engage both life and honour,
The rest should every way answer their hopes.
Those had, pretend sudden departure, you,
And as you give me notice at what port
You will go out, I'll have you intercepted,
And all the letters taken with you: so
As you shall be redeem'd in all opinions,
And they convicted of their manifest treason.
Ill deeds are well turn'd back upon their authors;

And 'gainst an injurer the revenge is just.
This must be done now.
1 *Amb.* Cheerfully and firmly,
We are they would rather haste to undertake it,
Than stay to say so.
Cic. With that confidence, go:
Make yourselves happy while you make Rome so.
By Sanga let me have notice from you.
1 *Amb.* Yes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. V.

A Room in Brutus' (Sempronia's) *House.*

Enter SEMPRONIA *and* LENTULUS.

Sem. When come these creatures, the ambassadors?
I would fain see them. Are they any scholars?
Len. I think not, madam.
Sem. Have they no Greek?
Len, No surely.
Sem. Fie, what do I here waiting on 'em then,
If they be nothing but mere statesmen?
Len. Yes,
Your ladyship shall observe their gravity,
And their reservedness, their many cautions,
Fitting their persons.
Sem. I do wonder much,
That states and commonwealths employ not women
To be ambassadors, sometimes: we should
Do as good public service, and could make
As honourable spies, for so Thucydides
Calls all ambassadors—

Enter CETHEGUS.

Are they come, Cethegus?
Cet. Do you ask me! am I your scout or bawd?
Len. O, Caius, it is no such business.
Cet. No!
What does a woman at it then?
Sem. Good sir,
There are of us can be as exquisite traitors,
As e'er a male-conspirator of you all.
Cet. Ay, at smock-treason, matron, I believe you;
And if I were your husband;—but when I
Trust to your cobweb-bosoms any other,
Let me there die a fly, and feast you, spider.
Len. You are too sour and harsh, Cethegus.
Cet. You
Are kind and courtly. I'd be torn in pieces,
With wild Hippolytus, nay prove the death
Every limb over, ere I'd trust a woman
With wind, could I retain it.
Sem. Sir, they'll be trusted
With as good secrets yet as you have any;
And carry them too as close and as conceal'd,
As you shall for your heart.
Cet. I'll not contend with you
Either in tongue or carriage, good Calypso.

Enter LONGINUS.

Lon. The ambassadors are come.
Cet. Thanks to thee, Mercury,
That so hast rescued me!

Enter VOLTURTIUS, STATILIUS, *and* GABINIUS, *with the* Allobrogian Ambassadors.

Len. How now, Volturtius?
Vol. They do desire some speech with you in private.
Len. O! 'tis about the prophecy belike,
And promise of the Sibyls. [*He takes them apart.*
Gab. It may be.
Sem. Shun they to treat with me too?
Gab. No, good, lady,
You may partake; I have told them who you are.
Sem. I should be loth to be left out, and here too.
Cet. Can these, or such, be any aids to us?
Look they as they were built to shake the world,
Or be a moment to our enterprize?
A thousand such as they are, could not make
One atom of our souls. They should be men
Worth heaven's fear, that looking up but thus,
Would make Jove stand upon his guard, and draw
Himself within his thunder; which, amazed,
He should discharge in vain, and they unhurt:
Or if they were like Capaneus at Thebes,
They should hang dead upon the highest spires,
And ask the second bolt[4] to be thrown down.—
Why, Lentulus, talk you so long? this time
Had been enough to have scatter'd all the stars,
To have quench'd the sun and moon, and made the world
Despair of day, or any light but ours.
Len. How do you like this spirit? In such men

[4] *And ask the second* bolt] So the folios 1616 and 1640; the quartos 1611 and 1635 have *charge* instead of *bolt*. There are other petty variations which I have not thought it necessary to notice: contenting myself, in general, with the readings of that excellent old copy, the first folio.

Mankind doth live: they are such souls as these,
That move the world.
Sem. Ay, though he bear me hard,
I yet must do him right: he is a spirit
Of the right Martian breed.
1 *Amb.* He is a Mars.
Would we had time to live here, and admire him!
Len. Well, I do see you would prevent the consul,
And I commend your care; it was but reason,
To ask our letters, and we had prepared them:
Go in, and we will take an oath, and seal them.
You shall have letters too to Catiline,
To visit him i' the way, and to confirm
The association. This our friend, Volturtius,
Shall go along with you. Tell our great general
That we are ready here; that Lucius Bestia,
The tribune, is provided of a speech,
To lay the envy of the war[5] on Cicero;
That all but long for his approach and person;
And then you are made freemen as ourselves.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Room in Cicero's *House.*

Enter CICERO, FLACCUS, *and* POMTINIUS.

Cic. I cannot fear the war but to succeed well,
Both for the honour of the cause, and worth
Of him that doth command: for my colleague,
Being so ill affected with the gout,

[5] *To lay the* envy *of the war,*] Jonson uses envy in the old sense of ill-will, hatred, violent injury, &c. So in a former passage: "*Mil.* I fear this will procure him much *envy*. *Cor.* O —if he had no *enemies*," &c. Vol. II. p. 21. And in Reynolds,

Will not be able to be there in person;
And then Petreius, his lieutenant, must
Of need take charge o' the army; who is much
The better soldier,[6] having been a tribune,
Præfect, lieutenant, prætor in the war,
These thirty years, so conversant in the army,
As he knows all the soldiers by their names.
Flac. They'll fight then bravely with him.
Pom. Ay, and he
Will lead them on as bravely.
Cic. They have a foe
Will ask their braveries, whose necessities
Will arm him like a fury: but, however,
I'll trust it to the manage and the fortune
Of good Petreius, who's a worthy patriot:
Metellus Celer, with three legions too,
Will stop their course for Gallia.

Enter FABIUS SANGA.

How now, Fabius?
San. The train hath taken. You must instantly

"She (the murderer) is in tears at her apprehension, but they rather engender *envy* than pity." *Hist.* VI. Again,

"If I make a lie
"To gain your heart, and *envy* my best mistress,
"Pin me against a wall." *The Pilgrim.*

[6] ——————— *who is much*

The better soldier,] Petreius was indeed an excellent soldier; and the choice of him upon this occasion was not the least of Cicero's merits. The consul Antonius was more than suspected of partiality to the cause of Catiline; but the firmness and vigour of Petreius kept him steady to the republic, and produced that *fit of the gout* mentioned above, which threw the command of the army into the hands of the lieutenant. In the convulsions which followed, Petreius espoused the cause of Pompey, and, after the loss of the battle of Thapsus, fell on his sword, to avoid the wrath of Cæsar, who was justly incensed against him for his cruelty to his prisoners.

Dispose your guards upon the Milvian bridge,
For by that way they mean to come.
Cic. Then thither,
Pomtinius and Flaccus, I must pray you
To lead that force you have, and seize them all;
Let not a person 'scape: the ambassadors
Will yield themselves. If there be any tumult,
I'll send you aid. [*Exeunt* FLACCUS *and* POMTINIUS.] I, in mean time, will call
Lentulus to me, Gabinius and Cethegus,
Statilius, Ceparius, and all these,
By several messengers: who no doubt will come
Without sense or suspicion. Prodigal men
Feel not their own stock wasting. When I have them,
I'll place those guards upon them, that they start not.
San. But what will you do with Sempronia?
Cic. A state's anger
Should not take knowledge either of fools or women.
I do not know whether my joy or care
Ought to be greater, that I have discover'd
So foul a treason, or must undergo
The envy of so many great men's fate.
But happen what there can, I will be just;
My fortune may forsake me, not my virtue:
That shall go with me, and before me still,
And glad me doing well, though I hear ill.[7]
[*Exeunt.*

7 ——————— *though I* hear ill.] i. e. though I am evil spoken of. Vol. III. p. 161.

SCENE VII.

The Milvian Bridge.[8]

Enter FLACCUS *and* POMTINIUS, *with guards, on one side, and* VOLTURTIUS *with the* Allobrogian Ambassadors, *on the other.*

Flac. Stand! who goes there?
1 *Amb.* We are the Allobroges,
And friends of Rome.
Pom. If you be so, then yield
Yourselves unto the prætors, who, in name
Of the whole senate, and the people of Rome,
Yet till you clear yourselves, charge you of practice
Against the state.
Vol. Die, friends; and be not taken.
Flac. What voice is that? down with them all.
1 *Amb.* We yield.
Pom. What's he stands out? Kill him there.
Vol. Hold, hold, hold.
I yield upon conditions.
Flac. We give none
To traitors; strike him down.
Vol. My name's Volturtius,
I know Pomtinius.
Pom. But he knows not you,
While you stand out upon these traitorous terms.
Vol. I'll yield upon the safety of my life.
Pom. If it be forfeited, we cannot save it.
Vol. Promise to do your best. I'm not so guilty

[8] *The Milvian Bridge.*] (Ponte Molle) was about two miles from Rome. It was built about half a century before this period, by Æmilius Scaurus.

As many others I can name, and will,
If you will grant me favour.
Pom. All we can,
Is to deliver you to the consul.—Take him,
And thank the Gods that thus have saved Rome.
[*Exeunt.*

CHORUS.

Now do our ears, before our eyes,
Like men in mists,
Discover who'd the state surprise,
And who resists?

And as these clouds do yield to light,
Now do we see
Our thoughts of things, how they did fight,
Which seem'd t' agree?

Of what strange pieces are we made,
Who nothing know;
But as new airs our ears invade,
Still censure so?

That now do hope and now do fear,
And now envy;
And then do hate and then love dear,
But know not why:

Or if we do, it is so late,
As our best mood,
Though true, is then thought out of date,
And empty of good.

How have we changed and come about
In every doom,
Since wicked Catiline went out,
And quitted Rome?

One while we thought him innocent;
And then we accused
The consul, for his malice spent,
And power abused.

Since that we hear he is in arms,
We think not so:
Yet charge the consul with our harms,
That let him go.

So in our censure of the state,
We still do wander;
And make the careful magistrate
The mark of slander.

What age is this, where honest men,
Placed at the helm,
A sea of some foul mouth or pen
Shall overwhelm?

And call their diligence, deceit;
Their virtue, vice;
Their watchfulness, but lying in wait;
And blood, the price?

O, let us pluck this evil seed
Out of our spirits;
And give to every noble deed
The name it merits.

Lest we seem fallen, if this endures,
Into those times,
To love disease,[9] *and brook the cures*
Worse than the crimes.

[9] *To love disease, &c.*] See p. 10.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Etruria. The Country near Fesulæ.

Enter PETREIUS, *marching, at the head of his Army.*

Pet. It is my fortune and my glory, soldiers,
This day, to lead you on; the worthy consul
Kept from the honour of it by disease:
And I am proud to have so brave a cause
To exercise your arms in. We not now
Fight for how long, how broad, how great, and large
Th' extent and bounds o' the people of Rome shall be;
But to retain what our great ancestors,
With all their labours, counsels, arts, and actions,
For us, were purchasing so many years.
The quarrel is not now of fame, of tribute,
Or of wrongs done unto confederates,
For which the army of the people of Rome
Was wont to move: but for your own republic,
For the raised temples of the immortal Gods,
For all your fortunes, altars, and your fires,
For the dear souls of your loved wives and children,
Your parents' tombs, your rites, laws, liberty,
And, briefly, for the safety of the world;
Against such men, as only by their crimes
Are known; thrust out by riot, want, or rashness.
One sort, Sylla's old troops, left here in Fesulæ,
Who, suddenly made rich in those dire times,
Are since, by their unbounded, vast expense,

Grown needy and poor; and have but left to
expect
From Catiline new bills, and new proscriptions.
These men, they say, are valiant; yet, I think
them
Not worth your pause: for either their old virtue
Is in their sloth and pleasures lost; or, if
It tarry with them, so ill match to yours,
As they are short in number or in cause.
The second sort are of those city-beasts,
Rather than citizens, who, whilst they reach
After our fortunes, have let fly their own;
These whelm'd in wine, swell'd up with meats,
and weaken'd
With hourly whoredoms, never left the side
Of Catiline in Rome; nor here are loosed
From his embraces: such as, trust me, never
In riding or in using well their arms,
Watching, or other military labour,
Did exercise their youth; but learn'd to love,
Drink, dance, and sing, make feasts, and be fine
gamesters:
And these will wish more hurt to you than they
bring you.
The rest are a mixt kind, all sorts of furies,
Adulterers, dicers, fencers, outlaws, thieves,
The murderers of their parents, all the sink
And plague of Italy met in one torrent,
To take, to-day, from us the punishment,
Due to their mischiefs, for so many years.
And who in such a cause, and 'gainst such fiends,
Would not now wish himself all arm and weapon,
To cut such poisons from the earth, and let
Their blood out to be drawn away in clouds,
And pour'd on some inhabitable place,[1]

[1] *And pour'd on some* inhabitable *place,*] i. e. *uninhabitable*, and in this sense it is used likewise by Shakspeare:

Where the hot sun and slime breeds nought but
monsters?
Chiefly when this sure joy shall crown our side,
That the least man that falls upon our party
This day, (as some must give their happy names
To fate, and that eternal memory
Of the best death, writ with it, for their country,)
Shall walk at pleasure in the tents of rest;
And see far off, beneath him, all their host
Tormented after life; and Catiline there,
Walking a wretched and less ghost than he.
I'll urge no more: move forward with your eagles,
And trust the senate's and Rome's cause to heaven.
Omnes. To thee, great father Mars, and greater
Jove! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome. A Street near the Temple of Concord.[2]

Enter CÆSAR *and* CRASSUS.

Cæs. I ever look'd for this of Lentulus,[3]
When Catiline was gone.

"Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
"Or any other ground *inhabitable.*"
Richard the Second, Act I. sc. ii. WHAL.

And in this sense it is used by hundreds besides. This trite word is sure to draw forth a note on its "*singular*" import, as often as it occurs. The commentators seem to forget (if they ever knew) that much of our language is Norman, and that *habitable* was, for ages, the common expression for our present inhabitable in every part of the kingdom.

[2] This stood in the Forum, near the foot of the Capitol. It was a very magnificent structure.

[3] *I ever looked for this of Lentulus,*] Cæsar alludes to his imprudence in trusting the Allobroges with his dispatches to Catiline, on which he was convicted.

Cras. I gave them lost,
Many days since.
Cæs. But wherefore did you bear
Their letter to the consul, that they sent you
To warn you from the city?
Cras. Did I know
Whether he made it? it might come from him,
For aught I could assure me: if they meant
I should be safe among so many, they might
Have come as well as writ.
Cæs. There is no loss
In being secure: I have of late too plied him
Thick with intelligences, but they have been
Of things he knew before.
Cras. A little serves
To keep a man upright on these state-bridges,
Although the passage were more dangerous:
Let us now take the standing part.
Cæs. We must,
And be as zealous for't as Cato. Yet,
I would fain help these wretched men.
Cras. You cannot:
Who would save them, that have betray'd themselves? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Cicero's *House.*

Enter CICERO, Q. CICERO, *and* CATO.

Cic. I will not be wrought to it, brother Quintus.
There's no man's private enmity shall make
Me violate the dignity of another.
If there were proof 'gainst Cæsar, or whoever,
To speak him guilty, I would so declare him.

But Quintus Catulus and Piso* both
Shall know, the consul will not, for their grudge,
Have any man accused or named falsely.
Quin. Not falsely: but if any circumstance,
By the Allobroges, or from Volturtius,
Would carry it.
Cic. That shall not be sought by me.
If it reveal itself, I would not spare
You, brother, if it pointed at you, trust me.
Cato. *Good* Marcus Tullius, which is more than *great*,
Thou hadst thy education with the Gods.
Cic. Send Lentulus forth, and bring away the rest.
This office I am sorry, sir, to do you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Temple of Concord.

Enter Lictors, CICERO, *(with letters,)* CATO, Q. CICERO, CÆSAR, CRASSUS, SYLLANUS, *and other Senators.*

Cic. What may be happy still and fortunate,
To Rome and to this senate! Please you, fathers,
To break these letters, and to view them round,
If that be not found in them which I fear,
I yet entreat, at such a time as this,
My diligence be not contemn'd.—
[*Gives the letters to the Senate.*

* *But Quintus Catulus*, &c.] This is far more strongly expressed by Sallust, and is one of the very few instances in which that partizan of Cæsar does Cicero justice. "*Q. Catulus et C. Piso, neque gratia, neque precibus, neque pretio Ciceronem impellere quivére, uti per Allobroges aut alium indicem C. Cæsar falsò nominaretur.*"

Enter (the Prætors) FLACCUS *and* POMTINIUS.

Have you brought
The weapons hither from Cethegus' house?
Præ. They are without.
Cic. Be ready, with Volturtius,
To bring him when the senate calls; and see
None of the rest confer together. [*Exeunt Prætors.*]—Fathers,
What do you read? Is it yet worth your care,
If not your fear, what you find practised there?
Cæs. It hath a face of horror!
Cras. I am amazed!
Cato. Look there.
Syl. Gods! can such men draw common air?
Cic. Although the greatness of the mischief, fathers,
Hath often made my faith small in this senate,
Yet since my casting Catiline out, (for now
I do not fear the envy of the word,
Unless the deed be rather to be fear'd,
That he went hence alive, when those I meant
Should follow him, did not,[5]) I have spent both days
And nights in watching what their fury and rage
Was bent on, that so stay'd against my thought;
And that I might but take them in that light,
Where, when you met their treason with your eyes,
Your minds at length would think for your own safety:
And now 'tis done. There are their hands and seals.

[5] ——— *when those I meant*
Should follow him, did not.] Cicero here avows his mistaken policy in suffering Catiline to depart. Jonson has managed every part of this transaction with consummate skill. See p. 304.

Their persons too are safe, thanks to the Gods!
Bring in Volturtius and the Allobroges.

Re-enter Prætors, *with* VOLTURTIUS *and the* Allobrogian Ambassadors.

These be the men were trusted with their letters.
Vol. Fathers, believe me, I knew nothing; I
Was travelling for Gallia, and am sorry——
Cic. Quake not, Volturtius; speak the truth, and hope
Well of this senate, on the consul's word.
Vol. Then, I knew all: but truly, I was drawn in
But t'other day.
Cæs. Say what thou know'st, and fear not.
Thou hast the senate's faith and consul's word,
To fortify thee.
Vol. [*Speaks with fears and interruptions.*] I was sent with letters——
And had a message too——from Lentulus——
To Catiline——that he should use all aids——
Servants or others——and come with his army,
As soon unto the city as he could ——
For they were ready, and but stay'd for him——
To intercept those that should flee the fire:
These men, the Allobroges, did hear it too.
1 *Amb.* Yes, fathers, and they took an oath to us,
Besides their letters, that we should be free;
And urged us for some present aid of horse.
[*The weapons and arms are brought in.*
Cic. Nay, here be other testimonies, fathers,
Cethegus' armoury.
Cras. What, not all these?
Cic. Here's not the hundred part. Call in the fencer,
That we may know the arms to all these weapons.

Enter CETHEGUS, *guarded.*

Come, my brave sword-player, to what active use
Was all this steel provided?
Cet. Had you ask'd
In Sylla's days, it had been to cut throats;
But now it was to look on only: I loved
To see good blades, and feel their edge and points,
To put a helm upon a block and cleave it,
And now and then to stab an armour through.
Cic. Know you that paper? that will stab you through.
Is it your hand? [*Cethegus tears the letters.*] hold, save the pieces. Traitor,
Hath thy guilt waked thy fury?
Cet. I did write
I know not what, nor care not; that fool Lentulus
Did dictate, and I, t'other fool, did sign it.
Cic. Bring in Statilius: does he know his hand too?
And Lentulus.

Enter STATILIUS *and* P. LENTULUS, *guarded.*

Reach him that letter.
Stat. I
Confess it all.
Cic. Know you that seal yet, Publius?
Len. Yes, it is mine.
Cic. Whose image is that on it?
Len. My grandfather's.
Cic. What, that renown'd good man,
That did so only embrace[6] his country, and loved

[6] *That did so* only *embrace*, &c.] These, indeed, were the precise words used by Cicero, but, in his anxiety to be brief,

His fellow citizens! Was not his picture,
Though mute, of power to call thee from a fact
So foul—
Len. As what, impetuous Cicero?
Cic. As thou art, for I do not know what's fouler.
Look upon these. [*Points to the Allobrogian Ambassadors.*] Do not these faces argue
Thy guilt and impudence?
Len. What are these to me?
I know them not.
1 *Amb.* No, Publius! we were with you
At Brutus' house.
Vol. Last night.
Len. What did you there?
Who sent for you?
1 *Amb.* Yourself did. We had letters
From you, Cethegus, this Statilius here,
Gabinius Cimber, all but from Longinus,
Who would not write, because he was to come
Shortly in person after us, he said,
To take the charge o' the horse, which we should levy.
Cic. And he is fled to Catiline, I hear.
Len. Spies! spies!
1 *Amb.* You told us too o' the Sibyl's books,
And how you were to be a king this year,
The twentieth from the burning of the capitol;
That three Cornelii were to reign in Rome,
Of which you were the last: and praised Cethegus,
And the great spirits were with you in the action.
Cet. These are your honourable ambassadors,
My sovereign lord!
Cato. Peace, that too bold Cethegus.
1 *Amb.* Besides Gabinius, your agent, named

Jonson has laboured them into obscurity. "*Est verò signum quidem notum, imago avi tui, clarissimi viri, qui amavit* unice *patriam, et cives suos, &c.*

Autronius, Servius Sylla, Vargunteius,
And divers others.
Vol. I had letters from you
To Catiline, and a message, which I've told
Unto the senate truly word for word;
For which I hope they will be gracious to me.
I was drawn in by that same wicked Cimber,
And thought no hurt at all.
Cic. Volturtius, peace.—
Where is thy visor or thy voice now, Lentulus?
Art thou confounded? wherefore speak'st thou not?
Is all so clear, so plain, so manifest,
That both thy eloquence and impudence,
And thy ill nature too, have left thee at once?
Take him aside. There's yet one more, Gabinius,
The enginer of all. [*Gabinius Cimber is brought in.*]
Shew him that paper,
If he do know it?
Gab. I know nothing.
Cic. No!
Gab. No; neither will I know.
Cato. Impudent head!
Stick it into his throat; were I the consul,
I'd make thee eat the mischief thou hast vented.
Gab. Is there a law for't, Cato?
Cato. Dost thou ask
After a law, that would'st have broke all laws
Of nature, manhood, conscience, and religion?
Gab. Yes, I may ask for't.
Cato. No, pernicious Cimber.
The inquiring after good does not belong
Unto a wicked person.
Gab. Ay, but Cato
Does nothing but by law.
Cras. Take him aside.
There's proof enough, though he confess not.
Gab. Stay,

I will confess. All's true your spies have told you,
Make much of them.
Cet. Yes, and reward them well,
For fear you get no more such. See they do not
Die in a ditch, and stink, now you have done with 'em;
Or beg o' the bridges[7] here in Rome, whose arches
Their active industry hath saved.
Cic. See, fathers,
What minds and spirits these are, that being convicted
Of such a treason, and by such a cloud
Of witnesses, dare yet retain their boldness!
What would their rage have done if they had conquer'd?
I thought when I had thrust out Catiline,
Neither the state nor I should need t' have fear'd
Lentulus' sleep here, or Longinus' fat,
Or this Cethegus' rashness; it was he
I only watch'd, while he was in our walls,
As one that had the brain, the hand, the heart.
But now we find the contrary! where was there
A people grieved, or a state discontent,
Able to make or help a war 'gainst Rome,
But these, the Allobroges, and those they found?
Whom had not the just Gods been pleased to make
More friends unto our safety than their own,
As it then seem'd, neglecting these men's offers,
Where had we been, or where the commonwealth?
When their great chief had been call'd home; this man,
Their absolute king, (whose noble grand-father,
Arm'd in pursuit of the seditious Gracchus,
Took a brave wound for dear defence of that

[7] *Or beg on the* bridges, &c.] The usual stations for the Roman beggars. Thus Juvenal: *Nulla crepido vacat, nusquam* pons, &c.

Which he would spoil,) had gather'd all his aids
Of ruffians, slaves, and other slaughtermen,
Given us up for murder to Cethegus,
The other rank of citizens to Gabinius,
The city to be fired by Cassius,
And Italy, nay the world, to be laid waste
By cursed Catiline and his complices.
Lay but the thought of it before you, fathers,
Think but with me you saw this glorious city,
The light of all the earth, tower of all nations,
Suddenly falling in one flame! Imagine
You view'd your country buried with the heaps
Of slaughter'd citizens that had no grave;
This Lentulus here, reigning, as he dreamt,
And those his purple senate; Catiline come
With his fierce army; and the cries of matrons,
The flight of children, and the rape of virgins,
Shrieks of the living, with the dying groans,
On every side t' invade your sense; until
The blood of Rome were mixed with her ashes!
This was the spectacle these fiends intended
To please their malice.

Cet. Ay, and it would
Have been a brave one, consul. But your part
Had not then been so long as now it is:
I should have quite defeated your oration,
And slit that fine rhetorical pipe of yours,
In the first scene.

Cato. Insolent monster!

Cic. Fathers,
Is it your pleasures they shall be committed
Unto some safe, but a free custody,
Until the senate can determine farther?

Omnes. It pleaseth well.

Cic. Then, Marcus Crassus,
Take you charge of Gabinius; send him home
Unto your house. You, Cæsar, of Statilius.

Cethegus shall be sent to Cornificius;
And Lentulus to Publius Lentulus Spinther,
Who now is ædile.
Cato. It were best, the prætors
Carried them to their houses, and deliver'd 'em.
Cic. Let it be so. Take them from hence.
Cæs. But first
Let Lentulus put off his prætorship.
Len. I do resign it[a] here unto the senate.
[*Exeunt Prætors and Guards, with Lentulus, Cethegus, Statilius, and Gabinius.*
Cæs. So, now there's no offence done to religion.
Cato. Cæsar, 'twas piously and timely urged.
Cic. What do you decree to the Allobroges,
That were the lights to this discovery?
Cras. A free grant from the state of all their suits.
Cæs. And a reward out of the public treasure.
Cato. Ay, and the title of honest men, to crown them.
Cic. What to Volturtius?
Cæs. Life and favour 's well.
Vol. I ask no more.
Cato. Yes, yes, some money, thou need'st it:
'Twill keep thee honest; want made thee a knave.
Syl. Let Flaccus and Pomtinius, the prætors,
Have public thanks, and Quintus Fabius Sanga,
For their good service.
Cras. They deserve it all.
Cato. But what do we decree unto the consul,
Whose virtue, counsel, watchfulness, and wisdom
Hath freed the commonwealth, and without tumult,
Slaughter, or blood, or scarce raising a force,
Rescued us all out of the jaws of fate?

[a] *I do resign it*, &c.] Lentulus must be supposed to put off his official purple; as was really the case.

Cras. We owe our lives unto him, and our fortunes.
Cæs. Our wives, our children, parents and our Gods.
Syl. We all are saved by his fortitude.
Cato. The commonwealth owes him a civic garland:
He is the only father of his country.
Cæs. Let there be public prayer to all the Gods,
Made in that name for him.
Cras. And in these words:
For that he hath, by his vigilance, preserv'd
Rome from the flame, the senate from the sword,
And all her citizens from massacre.
Cic. How are my labours more than paid, grave fathers,
In these great titles, and decreed honours!
Such as to me, first of the civil robe,[9]
Of any man since Rome was Rome, have happen'd;
And from this frequent senate: which more glads me,
That I now see you have sense of your own safety.
If those good days come no less grateful to us,
Wherein we are preserv'd from some great danger,
Than those wherein we're born and brought to light,
Because the gladness of our safety is certain,
But the condition of our birth not so;
And that we are sav'd with pleasure, but are born
Without the sense of joy: why should not then
This day, to us, and all posterity
Of ours, be had in equal fame and honour,

[9] *First of the* civil robe.] He means, the first who obtained a victory over the enemies of the state, without changing the garments usually worn in time of peace. It is well known that Cicero valued himself much on this singular circumstance. WHAL-

With that when Romulus first rear'd these walls,
When so much more is saved, than he built?
Cæs. It ought.
Cras. Let it be added to our Fasti.
[*Noise without.*
Cic. What tumult's that?

Re-enter FLACCUS.

Flac. Here's one Tarquinius taken,
Going to Catiline, and says he was sent
By Marcus Crassus, whom he names to be
Guilty of the conspiracy.
Cic. Some lying varlet.
Take him away to prison.
Cras. Bring him in,
And let me see him.
Cic. He is not worth it, Crassus.
Keep him up close and hungry, till he tell
By whose pernicious counsel he durst slander
So great and good a citizen.
Cras. By yours,
I fear,[1] 'twill prove. [*Aside.*
Syl. Some of the traitors, sure,
To give their action the more credit, bid him
Name you, or any man.
Cic. I know myself,

[1] *By yours, I fear,*] Sallust affirms that he himself heard Crassus declare in so many words, this charge against him was the mere invention of Cicero: "*illam contumeliam sibi ab Cicerone impositam.*" This, however, was at a subsequent period; and was not improbably thrown out as a kind of apology for the active malignity with which he persecuted Cicero, in the affair of Clodius. It may, indeed, be questioned whether Crassus was so deeply involved in the conspiracy as Jonson insinuates; but that he was privy to it, and, like Cæsar, anxious for its success to a certain point, there is sufficient reason to believe.

By all the tracts and courses of this business,
Crassus is noble, just, and loves his country.
Flac. Here is a libel too, accusing Cæsar,
From Lucius Vectius, and confirm'd by Curius.
Cic. Away with all, throw it out o' the court.
Cæs. A trick on me too!
Cic. It is some men's malice.
I said to Curius I did not believe him.
Cæs. Was not that Curius your spy, that had
Reward decreed unto him the last senate,
With Fulvia, upon your private motion?
Cic. Yes.
Cæs. But he has not that reward yet?
Cic. No.
Let not this trouble you, Cæsar; none believes it.
Cæs. It shall not, if that he have no reward:
But if he have, sure I shall think myself
Very untimely and unsafely honest,
Where such as he is may have pay to accuse me.
Cic. You shall have no wrong done you, noble Cæsar,
But all contentment.
Cæs. Consul, I am silent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Country near Fesulæ.

Enter CATILINE *with his Army.*

Cat. I never yet knew, soldiers, that in fight
Words added virtue unto valiant men;
Or that a general's oration made
An army fall or stand: but how much prowess,
Habitual or natural, each man's breast
Was owner of, so much in act it shew'd.

Whom neither glory, or danger can excite,
'Tis vain to attempt with speech; for the mind's fear
Keeps all brave sounds from entering at that ear.
I yet would warn you some few things, my friends,
And give you reason of my present counsels.
You know, no less than I, what state, what point
Our affairs stand in; and you all have heard
What a calamitous misery the sloth
And sleepiness of Lentulus hath pluck'd
Both on himself, and us; how, whilst our aids
There, in the city, look'd for, are defeated,
Our entrance into Gallia too is stopt.
Two armies wait us; one from Rome, the other
From the Gaul provinces: and where we are,
Although I most desire it, the great want
Of corn and victuals forbids longer stay:
So that of need we must remove, but whither,
The sword must both direct, and cut the passage.
I only therefore wish you, when you strike,
To have your valours and your souls about you;
And think you carry in your labouring hands
The things you seek, glory, and liberty,
Your country, which you want now, with the fates,
That are to be instructed by our swords.
If we can give the blow, all will be safe to us,
We shall not want provision, nor supplies.
The colonies and free towns will lie open;
Where, if we yield to fear, expect no place,
Nor friend, to shelter those whom their own fortune,
And ill-used arms, have left without protection.
You might have lived in servitude, or exile,
Or safe at Rome, depending on the great ones;
But that you thought those things unfit for men;
And, in that thought, you then were valiant:
For no man ever yet changed peace for war,

But he that meant to conquer. Hold that purpose.
There's more necessity you should be such,
In fighting for yourselves, than they for others.
He's base that trusts his feet, whose hands are arm'd.
Methinks I see Death and the Furies waiting
What we will do, and all the heaven at leisure
For the great spectacle.[2] Draw then your swords;
And if our destiny envy our virtue
The honour of the day, yet let us care
To sell ourselves at such a price as may
Undo the world to buy us, and make Fate,
While she tempts ours, fear her own estate.[3]
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE VI.

Rome. The Temple of Jupiter Stator.[4]

Enter Lictors, Prætors, (POMTINIUS *and* FLACCUS,) CICERO, SYLLANUS, CÆSAR, CATO, CRASSUS, *and other* Senators.

1 *Sen.* What means this hasty calling of the senate?

[2] *Methinks I see Death and the Furies waiting*
What we will do, and all the heaven at leisure
For the great spectacle.] The image here given is extremely sublime, and approaches very nearly to those terrible graces, which the critic has attributed to Homer amongst the ancients, and which Shakspeare possessed in a manner superior to any modern whatsoever. WHAL.

[3] *While she tempts ours, fear her own estate.*] This is the reading of all the old copies. Whalley seems to have suspected a defect of metre, and, therefore, inserted *for* after "fear," to the injury of the expression. *Ours*, in this, as in many other places, is a dissyllable.

[4] This Temple also stood in the Forum, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the descent from the Capitol.

2 *Sen.* We shall know straight: wait till the consul speaks.

Pom. Fathers conscript, bethink you of your safeties,
And what to do with these conspirators:
Some of their clients, their freed-men, and slaves,
'Gin to make head. There's one of Lentulus' bawds
Runs up and down the shops, through every street,
With money to corrupt the poor artificers,
And needy tradesmen, to their aid; Cethegus
Hath sent too to his servants, who are many,
Chosen and exercised in bold attemptings,
That forthwith they should arm themselves and prove
His rescue: all will be in instant uproar,
If you prevent it not with present counsels.
We have done what we can to meet the fury,
And will do more: be you good to yourselves.

Cic. What is your pleasure, fathers, shall be done?
Syllanus,[5] you are consul next design'd;
Your sentence of these men.

Syl. 'Tis short, and this.
Since they have sought to blot the name of Rome
Out of the world, and raze this glorious empire
With her own hands and arms turn'd on herself,
I think it fit they die: and could my breath
Now execute 'em, they should not enjoy
An article of time, or eye of light,
Longer to poison this our common air.

1 *Sen.* I think so too.

2 *Sen.* And I.

3 *Sen.* And I.

4 *Sen.* And I.

[5] *Syllanus*, &c.] This is conformable to the Roman practice. The "consul designed" was always called upon in the first place. WHAL.

Cic. Your sentence, Caius Cæsar.
Cæs. Conscript fathers,
In great affairs, and doubtful, it behoves
Men that are ask'd their sentence, to be free
From either hate or love, anger or pity:
For where the least of these do hinder, there
The mind not easily discerns the truth.
I speak this to you in the name of Rome,
For whom you stand; and to the present cause:
That this foul fact of Lentulus, and the rest,
Weigh not more with you than your dignity;
And you be more indulgent to your passion,
Than to your honour. If there could be found
A pain or punishment equal to their crimes,
I would devise and help: but if the greatness
Of what they have done exceed all man's invention,
I think it fit to stay where our laws do.
Poor petty states may alter upon humour,
Where, if they offend with anger, few do know it,
Because they are obscure; their fame and fortune
Is equal and the same: but they that are
Head of the world, and live in that seen height,
All mankind knows their actions. So we see,
The greater fortune hath the lesser license.
They must not favour, hate, and least be angry;
For what with others is call'd anger, there
Is cruelty and pride. I know Syllanus,
Who spoke before me, a just, valiant man,
A lover of the state, and one that would not,
In such a business, use or grace or hatred;
I know too, well, his manners and his modesty;
Nor do I think his sentence cruel, (for
'Gainst such delinquents what can be too bloody?)
But that it is abhorring from our state;
Since to a citizen of Rome offending,
Our laws give exile, and not death. Why then

Decrees he that? 'twere vain to think, for fear;
When by the diligence of so worthy a consul,
All is made safe and certain. Is't for punishment?
Why, death's the end of evils, and a rest
Rather than torment: it dissolves all griefs;
And beyond that, is neither care nor joy.
You hear my sentence would not have them die.
How then? set free, and increase Catiline's army?
So will they, being but banish'd. No, grave fathers,
I judge them, first, to have their states confiscate;
Then, that their persons remain prisoners
In the free towns, far off from Rome, and sever'd;
Where they might neither have relation,
Hereafter, to the senate or the people.
Or, if they had, those towns then to be mulcted,
As enemies to the state, that had their guard.

Omnes. 'Tis good, and honourable, Cæsar hath utter'd.

Cic. Fathers, I see your faces and your eyes
All bent on me, to note, of these two censures,
Which I incline to. Either of them are grave,
And answering the dignity of the speakers,
The greatness of the affair, and both severe.
One urgeth death; and he may well remember
This state hath punish'd wicked citizens so:
The other, bonds, and those perpetual, which
He thinks found out for the more singular plague.
Decree which you shall please: you have a consul,
Not readier to obey, than to defend,
Whatever you shall act for the republic;
And meet with willing shoulders any burden,
Or any fortune, with an even face,
Though it were death; which to a valiant man
Can never happen foul, nor to a consul
Be immature, nor to a wise man wretched.

Syl. Fathers, I spake but as I thought the needs
Of the commonwealth required.
Cato. Excuse it not.
Cic. Cato, speak you your sentence.
Cato. This it is.
You here dispute on kinds of punishment,
And stand consulting what you should decree
'Gainst those of whom you rather should beware:
This mischief is not like those common facts,
Which when they're done, the laws may prosecute;
But this, if you provide not ere it happen,
When it is happen'd, will not wait your judgment.
Good Caius Cæsar here hath very well,
And subtlely discours'd of life and death,
As if he thought those things a pretty fable
That are deliver'd us of hell and furies,
Or of the divers ways that ill men go
From good, to filthy, dark, and ugly places:
And therefore he would have these live, and long too;
But far from Rome, and in the small free towns,
Lest here they might have rescue: as if men
Fit for such acts were only in the city,
And not throughout all Italy; or, that boldness
Could not do more, where it found least resistance!
'Tis a vain counsel, if he think them dangerous:
Which if he do not, but that he alone,
In so great fear of all men, stand unfrighted,
He gives me cause, and you too, more to fear him.
I am plain, fathers. Here you look about
One at another, doubting what to do,
With faces, as you trusted to the gods,
That still have saved you; and they can do it: but
They are not wishings, or base womanish pray'rs,
Can draw their aids; but vigilance, counsel, action;
Which they will be ashamed to forsake.

Tis sloth they hate, and cowardice. Here you have
The traitors in your houses; yet you stand,
Fearing what to do with them; let them loose,
And send them hence with arms too, that your mercy
May turn your misery, as soon as 't can!—
O, but they are great men, and have offended
But through ambition; we would spare their honour.
Ay, if themselves had spared it, or their fame,
Or modesty, or either god or man;
Then I would spare them. But as things now stand,
Fathers, to spare these men, were to commit
A greater wickedness than you would revenge.
If there had been but time and place for you
To have repair'd this fault, you should have made it;
It should have been your punishment, to have felt
Your tardy error: but necessity
Now bids me say, let them not live an hour,
If you mean Rome should live a day. I have done.

Omnes. Cato hath spoken like an oracle.

Cras. Let it be so decreed.

Sen. We all were fearful.

Syl. And had been base, had not his virtue raised us.

Sen. Go forth, most worthy consul, we'll assist you.

Cæs. I am not yet changed in my sentence, fathers.

Cato. No matter.

Enter a Messenger with letters.

What be those?

1 *Sen.* Letters for Cæsar!
Cato. From whom? let them be read in open senate.
Fathers, they come from the conspirators,
I crave to have them read, for the republic.
Cæs. Cato, read you it. 'Tis a love-letter,
From your dear sister to me: though you hate me,
Do not discover it. [*Aside to Cato.*
Cato. Hold thee, drunkard.[6]—Consul,
Go forth, and confidently.
Cæs. You'll repent
This rashness, Cicero.[7]
Præ. Cæsar shall repent it.
[*The Prætors attempt to seize him.*
Cic. Hold, friends!

[6] *Hold thee, drunkard*] i. e. take the letter. There is no expression in the English language more common than this, which is to be found in almost every page of our old writers; yet the commentators on Shakspeare, with the exception of Steevens, who speaks doubtfully on the subject, misunderstand it altogether. In *Measure for Measure*, the Duke, on producing Angelo's commission, says, "*Hold*, therefore, Angelo," "that is," observes Johnson, "continue still to be Angelo!" No, rejoins Mr. Tyrwhitt, it signifies, "let me, therefore, stop!" And these childish absurdities are retailed from edition to edition, to the great edification of the reader.

The anecdote in the text is taken from Plutarch. As the fact is indisputable, it must ever be considered as a curious trait in the manners of the times. Servilia, the lady whose amorous impatience induced her to send a billet-doux to the senate-house at this important moment, was the mother of M. Brutus—and, as the scandal-mongers of her days affirmed, by Cæsar.

[7] Cæs. *You'll repent*
This rashness, Cicero.] Cæsar was right; Cicero was prosecuted about four years afterwards for putting Lentulus to death, by Clodius, and escaped condemnation, by going into voluntary exile. The sentence of death, was indeed, as Jonson states, awarded by the senate; but this was not deemed of sufficient validity to contravene a fundamental law of the republic.

Præ. He's scarce a friend unto the public.
Cic. No violence. Cæsar, be safe. [*They all rise.*]—Lead on.
Where are the public executioners?
Bid them wait on us. On to Spinther's house.[8]
Bring Lentulus forth. [*He is brought out.*]—
Here, you, the sad revengers
Of capital crimes against the public, take
This man unto your justice; strangle him.
Len. Thou dost well, consul. 'Twas a cast at dice,
In fortune's hand, not long since, that thyself
Should'st have heard these, or other words as fatal.
[*Exit Len. guarded.*
Cic. Lead on to Quintus Cornificius' house.
Bring forth Cethegus. [*He is brought out.*]—
Take him to the due
Death that he hath deserv'd, and let it be
Said, he was once.[9]

[8] *On to* Spinther's *house.*] It is scarcely worth observing—but it appears to have escaped Jonson, that Cicero constantly terms this person Lentulus. Spinther was an opprobrious surname, given to him from a fancied resemblance to a low comedian then on the stage, and therefore carefully avoided by the delicacy of his friends. (See my translation of Juvenal Sat. VI. v. 112.)

It is impossible to arrange the scenery in this place. Jonson's little senate must have marched round the stage, with Cicero at their head, and stopped at the various side-openings to receive the conspirators, as they were called over, and deliver them up to the executioners. Something of this kind actually took place; but Cicero went only to Spinther's house, on the Palatine hill, to receive Lentulus, whom he conducted with great silence and horror across the Forum, to what Sallust calls the Tullian dungeon, in the first ascent of the Capitoline hill, where he was strangled, together with his associates, who had been brought, in the interim, to the same place, by their respective keepers.

[9] ——————— *And let it be*
Said, he was once.] The sentence is here finished, although

Cet. A beast, or what is worse,
A slave, Cethegus. Let that be the name
For all that's base, hereafter; that would let
This worm pronounce on him, and not have trampled
His body into——Ha! art thou not moved?
Cic. Justice is never angry. Take him hence.
Cet. O, the whore Fortune, and her bawds the Fates,
That put these tricks on men, which knew the way
To death by a sword! strangle me, I may sleep;
I shall grow angry with the gods else.
[*Exit, guarded.*
Cic. Lead
To Caius Cæsar, for Statilius.
Bring him and rude Gabinius out. [*They are brought out.*]—Here take them
To your cold hands, and let them feel death from you.
Gab. I thank you, you do me a pleasure.
Stat. And me too. [*Exe. Gab. and Stat. guarded.*
Cato. So, Marcus Tullius, thou may'st now stand up,
And call it happy Rome, thou being consul.[1]

Cethegus replies in a manner that seems to complete the meaning. The allusion is to the customary expression among the Romans, used both in funeral inscriptions, or in speaking of a person departed, *vixit* or *fuit*. So that it means here, "Let it be said, he is now no more." WHAL.

Whalley might have observed, in fewer words, that the allusion is historical. In returning from the prison, Cicero observed a number of suspicious characters collected in the Forum, on which he exclaimed aloud, FUERUNT! THEY WERE! and thus put an end to their machinations.

[1] *And call it happy Rome, thou being consul.*] Cato has not much improved the poetry of his friend's memorable line, though he has avoided the jingle—

O fortunatam natam, me consule, Romam.

Great parent of thy country! go, and let
The old men of the city, ere they die,
Kiss thee, the matrons dwell about thy neck,
The youths and maids lay up, 'gainst they are old,
What kind of man thou wert, to tell their nephews,
When, such a year, they read, within our Fasti,
Thy consulship—

Enter PETREIUS.

Who's this? Petreius!

Cic. Welcome,
Welcome, renowned soldier. What's the news?
This face can bring no ill with 't unto Rome.
How does the worthy consul, my colleague?

Pet. As well as victory can make him, sir.
He greets the fathers, and to me hath trusted
The sad relation of the civil strife;
For, in such war, the conquest still is black.

Cic. Shall we withdraw into the house of Concord?

Cato. No, happy consul; here let all ears take
The benefit of this tale. If he had voice
To spread unto the poles, and strike it through
The centre to the antipodes, it would ask it.

Pet. The straits and needs of Catiline being such,
As he must fight with one of the two armies,
That then had near inclosed him; it pleased fate
To make us the object of his desperate choice,
Wherein the danger almost poised the honour:
And as he rose, the day grew black with him,
And Fate descended nearer to the earth,
As if she meant to hide the name of things[a]

[a] *As if she meant to hide the* name of things.] The *names of things* is equivalent to the *things themselves.* The spirit of this

Under her wings, and make the world her quarry.
At this we roused, lest one small minute's stay
Had left it to be inquired, what Rome was;
And, as we ought, arm'd in the confidence
Of our great cause, in form of battle stood;
Whilst Catiline came on, not with the face
Of any man, but of a public ruin.
His countenance was a civil war itself,
And all his host had standing in their looks
The paleness of the death that was to come;
Yet cried they out like vultures, and urged on,
As if they would precipitate our fates.
Nor stay'd we longer for them: but himself
Struck the first stroke; and with it fled a life,
Which cut, it seem'd a narrow neck of land
Had broke between two mighty seas, and either
Flow'd into other; for so did the slaughter;
And whirl'd about, as when two violent tides
Meet, and not yield. The Furies stood on hills,
Circling the place, and trembling to see men
Do more than they; whilst Piety left the field,
Grieved for that side, that in so bad a cause
They knew not what a crime their valour was.
The sun stood still, and was, behind the cloud
The battle made, seen sweating, to drive up
His frighted horse, whom still the noise drove backward.
And now had fierce Enyo, like a flame,

speech is truly noble, the images of sublimity and horror it abounds with, are drawn with a happy mixture of poetry and judgment, and disposed with equal exactness and art. For the honour of our poet, it must be added that this speech is not a translation: the whole is derived from the sources of his own imagination, with no assistance from his classic masters. I look on it as the most capital description in all the works of Jonson. WHAL.

Consumed all it could reach, and then itself,
Had not the fortune of the commonwealth
Come, Pallas-like, to every Roman thought:
Which Catiline seeing, and that now his troops
Cover'd that earth they had fought on, with
their trunks,
Ambitious of great fame to crown his ill,
Collected all his fury, and ran in,
Arm'd with a glory high as his despair,
Into our battle, like a Libyan lion
Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons,
Careless of wounds, plucking down lives about
him,
Till he had circled in himself with death:
Then fell he too, t'embrace it where it lay.
And as in that rebellion 'gainst the gods,
Minerva holding forth Medusa's head,
One of the giant-brethren felt himself
Grow marble at the killing sight, and now
Almost made stone, began to inquire, what flint,
What rock it was, that crept through all his
limbs,
And ere he could think more, was that he fear'd;
So Catiline, at the sight of Rome in us,
Became his tomb: yet did his look retain
Some of his fierceness, and his hands still moved,
As if he labour'd yet to grasp the state
With those rebellious parts.
Cato. A brave bad death!
Had this been honest now, and for his country,
As 'twas against it, who had e'er fall'n greater?
Cic. Honour'd Petreius, Rome, not I, must
thank you.
How modestly has he spoken of himself!
Cato. He did the more.
Cic. Thanks to the immortal gods,
Romans, I now am paid for all my labours,

My watchings, and my dangers! here conclude
Your praises, triumphs, honours, and rewards,
Decreed to me: only the memory
Of this glad day, if I may know it live
Within your thoughts, shall much affect my conscience,
Which I must always study before fame.
Though both be good, the latter yet is worst,
And ever is ill got, without the first. [*Exeunt.*[1]

[1] This play, like *Sejanus*, has been much under-rated, and probably by those who never read either of them. Lord Dorset, who calls it *a noble* work, informs us that it was the poet's favourite; and there is no reason to dispute his authority.

The number of writers whom Jonson has consulted, and the industry and care with which he has extracted from them every circumstance conducive to the elucidation of his plot, can only be conceived by those who have occasion to search after his authorities. He has availed himself of almost every scattered hint from the age of Sallust to that of Elizabeth, for the correct formation of his characters, and placed them before our eyes as they appear in the writings of those who lived and acted with them. Cethegus, Lentulus, and Catiline, are strongly marked, and clearly discriminated; but his principal personage is Cicero, whom he has drawn from the insignificance to which the violent party prejudices of Sallust strove to consign him, and placed in that high and commanding station which he is known to have actually occupied.

It scarcely seems necessary to enlarge on a story so familiar; but it may not be amiss to say a few words on the treatment which this tragedy has received. Not content with accumulating upon it all the ignorant abuse of modern times, the critics go back to the poet's days, and affirm that it was mightily reprobated by his contemporaries, and especially by Marston; who, as that wholesale dealer in absurdity, the late editor of the *Biographia Dramatica* assures us, "cast, in the preface to his *Sophonisba*, some very severe glances at its pedantry and plagiarism." The nature of the pedantry is not specified; but the plagiarism consists, it seems, in the poet's "borrowing *orations* from Sallust, &c., and making use of them in his tragedies of *Sejanus* and *Catiline*". Mr. Jones has given the respective dates of *Sophonisba* and *Catiline*, the former of which (he says) appeared in 1606, and the latter in 1611.

Admitting, therefore, with this learned chronologist, that "the orations of Sallust" furnished the ground work of *Sejanus*, who was born about half a century after his death, we may still hesitate to allow that Marston could "cast a glance" either mild or "severe" in 1606, at what was not visible till 1611.—But no improbability is too gross to be swallowed, when Jonson is the object of attack: and the stupid hostility of Mr. Jones is, after all, less reprehensible than the wanton malevolence of Steevens and others, who must have known the falsehood of the slander which they encouraged their zanies to propagate.

But nothing is done, unless Jonson be dragged in to swell the triumph of Shakspeare. "Jonson" (says a great critic,) "is, in the serious drama, as much an imitator as Shakspeare is an original." The allusion is to the *Julius Cæsar* and *Antony and Cleopatra* of the latter; and yet it is not very easy for an unprejudiced mind to discover many traits of originality in those tragedies, which are not to be met with in *Catiline*. Whole speeches are taken from the old translation of Plutarch, and put into verse with as little expense of labour as possible, while every incident, which could be turned to account, is freely borrowed from the same popular source. This is reckoned a merit in Shakspeare; the obloquy which is thrown on Jonson, therefore, for the same practice, can only arise from his varying so far from the example, as to have recourse to original authorities instead of translations.

But, proceeds the critic, "he was very learned as Sampson was very strong, to his own hurt. Blind to the nature of tragedy, he pulled down all antiquity upon his head, and buried himself under it; we see nothing of Jonson, nor indeed of his admired but murdered, ancients; for what shone in the historian is a cloud on the poet; and *Catiline* might have been a good play, if Sallust had never writ." *Conjectures on original Composition*, p. 80.

All this is very fine, and has been repeated by numbers, who have actually assumed an air of wisdom on the delivery of this oracular criticism, and doled out their modicums of regret on the fall of the unhappy poet:—and yet there is as little truth as candour in it. Jonson has principally availed himself of Sallust in the early part of the history, and the version of his account of the first meetings of the conspirators, far from *murdering the historian*, may be classed among the most free and spirited translations to be found in this or any other language.

Why "*Catiline* might have been a good play if Sallust had never writ," it is useless to inquire. There would still have remained the Greek historians, the orations of Cicero, of which

Jonson has made far more use than of Sallust, and many other original sources of information, to spoil the play.—But this gentleman, who, like most of the poet's censurers, never looked into the piece which he was reviling, well aware that Sallust had written on the subject of Catiline's conspiracy, took it for granted that Jonson had merely turned him into doggrel, and hazarded his assertion, fearless of question, and confident of finding a ready belief in the prejudices of the times.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.] This Comedy was produced, at the Hope Theatre, (on the Bank-side,) October 31, 1614, and acted, as Jonson tells us, by the lady Elizabeth's servants. The lady Elizabeth was the daughter of James I. she married the Elector Palatine, and saw many evil days both as a wife and mother: her descendants have been more fortunate; and are now on the throne of Great Britain.

The *Biographia Dramatica* speaks of an edition of this play in quarto, 1614. I know of no earlier one than the folio, 1631-1641, nor do I believe that it ever appeared in that form. In the title-page, it is said that it was dedicated in the year 1614 to king James; but by this expression no more is meant than that it was addressed to him in an occasional prologue, written for the purpose; though this, probably, led to the mistake just noticed. When this play was printed, James was dead.

Bartholomew Fair was always a favourite with the people: this is easily accounted for from the ridicule with which it covers the Puritans. It was revived, as might naturally be expected, immediately after the Restoration, and was frequently honoured with a royal command by Charles, whom tradition represents as greatly delighted with the character of Cokes, which was, indeed, excellently played by Wintersel, and, afterwards by Nokes, the most celebrated comic performer of those days. To this comedy, Collin, the rustic champion of Puritanism, is taken, on his visit to London, and D'Urfey gives a humorous account of his zeal and fury at the scenical disgrace of rabbi Busy. D'Urfey pays an incidental compliment to this piece, by representing Collin as completely deceived at first, and believing that what he saw and heard of the Puritans was a scene of real life.

I am sorry to observe that the excellent folio of 1616 deserts us here. Why this drama was not admitted into it, cannot now be told, unless, as I believe was really the case, that much of that volume was carried through the press some time before it was given to the public. Be this as it may, the subsequent plays do not exhibit, to my eye, the same marks of Jonson's care as those already given: nor do I think that he concerned himself with the revision of the folio now before us, or, indeed, ever saw it, though many of the pieces contained in it are dated several years antecedent to his death.

To this comedy was prefixed the following apt motto:

Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus: nam
Spectaret populum ludis attentiùs ipsis,
Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura.
Scriptores autem narrare putaret asello
Fabellam surdo. Hor. lib. 2, epist. 1.

THE

PROLOGUE.

TO THE

KING'S MAJESTY.

Your Majesty is welcome to a Fair;
Such place, such men, such language, and such ware
You must expect: with these, the zealous noise
Of your land's faction, scandalized at toys,
As babies, hobby-horses, puppet-plays,
And such like rage, whereof the petulant ways
Yourself have known, and have been vext with long.
These for your sport, without particular wrong,
Or just complaint of any private man,
Who of himself, or shall think well, or can,
The maker doth present: and hopes, to-night
To give you for a fairing, true delight.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

John Littlewit, *a proctor.*
Zeal-of-the-land Busy, *suitor to dame Purecraft, a Banbury man.**
Winwife, *his rival, a gentleman.*
Tom Quarlous, *companion to Winwife, a gamester.*
Bartholomew Cokes, *an esquire of Harrow.*
Humphrey Waspe, *his man.*
Adam Overdo, *a justice of peace.*
Lanthorn Leatherhead, *a hobby-horse seller, (toy-man.)*
Ezechiel Edgworth, *a cutpurse.*
Nightingale, *a ballad-singer.*
Mooncalf, *tapster to Ursula.*
Dan. Jordan Knockem, *a horse-courser and a ranger of Turnbull.*
Val. Cutting, *a roarer, or bully.*
Captain Whit, *a bawd.*
Trouble-all, *a madman.*
Bristle, Haggise, } *watchmen.*
Pocher, *a beadle.*
Filcher, Sharkwell, } *door-keepers to the puppet-show.*
Solomon, *Littlewit's man.*
Northern, *a clothier (a Northern man.)*
Puppy, *a wrestler (a Western man.)*

Win-the-fight Littlewit.
Dame Purecraft, *her mother, and a widow.*
Dame Overdo.
Grace Wellborn, *ward to Justice Overdo.*
Joan Trash, *a gingerbread-woman.*
Ursula, *a pig-woman.*
Alice, *mistress o' the game.*

Costard-monger, Mousetrap-man, Corn-cutter, Watch, Porters, Puppets, Passengers, Mob, Boys, &c.

* *A Banbury-man.*] i. e. a Puritan. Our old writers have frequent allusions to the numbers of these people at Banbury: indeed, the town seems to have been chiefly inhabited by them.

THE

INDUCTION.

The Stage.

Enter the Stage-keeper.

Stage. Gentlemen, have a little patience, they are e'en upon coming, instantly. He that should begin the play, master Littlewit, the proctor, has a stitch new fallen in his black silk stocking; 'twill be drawn up ere you can tell twenty: he plays one o' the Arches[1] that dwells about the hospital, and he has a very pretty part. But for the whole play, will you have the truth on't?—I am looking, lest the poet hear me, or his man, master Brome,[2] behind the arras—it is like to be a very conceited scurvy one, in plain English. When't comes to the Fair once, you were e'en as good go to Virginia, for any thing there is of Smithfield. He has not hit the humours, he does not know them; he has not conversed with

[1] *He plays one o' the* Arches, &c.] i. e. a proctor of the Court of Arches, kept in Bow Church, Cheapside, which being, as it is said, the first church in the city raised on arches of stone, was therefore called *St. Mary de Arcubus*, or *le Bow*.

[2] *Or his man, master* Brome,] He was our author's amanuensis; and profiting by the instructions and conversation of his master, turned author himself, and wrote several comedies, which were received with applause. WHAL.

Jonson has a copy of verses prefixed to his *Northern Lass;* an excellent comedy, worthy of being better known.

the Bartholomew birds, as they say; he has ne'er a sword and buckler-man in his Fair; nor a little Davy,[3] to take toll o' the bawds there, as in my time; nor a Kindheart, if any body's teeth should chance to ache, in his play; nor a jugler with a well-educated ape, to come over the chain for a king of England, and back again for the prince, and sit still on his arse for the pope and the king of Spain. None of these fine sights! Nor has he the canvas-cut in the night, for a hobby-horse-man to creep into his she neighbour, and take his leap there. Nothing! No: an some writer that I know had had but the penning o' this matter, he would have made you such a jig-a-jog in the booths, you should have thought an earthquake had been in the Fair![4] But these master-

[3] *A little Davy*, &c.] I can say nothing of this person, nor of Kindheart: both were well known at the time, and probably regular frequenters of the Fair. The latter was, I suppose, a jack-pudding to a quack, and Fletcher seems to play upon his name, when he makes the clown say to his juggling master, "An you had any mercy, you would not use a *Kind-heart* thus," *Maid in the Mill.* The ape mentioned in the next line, or, at least, one just as *well educated*, is celebrated by Donne in his first satire:

"As thou, O elephant, or *ape* wilt do,
"When any names the *king of Spain* to you."

I have had occasion elsewhere to notice the excellent education which was bestowed on the animals of those times, and which enabled them to earn their bread in a very creditable manner. See Massinger, Vol. II. p. 61.

[4] *An some writer that I know had but the penning o' this matter, he would have made such a jig-a-jog in the booths, you should have thought an earthquake had been in the Fair.*] If the reader had not already seen enough of the commentators to convince him that no absurdity which involves a charge against Jonson is too gross for them to swallow, he would naturally be surprised to learn that this passage has been confidently produced as a striking proof of the poet's hostility to Shakspeare, "at whose comedies it is a manifest *sneer*." To say nothing of Mr. Malone, could not Mr. Steevens (who is not always mole-eyed) find out

poets, they will have their own absurd courses; they will be informed of nothing. He has (sir reverence) kick'd me three or four times about the tiring-house, I thank him, for but offering

that the Stage-keeper is speaking of the writers employed to furnish farcical exhibitions for Bartholomew Fair, which Shakspeare, I presume, never was?—but enough of this "twice-sodden folly." The person meant cannot now be known. Mr. Gilchrist imagines, that it was Antony Munday, the city-poet: it might, not improbably, be the voluminous Heywood, whose muse was always ready for a pageant or a play, a masque or a drollery; or, and to this I rather incline, the unfortunate Decker, whose necessities often drove him to occupations not altogether worthy of his talents. Sir J. Davies has an epigram on one *Dacus*, who made dialogues for the *puppets*, speeches for the *master* of the *ape*, &c., and who is probably the same person whom Davies, the school-master, in his *Scourge of Folly*, calls "Dacus, the pot-poet." If this should be Decker, as I almost fear it is, the conjecture above would be considerably strengthened. The conclusion of sir John's epigram runs thus:

"He first taught him which keeps the Monuments
At Westminster, his formal tale to say;
And also him which puppets represents,
And also him which with the ape doth play:
Though all his poetrie be like to this,
Amongst the poets Dacus number'd is."

But the Stage-keeper proceeds—"but these master-poets will have their own absurd courses; they will be informed of nothing." And this, too, say both Steevens and Malone, "is a sneer at our immortal bard by the envious Ben." Papæ! Is the composer of puppet-shows converted, in the course of a single line, into a *master-poet!* Men who wilfully shut their eyes, may persuade themselves that it is dark at noon-day; but they must not hope to impose upon others. Is it not clear that Jonson puts this language into the mouth of an ignorant and conceited retainer of the stage, as a satire on the bad taste of the vulgar, and that he is himself, the *master-poet* at whom the pert Stage-keeper directs his sarcasm!—His appeal to the audience is evidently designed to characterize the buffooneries in which they mainly delighted, and there can be little doubt that scenes of the grossest nature were exhibited in the petty theatres and booths of the time.

to put in with my experience. I'll be judged by you, gentlemen, now, but for one conceit of mine: would not a fine pump upon the stage have done well, for a property now? and a punk set under upon her head, with her stern upward, and have been soused by my witty young masters o' the Inns of Court? What think you of this for a shew, now? he will not hear o' this! I am an ass! I! and yet I kept the stage in master Tarleton's time,[5] I thank my stars. Ho! an that man had lived to have played in Bartholomew Fair, you should have seen him have come in, and have been cozen'd in the cloth-quarter, so finely! and Adams, the rogue, have leaped and capered upon him, and have dealt his vermin

[5] *And yet I kept the stage in master* Tarleton's *time*,] He was a celebrated comedian in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and excelled in the performance of droll and humourous characters. WHAL.

Tarleton seems to have been a kind of licensed jester; and he abused the favour of the audience upon all occasions, interlarding his part with spontaneous effusions, of which it is not easy at this distance of time to discover the merit. He was, perhaps, the most popular comic performer that ever trod the stage, and his memory was cherished with fond delight by the vulgar to the period of the revolution. It is afflicting to add, that this extraordinary man lived and died a profligate; for I give no credit to the "songs and sonnets" which tell of his recantation and repentance. These were hawked about as commonly as "dying speeches," and were probably of no better authority. Tarleton died in 1588, and left the stage free for Kempe and Reed.

In the last edition of the *Biographia Dramatica*, it is said that "Ben Jonson, who *libelled* the players, mentions Tarleton with some respect for supporting the character of the Stage-keeper in *Bartholomew Fair*"! The editor is one of those who confidently undertake to vouch for the bad qualities of Jonson, and who, from the present specimen (which is but one of a thousand) appears to be utterly ignorant of the very passage on which he has the hardihood to found his calumny.

about, as though they had cost him nothing! and then a substantial watch to have stolen in upon them, and taken them away, with mistaking words, as the fashion is in the stage-practice.[6]

[6] *And then a substantial* watch *to have stolen in upon them, and taken 'em away with* mistaking words, *as the fashion is in the stage-practice.*] This is certainly a sneer on Shakspeare: the *watch* in *Much ado about Nothing*, break in upon Boracchio and Conrade, as they are talking together, and hurry them away to the constable, where the chief humour of the scene, and of the proceedings afterwards, is owing to the ignorance of the *watch* and the officers, who perpetually *blunder in their language.*

WHAL.

Whalley, like the rest, in his eagerness to criminate Jonson, overleaps every difficulty in his way. The Stage-keeper, who is the representative of an ill-judging audience, evidently refers to some popular farce, in which the rogue Adams (the fool of the piece) bore a prominent part. The *sneer* at Shakspeare, which is so evident to Whalley, and the commentators, I am not clear-sighted enough to discern:—if *Much ado about Nothing* be really meant in this place, I should rather suppose that the poet, by putting the "*sneer*" at it into the mouth of this absurd coxcomb, who is immediately driven with contempt from the stage, intended to compliment it:—but, in fact, I do not think that this comedy was meant at all. The guardians of the night, for what reason it is not easy to say, had been proverbial for their blundering simplicity, before Shakspeare was born; and it is scarcely possible to look into an old play without seeing how deeply this opinion was rooted in the minds of the people. Till Glapthorne's excellent comedy, no one supposed it possible that *wit could be found in the watch, or in the constable who headed them;* and they are never introduced on the stage without the "mistaking of words," mentioned above. It would be too much to require us to believe that Shakspeare was the first who noticed this fertile source of amusement, especially as he seems rather to content himself with improving and dignifying what was already on the stage than to have laboured after the introduction of novelties. Briefly, I am persuaded not only that there were many contemporaneous pieces in which these characters were introduced, but that some one of the number was distinguished for the buffoon tricks here specified by the Stage-keeper: nor will I pay so ill a compliment to the judgment of Jonson, as to imagine for a

Enter the Bookholder[7] *with a* Scrivener.

Book. How now! what rare discourse are you fallen upon, ha? have you found any familiars here, that you are so free? what's the business?

Stage. Nothing, but the understanding gentlemen o' the ground here ask'd my judgment.[8]

Book. Your judgment, rascal! for what? sweeping the stage, or gathering up the broken apples for the bears within?[9] Away, rogue, it's come to a fine degree in these spectacles, when such a youth as you pretend to a judgment. [*Exit Stage-Keeper.*]—And yet he may, in the most of this matter, i' faith: for the author has writ it just to his meridian, and the scale of the grounded

moment that when he had resolved to be "keen and critical," he would defeat his own purpose, by taxing the vehicle of his satire with swinish ignorance, and dismissing him with ignominy and contempt from the stage.

[7] *Enter the* Bookholder,] i. e. the prompter. He is constantly so termed by the old writers for the stage.

[8] *The understanding gentlemen of the* ground *here.*] i. e. the *pit*. So Hamlet,

"To split the ears of the *groundlings*."

The word generally used by way of contempt. WHAL.

The pit was sunk considerably beneath the level of the stage, and had neither chairs nor benches: indeed, it seems probable that it was not even floored, at least, at this theatre. From the depth of the pit originated those perpetual jokes which are found in our old dramatists on the *groundlings*, *understanders*, &c. Thus Shirley, with a manifest *sneer* at "all Shakspeare's historical plays," which his commentators have unfortunately overlooked!

"No shews, no dance, and, what you most delight in,
Grave *understanders*, here's no *target-fighting*."

Doubtful Heir.

[9] ——— *broken apples for the* bears *within?*] The bear-garden was in the vicinity of this theatre, which, from Jonson's own account, was not altogether unworthy of its neighbour.

judgments here, his play-fellows in wit.—Gentlemen, [*comes forward.*] not for want of a prologue, but by way of a new one, I am sent out to you here, with a scrivener, and certain articles drawn out in haste between our author and you; which if you please to hear, and as they appear reasonable, to approve of; the play will follow presently.—Read, scribe; give me the counterpane.[1]

Scriv. *Articles of agreement, indented, between the spectators or hearers, at the Hope on the Bankside in the county of Surry, on the one party; and the author of* Bartholomew Fair, *in the said place and county, on the other party: the one and thirtieth day of October* 1614, *and in the twelfth year of the reign of our sovereign lord,* James, *by the grace of God, king of England, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith; and of Scotland the seven and fortieth.*

Imprimis. *It is covenanted and agreed, by and between the parties aforesaid, and the said spectators and hearers, as well the curious and envious, as the favouring and judicious, as also the grounded judgments and understandings, do for themselves severally covenant and agree to remain in the places their money or friends have put them in, with patience, for the space of two hours and an half, and somewhat more. In which time the author promiseth to present them by us, with a new sufficient play, called* Bartholomew Fair, *merry, and as full of noise, as sport: made to delight all, and to offend none; provided they have either the wit or the honesty to think well of themselves.*

It is further agreed, that every person here have

[1] *Give me the* counterpane.] "One part," Cole says, "of a pair of deeds or indentures." It is the legal term: *counterpana indenturæ.*

his or their free-will of censure, to like or dislike at their own charge, the author having now departed with his right: it shall be lawful for any man to judge his sixpen'worth, his twelve-pen'worth, so to his eighteen-pence, two shillings, half a crown, to the value of his place; provided always his place get not above his wit. And if he pay for half a dozen, he may censure for all them too, so that he will undertake that they shall be silent. He shall put in for censures here, as they do for lots at the lottery: marry, if he drop but six-pence at the door, and will censure a crown's-worth, it is thought there is no conscience or justice in that.

It is also agreed, that every man here exercise his own judgment, and not censure by contagion, or upon trust, from another's voice or face, that sits by him, be he never so first in the commission of wit; as also, that he be fixed and settled in his censure, that what he approves or not approves to day, he will do the same to-morrow; and if to-morrow, the next day, and so the next week, if need be: and not to be brought about by any that sits on the bench with him, though they indite and arraign plays daily. He that will swear, Jeronimo, *or* Andronicus, *are the best plays yet, shall pass unex-*

[a] *He that will swear* Andronicus, &c.] Dr. Percy, who was not altogether so far gone in the *Jonsophobia* as some of the commentators on Shakspeare, refers to this passage as a kind of proof that *Titus Andronicus* was *not* written by Shakspeare. This unfortunate circumstance puts Steevens in a flame. He vehemently rejects the doctor's inference, and declares that Ben's disapprobation of that play is "nothing to the purpose; because he has *unsparingly censured* the *Tempest*, and others of Shakspeare's most finished pieces; while the *whole of his prologue* to *Every Man in his Humour*" (which, as I have shewn, has not the slightest allusion to our immortal bard) "is a *malicious* sneer upon him."

This is pretty well: but Mr. Malone, not to be outdone by his associate in calumny, brings forward a contemptuous epithet

cepted at here, as a man whose judgment shews it is constant, and hath stood still these five and twenty or thirty years. Though it be an ignorance, it is a virtuous and staid ignorance; and next to truth, a confirmed error does well; such a one the author knows where to find him.

It is further covenanted, concluded, and agreed, That how great soever the expectation be, no person here is to expect more than he knows, or better ware than a fair will afford: neither to look back to the sword and buckler age of Smithfield, but content himself with the present. Instead of a little Davy, to take toll o' the bawds, the author doth promise a strutting horse-courser,[4] with a leer drunkard,[3] two or three to attend him, in as good equipage as you would wish. And then for Kindheart the tooth-drawer, a fine oily pig-woman with her tapster, to bid you welcome, and a consort of roarers for musick. A wise justice of peace meditant, instead of a jugler

(stale) incidentally bestowed on *Pericles* by our author, as an *additional* proof that this wretched drama *was* written by Shakspeare"! whom," as the critic adds, "he appears to have *hated* and *envied* merely because the splendour of his genius *had* surpassed his own"!—Not in *Pericles*, I presume:—but such are the legitimate occasions seized, by the commentators, to vent their senseless malignity, from page to page, against the character of Jonson!

[3] *With a* leer *drunkard,*] i. e. so drunk, as to be incapable of managing himself; but see the *New Inn.*

[4] *A horse-courser,*] In the Dramatis Personæ, Knockem is called *a horse-courser and a ranger of Turnbull.* A horse-courser, as old Fitzherbert says, differs from a horse master "A corser is he that byeth all ryders horses, and selleth them agayne; the horse-mayster is he that byeth wylde horses, and breketh them, and then selleth them." This, perhaps, was more than Jonson knew. It is sufficient to say that he uses the word, as his contemporaries did, for a horse-dealer. A Turnbull street ranger wants no explanation. I may, however, take the opportunity of adding, that in the note, Vol. I. p. 17, I should have added *Turnbull* to the other names for Tremill-street.

with an ape. A civil cutpurse searchant. A sweet singer of new ballads allurant: and as fresh an hypocrite, as ever was broached, rampant. If there be never a servant-monster in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of antiques?[5] *he is loth to*

[5] *If there be never a* servant-monster *in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a* nest of antiques?] Our author, and who can help it, is still venting his sneers at Shakspeare. The *servant-monster* is the character of Caliban in the *Tempest:* the *nest of antiques* is the clowns who dance in the *Winter's Tale;* and, lest he should be thought not to speak plainly enough, he expressly mentions those plays in the next sentence. I am afraid the reader will think but ill either of Jonson's judgment, or his candour, when he thus ridicules what has been generally admired by men of real taste: but I believe the sneer was designed not so much to ridicule Shakspeare for his invention, as the passion of the mob for spectacles of this kind. WHAL.

I have omitted a part of Whalley's note, as not greatly to the purpose; and shall leave my opinion of what remains to be gathered from the observations on the charges brought against Jonson by more recent commentators.

As this passage has furnished such abundant matter for obloquy, it may not be amiss to examine it at large. Steevens, who is inclined to be complimentary, says that the *Tempest* was not secure from the criticism of our poet, (he had just charged him with having *unsparingly* censured it) "whose *malice* appears to be more than equal to his wit. He says, if there be never a servant-monster in the fair, who can help it." And Malone affirms that "Jonson endeavours to depreciate this beautiful comedy by calling it a *foolery*." The depreciation remains to be proved—but (I regret to say it) I have a heavier charge against Mr. Malone than a too precipitate conclusion—a charge of misrepresentation. *Foolery*, cannot indeed be applied to any work without an intent to depreciate it: but this was not Jonson's word, nor was it even in his contemplation. The term used by him is *drollery*, which had a precise and specific bearing upon the whole subject of his Induction. A *droll*, or *drollery*, was the appropriate term for a puppet-show, and is so applied by all the writers of his time. Thus Claudia, in the *Tragedy of Valentian*, declares that "She had rather make a *drollery* till thirty," i. e. spend her youth in making puppet-shows, which she considers as the lowest scene of degradation: and so, indeed, in many other places. The term continued in use down to the last century, for Dennis says, in one of his

make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget tales, tempests, and such like drolleries, to mix his

letters, that " he went to see the siege of *Namur*, a *droll*, at Bartholomew Fair." Subsequently to Jonson's time, the word was applied to a farcical dialogue in a single scene: but there is, I confidently believe, no instance of a *drollery* being used for a legitimate comedy. The reader now sees all the advantage derived by Mr. Malone from his sophistication: had he adhered to Jonson's own language, this part of the charge against him could not have been sustained for a moment. I now return to Steevens. " Servant-monster" is undoubtedly to be found in the *Tempest;* but I am yet to learn that the expression was the invention of Shakspeare, or even peculiar to him; though he has applied it with inimitable humour. The redaer is not to learn that the town in those days abounded with exhibitions of what were familiarly called *monsters*, i.e. creatures of various kinds which were taught a thousand antic tricks; the constant concomitants of puppet-shows. " I would not have you," says Machin, " step into the suburbs, and acquaint yourself either with *monsters*, or *motions.*" *Dumb Knight.* And Jonson himself, in a subsequent part of this play, makes Bristle tax Haggise with loitering behind " to see the *man with the monsters.*" Elephants, camels, bears, horses, &c. were all accompanied by apes, who amused the spectator by assuming a command over them. Nor is the custom, nor the language yet obsolete. I have frequently seen, at a country fair, a dog or bear called out to " shew his obedience to his *master*," an ape, or monkey, that mounted, and drove him about at will. This was the servant monster of Jonson's age; but there was yet another, the clown who conducted the mummery of such characters as the machinery of the show required, beasts and fishes of the most uncouth and monstrous forms. The frequency and popularity of these exhibitions are excellently noted by Mr. Gilchrist, and it is impossible to look at the part of Trinculo, without seeing that it bears an immediate reference to this custom; and we may form some idea of the roar of the old theatre, at hearing him and his associate unwittingly characterise themselves as *monsters*, by adopting the well-known expression.

" The *Winter's Tale* is *sneered* at," Mr. Malone says, in the *nest of antiques*," i. e. the twelve satyrs who dance at the sheep-shearing." Twelve satyrs a nest of antiques! They were full grown ones however.—" Old Ben," as Mr. Malone judiciously observes, " generally spoke out," and here is a notable proof

head with other men's heels; let the concupiscence of jigs and dances reign as strong as it will amongst

of it! The stage direction is, "Enter twelve rustics habited like satyrs, they dance, and then exeunt." And it is this harmless dance, common to many plays then on the stage, and which, indeed, is not the only one in this very scene, that *made nature afraid*, and excited the indignation of Jonson! It is mortifying to be reduced to notice such stuff; but whatever may be my own wearisomeness and disgust, the reader who has patiently toiled through fifteen volumes of malicious falsehood, cannot, in justice, complain that a few pages are occasionally laid before him in refutation of it.—Jonson is still speaking of puppet shows, and those who are aware of the profane and monstrous exhibitions which were in vogue at the moment of his writing, will not be surprized at the vehemence of his language. *The Creation of the World;* the *Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah;* (here was a tempest of fire;) the *Story of Jonas and the whale*, the "tale" to which he alludes; (and here too, was a "tempest;") and a number of other miraculous events unintentionally, perhaps, burlesqued from Scripture—these were what *made nature afraid*, and not an innocent dance by a description of beings familiar to every frequenter of the stage.

Had not the critics so kindly pointed out the meaning of a *nest* of antiques, I should have taken it for one of those ridiculous collections of old trumpery, (called, I believe, travelling museums,) by which the credulity of the good citizens has in all periods been somewhat abused.—At all events, I should not have stumbled on satyrs. Our ancestors indeed, used the same word (antiques) for antics, and antiquities; but, even in the former sense, I cannot admit that it means satyrs. The antique was the vice or clown of the old stage; and indeed lord Bacon, (not the worst judge of language,) expressly distinguishes the two characters. "Antimasques" (he says) are usually composed of *satyrs*, baboons, *antiques*, beasts," &c. *Essays*, xxxvii. The fact seems to be, that the commentators, having first determined that the *Winter's Tale* was ridiculed, looked through it for something to justify their conclusion! Had they turned to *Bartholomew Fair*, they would have discovered something to their purpose. In the third act, Jonson mentions "a *nest* of *beards*:" a *sneer* undoubtedly, "and who can help it," at Aufolycus, who is furnished with a *beard*, (A. IV. S. iii.) and is moreover a little of an *antique*. Here the attack is direct and palpable! Here "old Ben speaks out!" This fortunate quotation of mine

you: yet if the puppets will please any body, they shall be intreated to come in.

In consideration of which, it is finally agreed, by the aforesaid hearers and spectators, That they neither in themselves conceal, nor suffer by them to be concealed, any state-decypherer, or politic picklock[6] *of the scene, so solemnly ridiculous, as to search out, who was meant by the gingerbread-woman, who by the hobby-horse man, who by the costard-monger, nay, who by their wares. Or that will pretend to*

may be of use in a philological sense, as it tends to shew that *nest* does not, as the critics seem to suppose, exclusively, and necessarily mean, "a dance of satyrs."

Long as this note is, I am unwilling to dismiss it without noticing the immense importance of the "malignity" of Jonson to the commentators! It settles dates, it decides controversies, and it occasionally reconciles the bitterest enemies—"your *if* is not a more excellent peace-maker." "The *Tempest*," it seems, "must have been written before 1614." But why? *The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap:*—"because Jonson *sneers* at it in that year"! And this settles the contest.

With respect to the "*Winter's Tale*," Mr. Malone once assigned it to 1604, but fortunately observing "that Ben Jonson had *ridiculed* it in his *Bartholomew Fair*, which first appeared in 1614," he inclines to think that it was joined in the same *censure* with the *Tempest*, in consequence of the two plays having been produced at no great distance of time from each other; and that, therefore, the *Winter's Tale* ought to have been ascribed to the year 1613! I am afraid that we are still afloat in this matter; for it happens, (though Mr. Malone, who probably never opened Jonson in his life, except to run his finger rapidly down a particular page, was ignorant of it,) that the expressions which have given such offence, are copied almost literally from the preface to the 4to. edition of the *Alchemist*, which appeared in 1612. Such is the sad effect of laying foundations for argument in prejudice and injustice!

[6] *Any politic picklock of the scene so* solemnly ridiculous, &c.] Though I have endeavoured, and I trust not altogether unsuccessfully, to defend Jonson from the charge of attacking Shakspeare on all occasions, yet I am by no means prepared "to champion him to the utterance." With all my zeal for the author, I am compelled to admit that he has levelled a very

affirm on his own inspired ignorance, what Mirror of Magistrates[7] *is meant by the justice, what great lady by the pig-woman, what concealed statesman by the seller of mouse-traps, and so of the rest. But that such person, or persons, so found, be left discovered to the mercy of the author, as a forfeiture to the stage, and your laughter aforesaid. As also such as shall so desperately, or ambitiously play the fool by his place aforesaid, to challenge the author of scurrility, because the language somewhere savours of Smithfield, the booth, and the pigbroth, or of profaneness, because a madman cries,* God quit you, *or* bless you! *In witness whereof, as you have preposterously put to your seals already, which is your money, you will now add the other part of suffrage, your hands. The play shall presently begin. And though the Fair be not kept in the same region that some here, perhaps, would have it; yet think, that therein the author hath observed a special decorum, the place being as dirty as Smithfield, and as stinking every whit.*

Howsoever, he prays you to believe, his ware is still the same, else you will make him justly suspect that he that is so loth to look on a baby or an hobby-horse here, would be glad to take up a commodity of them, at any laughter or loss in another place. [Exe.

cruel *sneer* at Mr. Malone in this place; and another equally severe at Mr. Steevens, a few lines below; to say nothing of the bitter ridicule flung on the minor commentators in every part of it. Could any traces be found of their having read this passage, I should sincerely condole with them on their sufferings; but they never got beyond the preceding page.

[7] *What Mirror of Magistrates,*] Alluding to the collection or series of poems so named, describing the fall of the *Unfortunate Great*; a work, which had its rise from Lydgate's *Fall of Princes*. It was begun by R. Baldwine, assisted by others, about 1550. Afterwards it was republished, with additions by John Higins in 1587. And the last edition with enlargements, by Richard Niccols, in 1610. WHAL.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in Littlewit's *House.*

Enter LITTLEWIT *with a license in his hand.*

Lit. A pretty conceit, and worth the finding! I have such luck to spin out these fine things still, and, like a silk-worm, out of my self. Here's master Bartholomew Cokes, of Harrow o' the Hill, in the county of Middlesex, esquire, takes forth his license to marry mistress Grace Wellborn, of the said place and county: and when does he take it forth? to-day! the four and twentieth of August! Bartholomew-day! Bartholomew upon Bartholomew! there's the device! who would have marked such a leap-frog chance now? A very - - - - less[1] than ames-ace, on two dice! Well, go thy ways, John Littlewit, proctor John Littlewit: one of the pretty wits of Paul's, the Littlewit of London, so thou art called, and something beside. When a quirk or a quiblin does scape thee, and thou dost not watch and apprehend it, and bring it afore the constable of conceit, (there now, I speak quib too,) let them carry thee out o' the archdeacon's

[1] *A very - - - - less*, &c.] A word appears to have dropped out here: I would propose *little* as a substitute.

court into his kitchen, and make a Jack of thee, instead of a John. There I am again la!—

Enter Mrs. LITTLEWIT.

Win, good morrow, Win; ay marry, Win, now you look finely indeed, Win! this cap does convince![2] You'd not have worn it, Win, nor have had it velvet, but a rough country beaver, with a copper band, like the coney-skin woman of Budge-row:[3] sweet Win, let me kiss it! And her fine high shoes, like the Spanish lady! Good Win, go a little, I would fain see thee pace, pretty Win; by this fine cap, I could never leave kissing on't.

Mrs. Lit. Come indeed la, you are such a fool still!

Lit. No, but half a one, Win, you are the t'other half: man and wife make one fool, Win. Good! Is there the proctor, or doctor indeed, in the diocese, that ever had the fortune to win him such a Win! There I am again! I do feel conceits coming upon me, more than I am able to turn tongue to. A pox o' these pretenders[4]

[2] *This cap does* convince,] i. e. subdue or overpower (me) by its beauty. The word is used in a similar manner by Shakspeare and others.

[3] *The coney-skin woman of* Budge-row.] "Cordwainer's ward" (Stow says,) "runneth west thorow *Budge-row*, a street so called of *budge*, furre, and of the skinners dwelling there." The consumption of rabbit-skins, at that time, for linings, and facings of gowns, caps, &c. was immense.

[4] *A pox on these pretenders*, &c.] These *pretenders* to wit, were our author, and his poetical friends, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, &c. who resorted to these taverns, particularly to the last of the three, the Mermaid. There also sir Walter Raleigh kept his club. Master Littlewit's triumph over them is sufficiently pleasant.

to wit! your Three Cranes, Mitre and Mermaid-men! not a corn of true salt, not a grain of right mustard amongst them all. They may stand for places, or so, again the next wit-fall, and pay two-pence in a quart more for their canary than other men. But give me the man can start up a justice of wit out of six shillings beer, and give the law to all the poets and poet-suckers in town:—because they are the players' gossips! 'Slid, other men have wives as fine as the players, and as well drest. Come hither, Win. [*Kisses her.*

Enter WINWIFE.

Winw. Why, how now, master Littlewit! measuring of lips, or molding of kisses? which is it?

Lit. Troth, I am a little taken with my Win's dressing here: does it not fine, master Winwife? How do you apprehend, sir? she would not have worn this habit. I challenge all Cheapside to shew such another: Moor-fields, Pimlico-path, or the Exchange, in a summer evening, with a lace to boot, as this has. Dear Win, let master Winwife kiss you. He comes a wooing to our mother, Win, and may be our father perhaps, Win. There's no harm in him, Win.

Winw. None in the earth, master Littlewit. [*Kisses her.*

Lit. I envy no man my delicates, sir.

Winw. Alas, you have the garden where they grow still! A wife here with a strawberry-breath, cherry-lips, apricot cheeks, and a soft velvet head,[5] like a melicotton.

[5] *A soft velvet head like a* melicotton.] The allusion is to Win's cap: a velvet cap was, at this time, the fashionable dress. In consequence of a sumptuary law made by Elizabeth, "ceased" (as Stow tells us) "the wearing of minever caps, otherwise called three corner caps, which formerly was the wearing of all

Lit. Good, i'faith! now dulness upon me, that I had not that before him, that I should not light on't as well as he! velvet head!

Winw. But my taste, master Littlewit, tends to fruit of a later kind; the sober matron, your wife's mother.

Lit. Ay, we know you are a suitor, sir; Win and I both wish you well: By this license here, would you had her, that your two names were as fast in it as here are a couple! Win would fain have a fine young father i' law, with a feather; that her mother might hood it and chain it with mistress Overdo. But you do not take the right course, master Winwife.

Winw. No, master Littlewit, why?

Lit. You are not mad enough.

Winw. How! is madness a right course?

Lit. I say nothing, but I wink upon Win. You have a friend, one master Quarlous, comes here sometimes.

Winw, Why, he makes no love to her, does he?

Lit. Not a tokenworth that ever I saw, I assure you: but——

Winw. What?

Lit. He is the more mad-cap of the two. You do not apprehend me.

Mrs. Lit. You have a hot coal in your mouth now, you cannot hold.

Lit. Let me out with it, dear Win.

Mrs. Lit. I'll tell him myself.

Lit. Do, and take all the thanks, and much good do thy pretty heart, Win.

grave matrons:—but the Aldermen's wives and such like, made them bonnets of velvet, after the minivet cap fashion, but larger, which made a great shew upon their heads." Win's, however, was small. The melicotton is a late kind of peach. It is mentioned by Bacon as coming in September.

Mrs. Lit. Sir, my mother has had her nativity-water cast lately by the cunning-men in Cow-lane, and they have told her her fortune, and do ensure her, she shall never have happy hour, unless she marry within this sen'night; and when it is, it must be a madman, they say.

Lit. Ay, but it must be a gentleman madman.

Mrs. Lit. Yes, so the t'other man of Moor-fields says.

Winw. But does she believe them?

Lit. Yes, and has been at Bedlam twice since every day, to inquire if any gentleman be there, or to come there mad.

Winw. Why, this is a confederacy,* a mere piece of practice upon her by these impostors.

Lit. I tell her so; or else, say I, that they mean some young madcap gentleman; for the devil can equivocate as well as a shop keeper: and therefore would I advise you to be a little madder than master Quarlous hereafter.

Winw. Where is she, stirring yet?

Lit. Stirring! yes, and studying an old elder come from Banbury, a suitor that puts in here at meal tide, to praise the painful brethren, or pray that the sweet singers may be restored; says a grace as long as his breath lasts him! Some time the spirit is so strong with him, it gets quite out of him, and then my mother, or Win, are fain to fetch it again with malmsey or aqua cœlestis.[6]

* *Why, this is a* confederacy,] The trick was well understood at this period, and still better in that which immediately followed. Foreman, and most of the cheats, celebrated by that prince of impostors, Lilly, seem to have derived their chief support from it.

[6] *Aqua cœlestis.*] Not, I believe, what Horace calls *aqua cœlestis*, but some kind of strong water; perhaps, aquavitæ, or brandy.

Mrs. Lit. Yes, indeed, we have such a tedious life with him for his diet, and his clothes too! he breaks his buttons, and cracks seams at every saying he sobs out.

Lit. He cannot abide my vocation, he says.

Mrs. Lit. No; he told my mother, a proctor was a claw of the beast, and that she had little less than committed abomination in marrying me so as she has done.

Lit. Every line, he says, that a proctor writes, when it comes to be read in the bishop's court, is a long black hair, kemb'd out of the tail of Antichrist.

Winw. When came this proselyte?

Lit. Some three days since.

Enter QUARLOUS.

Quar. O sir, have you ta'en soil here?[7] It's well a man may reach you after three hours running yet! What an unmerciful companion art thou, to quit thy lodging at such ungentlemanly hours! none but a scattered covey of fidlers, or one of these rag-rakers in dunghills, or some marrow-bone man at most, would have been up when thou wert gone abroad, by all description. I pray thee what ailest thou, thou canst not sleep? hast thou thorns in thy eyelids, or thistles in thy bed?

Winw. I cannot tell: it seems you had neither in your feet, that took this pain to find me.

Quar. No, an I had, all the lime hounds o' the city should have drawn after you by the scent rather.—Master John Littlewit! God save

[7] *Have you ta'en soil here?*] A stag is said *to take soil*, when being hard pressed by the hounds, he takes to the water for safety. WHAL.

you, sir. 'Twas a hot night with some of us, last night, John: shall we pluck a hair of the same wolf to-day,[8] proctor John?

Lit. Do you remember, master Quarlous, what we discoursed on last night?

Quar. Not I, John, nothing that I either discourse or do; at those times I forfeit all to forgetfulness.

Lit. No! not concerning Win? look you, there she is, and drest, as I told you she should be: hark you, sir, [*whispers him.*] had you forgot?

Quar. By this head I'll beware how I keep you company,[9] John, when I [am] drunk, an you have this dangerous memory: that's certain.

Lit. Why, sir?

Quar. Why! we were all a little stained last night, sprinkled with a cup or two, and I agreed with proctor John here, to come and do somewhat with Win (I know not what 'twas) to-day; and he puts me in mind on't now; he says he was coming to fetch me. Before truth, if you have that fearful quality, John, to remember when you are sober, John, what you promise drunk, John; I shall take heed of you, John. For this once I am content to wink at you. Where's your wife? come hither, Win. [*Kisses her.*

Mrs. Lit. Why, John! do you see this, John? look you! help me, John.

Lit. O Win, fie, what do you mean, Win? be womanly, Win; make an outcry to your mother, Win! master Quarlous is an honest gentleman,

[8] *Shall we pluck a hair of the same wolf to-day.*] A proverbial phrase for getting intoxicated again, with the same liquor.

[9] *I'll beware how I keep you company.*] Jonson had the Greek adage in his thoughts, Μισω μνημονα συμποτην.

and our worshipful good friend, Win; and he is master Winwife's friend too: and master Winwife comes a suitor to your mother, Win; as I told you before, Win, and may perhaps be our father, Win: they'll do you no harm, Win; they are both our worshipful good friends. Master Quarlous! you must know master Quarlous, Win; you must not quarrel with master Quarlous, Win.

Quar. No, we'll kiss again, and fall in.

[*Kisses her again.*

Lit. Yes, do, good Win.

Mrs. Lit. In faith you are a fool, John.

Lit. A fool-John, she calls me; do you mark that, gentlemen? pretty Littlewit of velvet! a fool-John.

Quar. She may call you an apple-John,* if you use this. [*Aside.*] [*Kisses her again.*

Winw. Pray thee forbear, for my respect, somewhat.

Quar. Hoy-day! how respective you are become o' the sudden! I fear this family will turn you reformed too; pray you come about again. Because she is in possibility to be your daughter-in-law, and may ask you blessing hereafter, when she courts it to Totenham to eat cream! Well, I will forbear, sir; but i' faith, would thou wouldst leave thy exercise of widow-hunting once; this drawing after an old reverend smock by the splay-foot! There cannot be an ancient tripe or trillibub in the town, but thou art straight nosing it, and 'tis a fine occupation thou'lt confine thyself to, when thou hast got one; scrubbing a piece of buff, as if thou hadst the perpetuity of Pannier-ally[1] to stink in; or

* *She may call you an* apple-John.] A punning allusion to *apple-squire*: i. e. pimp, or procurer.

[1] *Pannier-alley*] Leading from Paternoster-row into New-

perhaps worse, currying a carcass that thou hast bound thyself to alive. I'll be sworn, some of them that thou art, or hast been a suitor to, are so old, as no chaste or married pleasure can ever become them; the honest instrument of procreation has forty years since left to belong to them; thou must visit them as thou would'st do a tomb, with a torch or three handfuls of link, flaming hot, and so thou may'st hap to make them feel thee, and after come to inherit according to thy inches.[a] A sweet course for a man to waste the brand of life for, to be still raking himself a fortune in an old woman's embers! We shall have thee, after thou hast been but a month married to one of them, look like the quartan ague and the black jaundice met in a face, and walk as if thou hadst borrow'd legs of a spinner, and voice of a cricket. I would endure to hear fifteen sermons a week for her, and such coarse and loud ones, as some of them must be! I would e'en desire of fate, I might dwell in a drum, and take in my sustenance with an old broken tobacco-pipe and a straw. Dost thou ever think to bring thine ears or stomach to the patience of a dry grace, as long as thy table-cloth; and droned out by thy son here (that might be thy father) till all the meat on thy board has forgot it was that day in the kitchen? or to brook the noise made in a question of predestination, by the good labourers and painful eaters assembled together, put to them by the matron your spouse;

gate-street. It took its name from the sign of a *pannier* anciently at one corner of it, and, in Jonson's days, was chiefly inhabited by tripe-sellers.

[a] *And after come to inherit according to thy* inches.] From Juvenal, as Whalley observes,

Partes quisque suas, ad mensuram inguinis hæres.

who moderates with a cup of wine, ever and anon, and a sentence out of Knox between? Or the perpetual spitting before and after a sober-drawn exhortation of six hours, whose better part was the hum-ha-hum? or to hear prayers, groaned out over thy iron chests, as if they were charms to break them? And all this for the hope of two apostle-spoons,[3] to suffer! and a cup to eat a caudle in! for that will be thy legacy. She'll have convey'd her state safe enough from thee, an she be a right widow.

Winw. Alas, I am quite off that scent now.

Quar. How so?

Winw. Put off by a brother of Banbury, one that, they say, is come here, and governs all already.

Quar. What do you call him? I knew divers of those Banburians when I was in Oxford.

Winw. Master Littlewit can tell us.

Lit. Sir!—Good Win go in, and if master Bartholomew Cokes his man come for the license, (the little old fellow,) let him speak with me. [*Exit Mrs. Littlewit.*]—What say you, gentlemen?

Winw. What call you the reverend elder you told me of, your Banbury man?

[3] *And all this for the hope of two* apostle-spoons.] They were of a round bowl, with a little head at the end, and twelve in a set; from whence they had the name of *apostle-spoons*. There was anciently a certain unguent or electuary, which, from the number of its ingredients, was called *apostolorum*. WHAL.

The spoons had their name from the figure (not merely the head) of an apostle, with which they were generally ornamented. These and caudle cups formed almost the only articles of plate which the middling rank of people possessed in the poet's days; hence they were esteemed handsome bequests, presents at christenings, &c. The allusions to this custom are endless in our old dramatists.

Lit. Rabbi Busy, sir; he is more than an elder, he is a prophet, sir.

Quar. O, I know him! a baker, is he not?

Lit. He was a baker, sir, but he does dream now, and see visions; he has given over his trade.

Quar. I remember that too; out of a scruple he took, that, in spiced conscience, those cakes he made, were served to bridales, may-poles, morrices, and such profane feasts and meetings. His christian-name is Zeal-of-the-land.

Lit. Yes, sir; Zeal-of-the-land Busy.

Winw. How! what a name's there!

Lit. O they have all such names, sir; he was witness for Win here,—they will not be call'd godfathers—and named her Win-the-fight: you thought her name had been Winnifred, did you not?

Winw. I did indeed.

Lit. He would have thought himself a stark reprobate, if it had.

Quar. Ay, for there was a blue-starch woman of the name at the same time. A notable hypocritical vermin it is; I know him. One that stands upon his face, more than his faith, at all times: ever in seditious motion, and reproving for vain-glory; of a most lunatic conscience and spleen, and affects the violence of singularity in all he does: he has undone a grocer here, in Newgate-market, that broke with him, trusted him with currants, as arrant a zeal as he, that's by the way:—By his profession he will ever be in the state of innocence though, and childhood; derides all antiquity, defies any other learning than inspiration; and what discretion soever years should afford him, it is all prevented in his original ignorance: have not to do with him,

for he is a fellow of a most arrogant and invincible dulness, I assure you.—Who is this?

Re-enter Mrs. LITTLEWIT *with* WASPE.

Waspe. By your leave, gentlemen, with all my heart to you; and god you good morrow!—Master Littlewit, my business is to you: is this license ready?

Lit. Here I have it for you in my hand, master Humphrey.

Waspe. That's well; nay, never open or read it to me, it's labour in vain, you know. I am no clerk, I scorn to be saved by my book, i' faith, I'll hang first; fold it up on your word, and give it me. What must you have for it?

Lit. We'll talk of that anon, master Humphrey.

Waspe. Now, or not at all, good master Proctor; I am for no anons, I assure you.

Lit. Sweet Win, bid Solomon send me the little black-box within in my study.

Waspe. Ay, quickly, good mistress, I pray you; for I have both eggs on the spit, and iron in the fire. [*Exit Mrs. Littlewit.*]—Say what you must have, good master Littlewit.

Lit. Why, you know the price, master Numps.

Waspe. I know! I know nothing, I: what tell you me of knowing? Now I am in haste, sir, I do not know, and I will not know, and I scorn to know, and yet, now I think on't, I will, and do know as well as another; you must have a mark for your thing here, and eight-pence for the box; I could have saved two-pence in that, an I had bought it myself; but here's fourteen shillings for you. Good Lord, how long your little wife stays! pray God, Solomon, your clerk, be not looking in the wrong box, master Proctor.

Lit. Good i' faith! no, I warrant you, Solomon is wiser than so, sir.

Waspe. Fie, fie, fie, by your leave, master Littlewit, this is scurvy, idle, foolish and abominable, with all my heart; I do not like it.

[*Walks aside.*

Winw. Do you hear! Jack Littlewit, what business does thy pretty head think this fellow may have, that he keeps such a coil with?

Quar. More than buying of gingerbread in the cloister here, for that we allow him, or a gilt pouch in the fair?

Lit. Master Quarlous, do not mistake him; he is his master's both-hands, I assure you.

Quar. What! to pull on his boots a mornings, or his stockings, does he?

Lit. Sir, if you have a mind to mock him, mock him softly, and look t'other way: for if he apprehend you flout him once, he will fly at you presently. A terrible testy old fellow, and his name is Waspe too.

Quar. Pretty insect! make much on him.

Waspe. A plague o' this box, and the pox too, and on him that made it, and her that went for't, and all that should have sought it, sent it, or brought it! do you see, sir.

Lit. Nay, good master Waspe.

Waspe. Good master Hornet, t— in your teeth, hold you your tongue: do not I know you? your father was a 'pothecary, and sold clysters, more than he gave, I wusse: and t— in your little wife's teeth too—here she comes—

Re-enter Mrs. LITTLEWIT *with the box.*

'twill make her spit, as fine as she is, for all her velvet custard on her head, sir.

Lit. O, be civil, master Numps.

Waspe. Why, say I have a humour not to be civil; how then? who shall compel me, you?

Lit. Here is the box now.

Waspe. Why, a pox o' your box, once again! let your little wife stale in it, an she will. Sir, I would have you to understand, and these gentlemen too, if they please——

Winw. With all our hearts, sir.

Waspe. That I have a charge, gentlemen.

Lit. They do apprehend, sir.

Waspe. Pardon me, sir, neither they nor you can apprehend me yet. You are an ass.—I have a young master, he is now upon his making and marring; the whole care of his well-doing is now mine. His foolish schoolmasters have done nothing, but run up and down the country with him to beg puddings and cake-bread of his tenants, and almost spoiled him; he has learn'd nothing but to sing catches, and repeat *Rattle bladder, rattle!* and *O Madge!* I dare not let him walk alone, for fear of learning of vile tunes, which he will sing at supper, and in the sermon-times! If he meet but a carman in the street, and I find him not talk to keep him off on him, he will whistle him and all his tunes over at night in his sleep! He has a head full of bees! I am fain now, for this little time I am absent, to leave him in charge with a gentlewoman: 'tis true, she is a justice of peace his wife, and a gentlewoman of the hood, and his natural sister; but what may happen under a woman's government, there's the doubt. Gentlemen, you do not know him; he is another manner of piece than you think for: but nineteen years old, and yet he is taller than either of you by the head, God bless him!

Quar. Well, methinks this is a fine fellow.

Winw. He has made his master a finer by this description, I should think.

Quar. 'Faith, much about one, it is cross and pile, whether for a new farthing.

Waspe. I'll tell you, gentlemen——

Lit. Will't please you drink, master Waspe.

Waspe. Why, I have not talk'd so long to be dry, sir. You see no dust or cobwebs come out o' my mouth, do you? you'd have me gone, would you?

Lit. No, but you were in haste e'en now, master Numps.

Waspe. What an I were! so I am still, and yet I will stay too; meddle you with your match, your Win there, she has as little wit as her husband, it seems: I have others to talk to.

Lit. She's my match indeed, and as *little wit* as I, good!

Waspe. We have been but a day and a half in town, gentlemen, 'tis true; and yesterday in the afternoon we walked London, to shew the city to the gentlewoman he shall marry, mistress Grace; but afore I will endure such another half day with him, I'll be drawn with a good gib-cat, through the great pond at home, as his uncle Hodge was. Why, we could not meet that heathen thing all the day, but staid him: he would name you all the signs over, as he went, aloud: and where he spied a parrot or a monkey, there he was pitched, with all the little long coats about him, male and female; no getting him away! I thought he would have run mad o' the black boy in Bucklersbury, that takes the scurvy, roguy tobacco there.

Lit. You say true, master Numps; there's such a one indeed.

Waspe. It's no matter whether there be or no, what's that to you?

Quar. He will not allow of John's reading at any hand.

Enter COKES, *Mistress* OVERDO, *and* GRACE.

Cokes. O Numps! are you here, Numps? look where I am, Numps, and mistress Grace too! Nay, do not look angerly, Numps: my sister is here and all, I do not come without her.

Waspe. What the mischief do you come with her? or she with you?

Cokes. We came all to seek you, Numps.

Waspe. To seek me! why, did you all think I was lost, or run away with your fourteen shillings worth of small ware here? or that I had changed it in the fair for hobby-horses? S'precious——to seek me!

Mrs. Over. Nay, good master Numps, do you shew discretion, though he be exorbitant, as master Overdo says, and it be but for conservation of the peace.

Waspe. Marry gip,[4] goody She-justice, mistress Frenchhood! t— in your teeth, and t— in your Frenchhood's teeth too, to do you service, do you see! Must you quote your Adam to me! you think you are madam Regent still, mistress Overdo, when I am in place; no such matter, I assure you, your reign is out, when I am in, dame.

Mrs. Over. I am content to be in abeyance, sir, and be governed by you; so should he too,

[4] *Marry gip!*] This familiar expression of contempt, and its equivalent, Marry, come up! are to be found in almost every drama of the times. To have noticed it, is sufficient.

if he did well; but 'twill be expected you should also govern your passions.

Waspe. Will it so, forsooth! good Lord, how sharp you are, with being at Bedlam yesterday! Whetstone has set an edge upon you,[5] has he?

Mrs. Over. Nay, if you know not what belongs to your dignity, I do yet to mine.

Waspe. Very well then.

Cokes. Is this the license, Numps? for love's sake let me see't; I never saw a license.

Waspe. Did you not so? why, you shall not see't then.

Cokes. An you love me, good Numps.

Waspe. Sir, I love you, and yet I do not love you in these fooleries: set your heart at rest, there's nothing in it but hard words;—and what would you see it for?

Cokes. I would see the length and the breadth on't, that's all; and I will see it now, so I will.

Waspe. You shall not see it here.

Cokes. Then I'll see it at home, and I'll look upon the case here.

Waspe. Why, do so; a man must give way to him a little in trifles, gentlemen. These are errors, diseases of youth; which he will mend when he comes to judgment and knowledge of matters. I pray you conceive so, and I thank you: and I pray you pardon him, and I thank you again.

[5] Whetstone *has set an edge upon you.*] I am at a loss for the precise meaning of this passage. Whetstone (the author of *Promos and Cassandra*) might have published some collection of witty sentences, now lost: this, however, would still leave us to seek the connection in Waspe's mind between him and Bedlam, unless we suppose him to become insane towards the close of his unfortunate life, and to have ended his days there. But this is all conjecture, and must be so understood.

Quar. Well, this dry nurse, I say still, is a delicate man.

Mrs. Lit. And I am, for the cosset his charge:[6] did you ever see a fellow's face more accuse him for an ass?

Quar. Accuse him! it confesses him one without accusing. What pity 'tis yonder wench should marry such a Cokes!

Winw. 'Tis true.

Quar. She seems to be discreet, and as sober as she is handsome.

Winw. Ay, and if you mark her, what a restrained scorn she casts upon all his behaviour and speeches?

Cokes. Well, Numps, I am now for another piece of business more, the Fair, Numps, and then——

Waspe. Bless me! deliver me! help, hold me! the Fair!

Cokes. Nay, never fidge up and down, Numps, and vex itself. I am resolute Bartholomew in this; I'll make no suit on't to you; 'twas all the end of my journey indeed, to shew mistress Grace my Fair. I call it my Fair, because of Bartholomew: you know my name is Bartholomew, and Bartholomew Fair.

Lit. That was mine afore, gentlemen; this morning. I had that, i'faith, upon his license, believe me, there he comes after me.

Quar. Come, John, this ambitious wit of yours, I am afraid, will do you no good in the end.

Lit. No! why, sir?

Quar. You grow so insolent with it, and over-

[6] *And I am for the* cosset *his charge.*] i. e. for Cokes. "A cosset," Cole says, "is a lamb, colt, &c. brought up by hand."

doing, John, that if you look not to it, and tie it up, it will bring you to some obscure place in time, and there 'twill leave you.

Winw. Do not trust it too much, John, be more sparing, and use it but now and then; a wit is a dangerous thing in this age; do not over-buy it.

Lit. Think you so, gentlemen? I'll take heed on't hereafter.

Mrs. Lit. Yes, do, John.

Cokes. A pretty little soul, this same mistress Littlewit, would I might marry her!

Grace. So would I; or any body else, so I might scape you. [*Aside.*

Cokes. Numps, I will see it, Numps, 'tis decreed: never be melancholy for the matter.

Waspe. Why, see it, sir, see it, do, see it: who hinders you? why do you not go see it? 'slid see it.

Cokes. The Fair, Numps, the Fair.

Waspe. Would the Fair, and all the drums and rattles in it, were in your belly for me! they are already in your brain. He that had the means to travel your head now, should meet finer sights than any are in the Fair, and make a finer voyage on't; to see it all hung with cockle shells, pebbles, fine wheat straws, and here and there a chicken's feather, and a cobweb.

Quar. Good faith, he looks, methinks, an you mark him, like one that were made to catch flies, with his sir Cranion-legs.'

[7] *With his sir Cranion-legs.*] i. e. small, spider-like legs; but Cranion is the fairy appellation for a fly. Thus Drayton:

"Four nimble gnats the horses were,
"Their harnesses of gossamere,
"Fly *Cranion* her charioteer,
"Upon the coach-box getting." *Nimphidia.*

Winw. And his Numps, to flap them away.

Waspe. God be wi' you, sir, there's your bee in a box, and much good do't you.

[*Gives Cokes the box.*

Cokes. Why, your friend, and Bartholomew; an you be so contumacious.

Quar. What mean you, Numps?

[*Takes Waspe aside as he is going out.*

Waspe. I'll not be guilty, I, gentlemen.

Over. You will not let him go, brother, and lose him?

Cokes. Who can hold that will away?[a] I had rather lose him than the Fair, I wusse.

Waspe. You do not know the inconvenience, gentlemen, you persuade to, nor what trouble I have with him in these humours. If he go to the Fair, he will buy of every thing to a baby there; and household stuff for that too. If a leg or an arm on him did not grow on, he would lose it in the press. Pray heaven I bring him off with one stone! And then he is such a ravener after fruit!—you will not believe what a coil I had t'other day to compound a business between a Cather'ne-pear woman, and him, about snatching: 'tis intolerable, gentlemen.

Winw. O, but you must not leave him now to these hazards, Numps.

Waspe. Nay he knows too well I will not leave him, and that makes him presume: Well, sir, will you go now? if you have such an itch in your feet, to foot it to the Fair, why do you

[a] *Who can hold that will away?*] This is a proverbial expression of old standing. It occurs in Dunbar:

"And Prudence in my eir says ay,
"Quhy wad you hald that will away?"

And in many of our ancient dramatists.

stop, am I [o'] your tarriers?[9] go, will you go, sir? why do you not go?

Cokes. O Numps, have I brought you about? come mistress Grace, and sister, I am resolute Bat, i' faith, still.

Gra. Truly, I have no such fancy to the Fair, nor ambition to see it; there's none goes thither of any quality or fashion.

Cokes. O Lord, sir! you shall pardon me, mistress Grace, we are enow of ourselves to make it a fashion; and for qualities, let Numps alone, he'll find qualities.

Quar. What a rogue in apprehension is this, to understand her language no better!

Winw. Ay, and offer to marry her! Well, I will leave the chase of my widow for to-day, and directly to the Fair. These flies cannot, this hot season, but engender us excellent creeping sport.

Quar. A man that has but a spoonful of brain would think so.—Farewell, John.

[*Exeunt Quarlous and Winwife.*

Lit. Win, you see 'tis in fashion to go to the Fair, Win; we must to the Fair too, you and I, Win. I have an affair in the Fair, Win, a puppet-play of mine own making, say nothing, that I writ for the motion-man, which you must see, Win.

Mrs. Lit. I would I might, John; but my mother will never consent to such a profane motion, she will call it.

Lit. Tut, we'll have a device, a dainty one: Now Wit, help at a pinch, good Wit come, come good Wit, an it be thy will! I have it, Win, I

[9] *Am I* [o'] *your* tarriers?] The old copy reads *Am I your tarriars:* upon which Whalley has a query. Simply, Am I of those who stay you? Do I keep you here?

have it i'faith, and 'tis a fine one. Win, long to eat of a pig, sweet Win, in the Fair, do you see, in the heart of the Fair, not at Pye-corner. Your mother will do any thing, Win, to satisfy your longing, you know; pray thee long presently; and be sick o' the sudden, good Win. I'll go in and tell her; cut thy lace in the mean time, and play the hypocrite, sweet Win.

Mrs. Lit. No, I'll not make me unready[1] for it: I can be hypocrite enough, though I were never so strait-laced.

Lit. You say true, you have been bred in the family, and brought up to't. Our mother is a most elect hypocrite, and has maintained us all this seven year with it, like gentlefolks.

Mrs. Lit. Ay, let her alone, John, she is not a wise wilful widow for nothing; nor a sanctified sister for a song. And let me alone too, I have somewhat o' the mother in me, you shall see; fetch her, fetch her—[*Exit Littlewit.*] Ah! ah!

[*Seems to swoon.*

Re-enter LITTLEWIT *with Dame* PURECRAFT.

Pure. Now, the blaze of the beauteous discipline,[2] fright away this evil from our house! how now, Win-the-fight, child; how do you? sweet child, speak to me.

Mrs. Lit. Yes, forsooth.

Pure. Look up, sweet Win-the-fight, and suffer not the enemy to enter you at this door, remember that your education has been with the purest: What polluted one was it, that named first the unclean beast, pig, to you, child?

[1] *No, I'll not make me* unready *for it*, &c.] I'll not *undress* me. The satire of this short speech is exquisite.

[2] *The* beauteous discipline.] See p. 92.

Mrs Lit. Uh, uh!

Lit. Not I, on my sincerity, mother; she longed above three hours ere she would let me know it.—Who was it, Win?

Mrs Lit. A profane black thing with a beard, John.

Pure. O, resist it, Win-the-fight, it is the tempter, the wicked tempter, you may know it by the fleshly motion of pig; be strong against it, and its foul temptations, in these assaults, whereby it broacheth flesh and blood, as it were on the weaker side; and pray against its carnal provocations; good child, sweet child, pray.

Lit. Good mother, I pray you, that she may eat some pig, and her belly full too; and do not you cast away your own child, and perhaps one of mine, with your tale of the tempter. How do you do, Win, are you not sick?

Mrs. Lit. Yes, a great deal, John, uh, uh!

Pure. What shall we do? Call our zealous brother Busy hither, for his faithful fortification in this charge of the adversary. [*Exit Littlewit.*] Child, my dear child, you shall eat pig; be comforted, my sweet child.

Mrs. Lit. Ay, but in the Fair, mother.

Pure. I mean in the Fair, if it can be any way made or found lawful.—

Re-enter LITTLEWIT.

Where is our brother Busy? will he not come? Look up, child.

Lit. Presently, mother, as soon as he has cleansed his beard. I found him fast by the teeth in the cold turkey-pie in the cupboard, with a great white loaf on his left hand, and a glass of malmsey on his right.

Pure. Slander not the brethren, wicked one.
Lit. Here he is now, purified, mother.

Enter ZEAL-OF-THE-LAND BUSY.

Pure. O brother Busy! your help here, to edify and raise us up in a scruple: my daughter Win-the-fight is visited with a natural disease of women, called a longing to eat pig.

Lit. Ay sir, a Bartholomew pig;[3] and in the Fair.

Pure. And I would be satisfied from you, religiously-wise, whether a widow of the sanctified assembly, or a widow's daughter, may commit the act without offence to the weaker sisters.

Busy. Verily, for the disease of longing, it is a disease, a carnal disease, or appetite, incident to women; and as it is carnal and incident, it is natural, very natural: now pig, it is a meat, and a meat that is nourishing and may be longed for, and so consequently eaten; it may be eaten; very exceeding well eaten: but in the Fair, and as a Bartholomew pig, it cannot be eaten; for the very calling it a Bartholomew pig, and to eat it so, is a spice of idolatry, and you make the Fair no better than one of the high-places. This,

[3] *Ay, sir, a Bartholomew pig*, &c.] Roasted pigs were (and perhaps still are) the chief entertainment at Bartholomew Fair. Our old writers abound in allusions to this circumstance; and Mrs. Littlewit is not the only instance of a citizen's wife feigning a longing for pig, in order to be taken to the Fair. Thus Davenant:

"Now London's Mayor, on saddle new;
"Rides to the Fair of Bartlemew;
"He twirls his chain, and looketh big,
"As if to fright the head of *pig*,
"That gaping lies on every stall,
"Till female with great belly call."

I take it, is the state of the question: a high-place.

Lit. Ay, but in state of necessity, place should give place, master Busy. I have a conceit left yet.

Pure. Good brother Zeal-of-the-land, think to make it as lawful as you can.

Lit. Yes, sir, and as soon as you can; for it must be, sir: you see the danger my little wife is in, sir.

Pure. Truly, I do love my child dearly, and I would not have her miscarry, or hazard her first-fruits, if it might be otherwise.

Bus. Surely, it may be otherwise, but it is subject to construction, subject, and hath a face of offence with the weak, a great face, a foul face; but that face may have a veil put over it, and be shadowed as it were; it may be eaten, and in the Fair, I take it, in a booth, the tents of the wicked: the place is not much, not very much, we may be religious in the midst of the profane, so it be eaten with a reformed mouth, with sobriety, and humbleness; not gorged in with gluttony or greediness, there's the fear: for, should she go there, as taking pride in the place, or delight in the unclean dressing, to feed the vanity of the eye, or lust of the palate, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good.

Lit. Nay, I knew that afore, and told her on't; but courage, Win, we'll be humble enough, we'll seek out the homeliest booth in the Fair, that's certain; rather than fail, we'll eat it on the ground.

Pure. Ay, and I'll go with you myself, Win-the-fight, and my brother Zeal-of-the-land shall go with us too, for our better consolation.

Mrs. Lit. Uh, uh!

Lit. Ay, and Salomon too, Win, the more the merrier. Win, we'll leave Rabbi Busy in a booth. [*Aside to Mrs. Lit.*]—Salomon! my cloak.

Enter SALOMON *with the cloak.*

Sal. Here, sir.

Bus. In the way of comfort to the weak, I will go and eat. I will eat exceedingly, and prophesy;[4] there may be a good use made of it too, now I think on't: by the public eating of swine's flesh, to profess our hate and loathing of Judaism, whereof the brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eat, yea, I will eat exceedingly.

Lit. Good, i' faith, I will eat heartily too, because I will be no Jew, I could never away with[5]

[4] *I will eat exceedingly, and prophesy.*]

——crine senex fanaticus albo,
Sacrorum antistes, rarum et memorabile magni
Gutturis exemplum!

And such has been the religious hypocrite in every age! Jonson's character of the zealot of his own time, stands pre-eminent for truth and vigour, a noble instance of his acute and discriminating powers, and of an imagination, at once ardent and enlightened. The gluttony of the brethren is touched with some humour in the old comedy of *the Puritan.*

Nich. Say that I am gone to a fast.

Sim. To a *fast!* very good.

Nich. Ay, to a fast, say, with master Fullbelly, the minister.

Sim. Master Fullbelly! an honest man: he feeds the flock well, for he is an excellent feeder.

Frail. O ay: I have known him eat a whole *pig*, and afterwards fall to the pettitoes."

By *prophecy*, which occurs in the line above, the puritans meant those extemporaneous rhapsodies, which they sometimes poured out in the heat of their preaching.

[5] *I could never* away with, &c.] i. e. suffer, or abide. An expression of dislike familiar to all the writers of those times. See Vol. ii. p. 319.

that stiff-necked generation: and truly, I hope my little one will be like me, that cries for pig so in the mother's belly.

Bus. Very likely, exceeding likely, very exceeding likely. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Fair.

A number of Booths, Stalls, &c. set out, LANTHORN LEATHERHEAD, JOAN TRASH, *and others, sitting by their wares.*

Enter Justice OVERDO, *at a distance, in disguise.*

Over. Well, in justice name, and the king's, and for the commonwealth! defy all the world, Adam Overdo, for a disguise, and all story; for thou hast fitted thyself, I swear. Fain would I meet the Linceus now, that eagle's eye, that piercing Epidaurian serpent (as my Quintus Horace calls him)[6] that could discover a justice

[6] *As my Quintus Horace calls him*] *Quam aut aquila, aut serpens, Epidaurius.*—It appears that Adam was in the dress of a fool or clown: he has a *garded* coat, and other characteristic marks of his employ, which was to make speeches or "orations, (as Jonson terms them,) with his back to the booths." He is called Arthur of Bradley, from a whimsical character often mentioned by our old writers, who, probably, affected this kind of habiliment. Arthur is the subject of a ballad, of which the chorus is "*O brave Arthur of Bradley;*" and which is yet sung at harvest-homes, and other rustic festivals. It is printed in *An antidote against Melancholy*, 1661; but was written long before, as it is quoted in Decker's *Honest Whore.* There must have been some crazy simpleton, some street-orator, well known at the time by this appellation, to make these frequent allusions to him so popular.

of peace (and lately of the Quorum) under this covering. They may have seen many a fool in the habit of a justice; but never till now, a justice in the habit of a fool. Thus must we do though, that wake for the public good; and thus hath the wise magistrate done in all ages. There is a doing of right out of wrong, if the way be found. Never shall I enough commend a worthy worshipful man, sometime a capital member of this city, for his high wisdom in this point, who would take you now the habit of a porter, now of a carman, now of the dog-killer, in this month of August;[7] and in the winter, of a seller of tinder-boxes. And what would he do in all these shapes? marry, go you into every alehouse, and down into every cellar; measure the length of puddings, take the gage of black pots and cans, ay, and custards, with a stick; and their circumference with a thread; weigh the loaves of bread on his middle finger; then would he send for them home; give the puddings to the poor, the bread to the hungry, the custards to his children; break the pots, and burn the cans himself: he would not trust his corrupt officers, he would do it himself. Would all men in authority would follow this worthy precedent! for alas, as we are public persons, what do we know? nay, what can we know? we hear with other men's ears, we see with other men's eyes. A foolish constable or a sleepy watchman, is all

[7] *Now of the dog-killer, in this month of August;*] This is the first mention which I have found in our old writers of a practice very common on the continent. The public officers, whenever an epidemic madness of these animals is suspected, patrol the streets with poisoned balls of flour, or meat, in their pockets, to fling down before them on the first symptoms of danger.

our information; he slanders a gentleman by the virtue of his place, as he calls it, and we, by the vice of ours, must believe him. As, a while agone, they made me, yea me, to mistake an honest zealous pursuivant for a seminary;[8] and a proper young bachelor of musick, for a bawd. This we are subject to that live in high place; all our intelligence is idle, and most of our intelligencers knaves; and by your leave, ourselves thought little better, if not arrant fools, for believing them. I, Adam Overdo, am resolved therefore to spare spy-money hereafter, and make mine own discoveries. Many are the yearly enormities of this Fair, in whose courts of Pie-poudres[9] I have had the honour, during the three days sometimes to sit as judge. But this is the special day for detection of those foresaid enormities. Here is my black book for the purpose; this the cloud that hides me; under this covert I shall see and not be seen. On, Junius Brutus. And as I began, so I'll end; in justice name, and the king's, and for the commonwealth!

[*Advances to the booths, and stands aside.*

Leath. The Fair's pestilence dead methinks; people come not abroad to-day, whatever the matter is. Do you hear, sister Trash, lady of the

[8] *A zealous pursuivant for a* seminary;] Seminaries were popish priests who received their education in some foreign university, and whose residence was not tolerated in this country. They were the objects of severe persecution in Jonson's days, and indeed, long before and after them. The instances of blundering, here produced, Whalley supposed to be personal: he did not observe that they were merely satirical: and meant to indicate a certain identity of profession and character.

[9] *In whose courts of* Pie-poudres.] "From the French *Pied-poudreux:* It is a court held in fairs, to do justice to buyers and sellers, and for redress of all disorders committed in them. So called, because as fairs are most usually in summer, the suitors are commonly country people with *dusty feet.*" *Dict.*

basket? sit farther with your gingerbread progeny there, and hinder not the prospect of my shop, or I'll have it proclaimed in the Fair, what stuff they are made on.

Trash. Why, what stuff are they made on, brother Leatherhead? nothing but what's wholsome, I assure you.

Leath. Yes, stale bread, rotten eggs, musty ginger, and dead honey, you know.

Over. Ay! have I met with enormity so soon? [*Aside.*

Leath. I shall mar your market, old Joan.

Trash. Mar my market, thou too-proud pedler! do thy worst, I defy thee, I, and thy stable of hobby-horses. I pay for my ground, as well as thou dost: an thou wrong'st me, for all thou art parcel-poet, and an inginer,[1] I'll find a friend

[1] *For all thou art parcel-poet and an inginer,*] It is commonly supposed, that under the character of Lanthorn Leatherhead, Jonson intended to represent Inigo Jones. What particular cause of offence Jones had given to him at this time, or whether the quarrel was mutual, I have no means of ascertaining. Certain it is, that he was employed on the machinery of some of our author's masques, and the first symptoms of that jealousy which afterwards broke out between them, on their respective claims to the chief merit in those exhibitions, might have begun to manifest themselves at this early period of their acquaintance. This however, is but conjecture: Jonson himself deprecates all application of this character to a particular person; and it must be confessed, that if Jones is actually meant, the satire is neither very severe, nor very appropriate: indeed, I scarcely know what part of it, except, perhaps, the allusion to his dress, particularly applies to him. It cannot well be the puppet-show in the last act, for in that there is no machinery; nor could the poet have introduced Jones there as Leatherhead, without meaning to satirize himself at the same time, under the character of John Littlewit, which will hardly be granted. Add to this, that Inigo Jones had left England for Italy, two years before Bartholomew Fair appeared on the stage, and that his return did not take place till long after that period. His pretensions to poetry too, at this time, seem almost too trifling to entitle

shall right me, and make a ballad of thee, and thy cattle all over. Are you puft up with the pride of your wares? your arsedine? [a]

Leath. Go to, old Joan, I'll talk with you anon; and take you down too, afore justice Overdo: he is the man must charm you,* I'll have you in the Pie-poudres.

him to notice even as a *parcel-poet*, being confined, as far as I know, to a piece of doggrel prefixed to "Coriatt's *Crudities*."

After all, I have no intention to deny that he is alluded to in Lanthorn Leatherhead, although I profess not to see all the "malignity" and envy which the critics have discovered in Jonson's delineation of that character. I shall have occasion to return to this subject.

[a] *Your* arsedine,] In Lysons's *Environs of London*, the two following items are given from some parish register of Hen. VII. time. "For 4 plytes of laun for the mores" (morrice-dancers) "garmentes, 0.2.11." "For *orsden* for the same, 0.0.10." "Though it varies considerably," (observes the editor) "from that word, this may be a corruption of *orpiment*." Upon which Ritson remarks—"How *orsden* can be a corruption of *orpiment*, it is not very easy to conceive; it may as well be supposed to mean worsted or buckram." It certainly may, by those who know nothing of our old language. But Mr. Lysons is right; except indeed, that the word is a vulgar corruption of arsenic, which (though Ritson appears not to have known it) is but another term for *orpiment*. A base kind of this mineral earth (yellow arsenic) was in very general use among the painters, and is undoubtedly the pigment with "which the dancers' garments" were coloured. This orsden is the arsedine of Jonson, under which name it also appears in Nashe's *Lenten Stuff*. "These herrings he carried till his arms aked again, to make them glare like a turkey brooch, or a London vintner's sign thick jagged and fringed with theaming *arsadine*." It is still used by the Dutch to colour their toys, and perhaps Joan herself was not altogether unacquainted with its value.

* *He is the man must* charm *you*,] i. e. silence you. In this sense the word occurs in all the writers of Jonson's time. By an evident misprint "*clamour* your tongues" is given for *charm* (silence) them, in the *Winter's Tale;* and the painful endeavours of the commentators to explain the simple nonsense of the text by contradictory absurdities might claim our pity, if their unfounded assertions did not provoke our contempt.

Trash. Charm me! I'll meet thee face to face, afore his worship, when thou darest: and though I be a little crooked o' my body, I shall be found as upright in my dealing as any woman in Smithfield, I; charm me!

Over. I am glad to hear my name is their terror yet, this is doing of justice. [*Aside.*

[*A number of people pass over the stage.*

Leath. What do you lack? what is't you buy? what do you lack? rattles, drums, halberts, horses, babies o' the best, fiddles of the finest?

Enter Costard-monger, *followed by* NIGHTINGALE.

Cost. Buy any pears, pears, fine, very fine pears!

Trash. Buy any gingerbread, gilt gingerbread!

Night. Hey, [*sings.*

Now the Fair's a filling!
O, for a tune to startle
The birds o' the booths here billing,
Yearly with old saint Bartle!
The drunkards they are wading,
The punks and chapmen trading;
Who'd see the Fair without his lading?

Buy any ballads, new ballads?

Enter URSULA *from her booth.*

Urs. Fie upon't: who would wear out their youth and prime thus, in roasting of pigs, that had any cooler vocation? hell's a kind of cold cellar to't, a very fine vault, o' my conscience! —What, Mooncalf!

Moon. [*within.*] Here, mistress.

Night. How now Ursula? in a heat, in a heat?

Urs. My chair, you false faucet you; and my morning's draught, quickly, a bottle of ale, to quench me, rascal. I am all fire and fat, Nightingale, I shall e'en melt away to the first woman, a rib again, I am afraid. I do water the ground in knots, as I go, like a great garden pot; you may follow me by the SS. I make.

Night. Alas, good Urse! was Zekiel here this morning?

Urs. Zekiel? what Zekiel?

Night. Zekiel Edgworth, the civil cutpurse, you know him well enough; he that talks bawdy to you still: I call him my secretary.

Urs. He promised to be here this morning, I remember.

Night. When he comes, bid him stay: I'll be back again presently.

Urs. Best take your morning dew in your belly Nightingale.—

Enter MOONCALF *with the chair.*

Come sir, set it here; did not I bid you should get a chair let out o' the sides for me, that my hips might play? you'll never think of any thing, till your dame be rump-gall'd; 'tis well, changeling: because it can take in your grasshopper's thighs, you care for no more. Now, you look as you had been in the corner of the booth, fleaing your breech with a candle's end, and set fire o' the Fair. Fill, Stote,[3] fill.

Over. This pig-woman do I know, and I will

[3] *Fill,* Stote,] Ursula alludes to his lean make. A *stote* is an animal of the weasel kind.

put her in, for my second enormity; she hath been before me, punk, pinnace, and bawd,[4] any time these two and twenty years upon record in the Pie-poudres. [*Aside.*

Urs. Fill again, you unlucky vermin!

Moon. 'Pray you be not angry, mistress, I'll have it widen'd anon.

Urs. No, no, I shall e'en dwindle away to't, ere the Fair be done, you think, now you have heated me: a poor vex'd thing I am, I feel myself dropping already as fast as I can; two stone o' suet a day is my proportion. I can but hold life and soul together, with this, (here's to you, Nightingale,) and a whiff of tobacco at most. Where's my pipe now? not fill'd! thou arrant incubee.

Night. Nay, Ursula, thou'lt gall between the tongue and the teeth, with fretting, now.

Urs. How can I hope that ever he'll discharge his place of trust, tapster, a man of reckoning under me, that remembers nothing I say to him? [*Exit* NIGHT.] but look to't sirrah, you were best. Three-pence a pipe-full, I will have made, of all my whole half pound of tobacco, and a quarter of pound of colts-foot mixt with it too, to [eke[5]] it out. I that have dealt so long in the fire, will not be to seek in smoke, now. Then six and twenty shillings a barrel I will advance

[4] *Punk*, pinnace, *and bawd*,] The usual gradation in infamy. A *pinnace* was a light vessel built for speed, generally employed as a tender. Hence our old dramatists constantly used the word for a person employed in love-messages, a go-between in the worst sense, and only differing from a bawd in not being stationary.

[5] [*Eke.*] The old copy has *itch*: perhaps the author's word was *eech*, the same as *eke*.

on my beer, and fifty shillings a hundred on my bottle ale; I have told you the ways how to raise it. Froth your cans well in the filling, at length, rogue, and jog your bottles o' the buttock, sirrah, then skink out the first glass ever, and drink with all companies, though you be sure to be drunk; you'll misreckon the better, and be less ashamed on't.[6] But your true trick, rascal, must be, to be ever busy, and mistake away the bottles and cans,[7] in haste, before they be half drunk off, and never hear any body call, (if they should chance to mark you,) till you have brought fresh, and be able to forswear them. Give me a drink of ale.

Over. This is the very womb and bed of enormity! gross as herself! this must all down for enormity, all, every whit on't. [*Aside.*

[*Knocking within.*

Urs. Look who's there, sirrah: five shillings a pig is my price, at least; if it be a sow pig, sixpence more; if she be a great-bellied wife, and long for't, sixpence more for that.

[6] *You'll misreckon the better, and be less ashamed on't.*] Ursula, shrewd as she undoubtedly is, has yet overlooked one notable inducement for *drinking with the company*. "The time has been," says Mrs. Cole, (melior Locusta,) "that I could have made seventeen shillings a day *by my own drinking*, and the next morning was neither sick nor sorry:"—But Mrs. Cole lived in polished society, and would have turned with contempt from the reprobate vulgarity of the frequenters of Bartholomew Fair.

[7] Mistake *away the cans*, &c.] Carry them off, and pretend that it was done by *mistake*. This practice was so common, that the expression became a cant phrase for private stealing. Thus Donne: "Would it not anger a stoic, a coward, yea, a martyr, to see a pursuivant come in, and call all his clothes, copes, books, primers; and all his plate, chalices; and *mistake them away*, and ask a few for coming?" Sat. 5. The reader, I suspect, is not aware that he has been perusing *verse* all this while!

Over. *O tempora! O mores!* I would not have lost my discovery of this one grievance, for my place, and worship o' the bench. How is the poor subject abused here! Well, I will fall in with her, and with her Mooncalf, and win out wonders of enormity. [*Comes forward.*]—By thy leave, goodly woman, and the fatness of the Fair, oily as the king's constable's lamp, and shining as his shooing-horn! hath thy ale virtue, or thy beer strength, that the tongue of man may be tickled, and his palate pleased in the morning? Let thy pretty nephew here go search and see.

Urs. What new roarer is this?

Moon. O Lord! do you not know him, mistress? 'tis mad Arthur of Bradley, that makes the orations.—Brave master, old Arthur of Bradley, how do you? welcome to the Fair! when shall we hear you again, to handle your matters, with your back against a booth, ha? I have been one of your little disciples, in my days.

Over. Let me drink, boy, with my love, thy aunt, here; that I may be eloquent: but of thy best, lest it be bitter in my mouth, and my words fall foul on the Fair.

Urs. Why dost thou not fetch him drink, and offer him to sit?

Moon. Is it ale or beer, master Arthur?

Over. Thy best, pretty stripling, thy best; the same thy dove drinketh, and thou drawest on holydays.

Urs. Bring him a sixpenny bottle of ale: they say, a fool's handsel is lucky.

Over. Bring both, child. [*Sits down in the booth.*] Ale for Arthur, and Beer for Bradley. Ale for thine aunt, boy.[8] [*Exit Moon.*]—My disguise

[8] *Ale for thine* aunt, *boy.*] In the cant language of the age,

takes to the very wish and reach of it. I shall, by the benefit of this, discover enough, and more: and yet get off with the reputation of what I would be: a certain middling thing, between a fool and a madman. [*Aside.*

Enter KNOCKEM.

Knock. What! my little lean Ursula! my she-bear! art thou alive yet, with thy litter of pigs to grunt out another Bartholomew Fair? ha!

Urs. Yes, and to amble a foot, when the Fair is done, to hear you groan out of a cart, up the heavy hill——

Knock. Of Holbourn, Ursula, meanst thou so? for what, for what, pretty Urse?

Urse. For cutting halfpenny purses, or stealing little penny dogs out o' the Fair.

Knock. O! good words, good words, Urse.

Over. Another special enormity. A cutpurse of the sword, the boot, and the feather! those are his marks. [*Aside.*

Re-enter MOONCALF, *with the ale, &c.*

Urs. You are one of those horse-leaches that gave out I was dead, in Turnbull-street, of a surfeit of bottle-ale and tripes?

Knock. No, 'twas better meat, Urse: cows udders, cows udders!

Urs. Well, I shall be meet with your mumbling mouth one day.[9]

Knock. What! thou'lt poison me with a newt

aunt denoted a *bawd.* So in *A Trick to catch the old One*, by Middleton, 1616: "It was better bestow'd upon his uncle than one of his *aunts*, I need not say bawd, for every one knows what *aunt* stands for in the last translation." WHAL.

[9] *I shall* be meet with *your mumbling mouth one day.*] This is a common phrase in our old dramatists, signifying *to be even*

in a bottle of ale, wilt thou? or a spider in a tobacco-pipe, Urse? Come, there's no malice in these fat folks,[1] I never fear thee, an I can scape thy lean Mooncalf here. Let's drink it out, good Urse, and no vapours! [*Exit Ursula.*

with a person. So Shakspeare: "He'll *be meet with you*, I doubt it not." *Much ado about Nothing*, A. i. sc. 1.

And in *The London Prodigal:* "Well, you old rascal, *I shall meet with you.*" A. iii. sc. 3. WHAL.

The reader who is acquainted with the history of *Turnbull-street*, will enter into Ursula's feelings, at being charged with frequenting it.

[1] *Come, there's no malice in these fat folks*, &c.] This passage is adduced as another proof of Jonson's malignity, it being an evident *sneer* at those lines in *Julius Cæsar:*

"Let me have men about me that are fat,
"Sleek headed men and such as sleep o' nights.

Who can doubt it? And when he personified Envy in the lean Macilente, it is equally clear that he intended to ridicule those which immediately follow them:

"Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look,
"He thinks too much: such men are dangerous."

It may indeed be urged that *Macilente* appeared many years before *Julius Cæsar;* but that plea is always invalidated in Jonson's case. Seriously, it would seem as if the commentators thought no one before Shakspeare had discovered that fat people were commonly good humoured! Admitting, however, this important observation to be beyond the reach of Jonson, (though it is found in his Catiline, and elsewhere,) it will not even then follow that he *sneers* at our great poet in adopting it. The fact is, that the lines in question are taken from North's translation of *Plutarch*, an author with whom Jonson was intimately acquainted, and assuredly little likely to ridicule: Shakspeare has merely put the sentiment (which was familiar to every man, woman, and child, in the kingdom,) into good verse. "When Cæsar's friends complained of Antonius and Dolobella, that they pretended some mischief towards him; he answered, as for those *fat men* and *smooth-combed heads, I never reckon of them;* but these pale-visaged, and *carrion lean* people, I fear them most; meaning Brutus and Cassius." We shall, probably, now hear no more of "old Ben's malignity," in this instance.

Over. Dost thou hear, boy? There's for thy ale, and the remnant for thee.—Speak in thy faith of a faucet, now; is this goodly person before us here, this vapours, a knight of the knife?

Moon. What mean you by that, master Arthur?

Over. I mean a child of the horn-thumb,[a] a babe of booty, boy, a cutpurse.

Moon. O Lord, sir! far from it. This is master Daniel Knockem Jordan: the ranger of Turnbull. He is a horse-courser, sir.

Over. Thy dainty dame, though, call'd him cutpurse.

Moon. Like enough, sir; she'll do forty such things in an hour (an you listen to her) for her recreation, if the toy take her in the greasy kerchief: it makes her fat, you see; she battens with it.

Over. Here I might have been deceived now, and have put a fool's blot upon myself, if I had not played an after game of discretion! [*Aside.*

[a] *I mean a child of the* horn-thumb, &c.] This alludes to a trick of pick-pockets, who are said to place a case, or, as our old writers sometimes call it, a thimble of *horn* on the thumb, to support the edge of the knife, in the act of cutting purses. It is an ancient and authentic practice—*antiquum et vetus est*—as I find it mentioned in some of our earliest dramas:

> "But cosin, bicause to that office ye may not come,
> "Frequent your exercises:—a *horne on your thumbe*,
> "A quicke eye, a sharp knife, at hand a receiver," &c.
> *King Cambises.*

This is the lamentable tragedy mixed full of pleasant mirth, which Falstaff professes to imitate; and is supposed to have been written about 1560. The expression also occurs in a "*Moral Dialogue*" by Willyam Bulleyn, about the same period: "We also give for our arms three whetstones" (the old symbol of lying) "in gules, with no difference, and upon our creste, a left hand with a *horne upon the thumbe*, and a knife in the hande."

Re-enter URSULA *dropping.*

Knock. Alas, poor Urse! this is an ill season for thee.

Urs. Hang yourself, hackney-man!

Knock. How, how, Urse! vapours? motion breed vapours?

Urs. Vapours! never tusk, nor twirl your dibble,[3] good Jordan, I know what you'll take to a very drop. Though you be captain of the roarers, and fight well at the case of piss-pots, you shall not fright me with your lion-chap, sir, nor your tusks; you angry! you are hungry. Come, a pig's head will stop your mouth, and stay your stomach at all times.

Knock. Thou art such another mad, merry Urse, still! troth I do make conscience of vexing thee, now in the dog-days, this hot weather, for fear of foundering thee in the body, and melting down a pillar of the Fair. Pray thee take thy chair again, and keep state; and let's have a fresh bottle of ale, and a pipe of tobacco; and no vapours. I'll have this belly o' thine taken up,[4] and thy grass scoured, wench.—

[3] *Never* tusk, *nor twirl your* dibble.] A boar is said to *tusk*, when he is irritated and shews his fangs. Ursula's next expression is not quite so intelligible. It may mean, (and I have nothing but conjecture to offer the reader,) never twist or play with your *beard;* as Blake was said to do, when he was angry. In this fantastic age, beards were of all shapes: we have the "tile beard," the "dagger beard," the "spade beard," &c. the *dibble* beard might possibly be a variety of the latter. See Vol. II. p. 313.

[4] *I'll have this belly o' thine taken up,* &c.] The reader must recollect that Knockem is a *horse-dealer.* The whole of his conversation is made up of scraps from the stable, which call for no explanation.

Enter EDGWORTH.

Look, here's Ezekiel Edgworth; a fine boy of his inches, as any is in the Fair! has still money in his purse, and will pay all, with a kind heart, and good vapours.

Edg. That I will indeed, willingly, master Knockem; fetch some ale and tobacco.

[*Exit Moon.—People cross the stage.*

Leath. What do you lack, gentlemen? maid, see a fine hobby-horse for your young master; cost you but a token a week his provender.

Re-enter NIGHTINGALE, *with* Corn-cutter, *and* Mousetrap-man.

Corn. Have you any corns* in your feet and toes?

Mouse. Buy a mousetrap, a mousetrap, or a tormentor for a flea?

Trash. Buy some gingerbread?

Night. Ballads, ballads! fine new ballads:

Hear for your love, and buy for your money.
A delicate ballad o' the ferret and the coney.
A preservative again' the punk's evil.
Another of goose-green starch, and the devil.[5]

* *Have you any corns*, &c.] This is mentioned as one of the *cries* of London by several of our old writers. Thus Shirley,

Niece. Why did they put the poor fellow in prison?
Unc. What fellow?
Niece. The corn-cutter. He meant no harm to the city.
His feet were very weary, and that made him,
In every street, cry, *Have ye any corns*
In your head, or toes? that *head* spoil'd all. *Constant Maid,*

[5] *Of goose-green starch and the devil.*] This was "a goodly ballad against pride, shewing how the devil appeared to a lady which was starching her ruff by night." Howell says, that the nation was rendered ridiculous by its fondness for starches.

A dozen of divine points, and the godly garters:
The fairing of good counsel, of an ell and three quarters.

What is't you buy?

The windmill blown down by the witch's fart.
Or saint George, that, O! did break the dragon's heart.

Re-enter MOONCALF, *with ale and tobacco.*

Egd. Master Nightingale, come hither, leave your mart a little.

Night. O my secretary! what says my secretary? [*They walk into the booth.*

Over. Child of the bottles, what's he? what's he? [*Points to Edgworth.*

Moon. A civil young gentleman, master Arthur, that keeps company with the roarers, and disburses all still. He has ever money in his purse; he pays for them, and they roar for him; one does good offices for another. They call him the secretary, but he serves no body. A great friend of the ballad-man's, they are never asunder.

Over. What pity 'tis, so civil a young man should haunt this debauched company? here's the bane of the youth of our time apparent. A proper penman, I see't in his countenance, he has a good clerk's look with him, and I warrant him a quick hand.

Moon. A very quick hand, sir. [*Exit.*

Edg. [*whispering with Nightingale and Ursula.*] All the purses, and purchase, I give you to day

Five different kinds are enumerated by our old dramatists. The most obnoxious colour, however, was not *goose-green*, but yellow. Nightingale is running over the titles of his ballads.

by conveyance, bring hither to Ursula's presently. Here we will meet at night in her lodge, and share. Look you choose good places for your standing in the Fair, when you sing, Nightingale.

Urs. Ay, near the fullest passages; and shift them often.

Edg. And in your singing, you must use your hawk's eye nimbly, and fly the purse to a mark still, where 'tis worn, and on which side; that you may give me the sign with your beak, or hang your head that way in the tune.

Urs. Enough, talk no more on't: your friendship, masters, is not now to begin. Drink your draught of indenture, your sup of covenant, and away: the Fair fills apace, company begins to come in, and I have ne'er a pig ready yet.

Knock. Well said! fill the cups, and light the tobacco: let's give fire in the works, and noble vapours.

Edg. And shall we have smocks, Ursula, and good whimsies, ha?

Urs. Come, you are in your bawdy vein!—the best the Fair will afford, Zekiel, if bawd Whit keep his word.—

Re-enter MOONCALF.

How do the pigs, Mooncalf?

Moon. Very passionate, mistress, one of 'em has wept out an eye.[6] Master Arthur o' Bradley is melancholy here, no body talks to him. Will you any tobacco, master Arthur?

Over. No, boy; let my meditations alone.

[6] *One of 'em has wept out an eye,*] "When the eye of a pig in roasting drops out it is a mark that it (the pig, I presume) is almost roasted enough." *The Complete Housekeeper.*

Moon. He's studying for an oration, now.

Over. If I can with this day's travail, and all my policy, but rescue this youth here out of the hands of the lewd man and the strange woman,[7] I will sit down at night, and say with my friend Ovid,

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
&c. [*Aside.*

Knock. Here, Zekiel, here's a health to Ursula, and a kind vapour; thou hast money in thy purse still, and store! how dost thou come by it? pray thee vapour thy friends some in a courteous vapour.

Edg. Half I have, master Dan. Knockem, is always at your service. [*Pulls out his purse.*

Over. Ha, sweet nature! what goshawk would prey upon such a lamb? [*Aside.*

Knock. Let's see what 'tis, Zekiel; count it, come, fill him to pledge me.

Enter WINWIFE *and* QUARLOUS.

Winw. We are here before them, methinks.

Quar. All the better; we shall see them come in now.

Leath. What do you lack, gentlemen, what

[7] *The* strange *woman,*] The scripture phrase for an immodest woman, a prostitute. Indeed this acceptation of the word is familiar to many languages. It is found in the Greek; and we have in Terence—pro *uxore habere hanc* peregrinam: upon which Donatus remarks, *hoc nomine etiam* meretrices *nominabantur.*

[8] *And a kind* vapour.] *Vapour*, in Knockem's vocabulary, seems to perform all the functions of *humour*, in Nym's, and to mean whatever the speaker pleases. The satire, in both cases, had probably something of personality in it; and, at any rate, was pointed against one of the most silly and disgusting affectations of those affected times.

is't you lack? a fine horse? a lion? a bull? a bear? a dog, or a cat? an excellent fine Bartholomew-bird? or an instrument? what is't you lack?

Quar. 'Slid! here's Orpheus among the beasts, with his fiddle and all!

Trash. Will you buy any comfortable bread,[9] gentlemen?

Quar. And Ceres selling her daughter's picture, in ginger-work.

Winw. That these people should be so ignorant to think us chapmen for them! do we look as if we would buy gingerbread, or hobby-horses?

Quar. Why, they know no better ware than they have, nor better customers than come: and our very being here makes us fit to be demanded, as well as others. Would Cokes would come! there were a true customer for them.

Knock. [*to Edgworth.*] How much is't? thirty shillings? Who's yonder! Ned Winwife and Tom Quarlous, I think! yes: (give me it all, give it me all.)—Master Winwife! Master Quarlous! will you take a pipe of tobacco with us? —Do not discredit me now, Zekiel.

[*Edgworth gives him his purse.*

Winw. Do not see him; he is the roaring horse-courser, pray thee let's avoid him: turn down this way.

Quar. 'Slud, I'll see him, and roar with him too, an he roared as loud as Neptune; pray thee go with me.

Winw. You may draw me to as likely an inconvenience, when you please, as this.

Quar. Go to then, come along; we have nothing to do, man, but to see sights now.

[*They advance to the booth.*

[9] *Comfortable bread,*] i. e. spiced gingerbread. The name by which it was then known.

Knock. Welcome, master Quarlous, and master Winwife; will you take any froth and smoke with us?

Quar. Yes, sir; but you'll pardon us if we knew not of so much familiarity between us afore.

Knock. As what, sir?

Quar. To be so lightly invited to smoke and froth.

Knock. A good vapour! will you sit down, sir? this is old Ursula's mansion; how like you her bower? Here you may have your punk and your pig in state, sir, both piping hot.

Quar. I had rather have my punk cold, sir.

Over. There's for me: punk! and pig! [*Aside.*

Urs. [*within.*] What, Mooncalf, you rogue!

Moon. By and by, the bottle is almost off, mistress; here, master Arthur.

Urs. [*within.*] I'll part you and your play-fellow there, in the garded coat, an you sunder not the sooner.

Knock. Master Winwife, you are proud, methinks, you do not talk, nor drink; are you proud?

Winw. Not of the company I am in, sir, nor the place, I assure you.

Knock. You do not except at the company, do you! are you in vapours, sir?

Moon. Nay, good master Daniel Knockem, respect my mistress's bower, as you call it; for the honour of our booth, none o' your vapours here.

Enter URSULA *with a fire-brand.*

Urs. Why, you thin, lean polecat you, an they have a mind to be in their vapours must you hinder 'em? What did you know, vermin, if they

would have lost a cloke, or such trifle? must you be drawing the air of pacification here, while I am tormented within i' the fire, you weasel? [*Aside to Mooncalf.*

Moon. Good mistress, 'twas in behalf of your booth's credit that I spoke.

Urs. Why! would my booth have broke, if they had fallen out in't, sir? or would their heat have fired it? In, you rogue, and wipe the pigs, and mend the fire, that they fall not, or I'll both baste and roast you 'till your eyes drop out like them.—Leave the bottle behind you, and be curst awhile![1]— [*Exit Moon.*

Quar. Body o' the Fair! what's this? mother of the bawds?

Knock. No, she's mother of the pigs, sir, mother of the pigs.

Winw. Mother of the furies, I think, by her fire-brand.

[1] *Leave the bottle behind you, and* be curst awhile!] In *As you like it*, Oliver brutally says to his brother, "Marry, sir, be better employed, and be *naught awhile!*" that is, says Johnson, It is better to do mischief than to do nothing." No, subjoins Steevens, it is "Be content to be a cypher, till I think fit to elevate you into consequence." Mr. Malone first conceived that *naught* should be nought, and inclined to Steevens; next he imagined that *nought* should be naught, and "was then induced to think Dr. Johnson's explanation right:"——all this time he never dreamed that the two words are one and the same; while Mr. Whiter, from whom better things might be expected, pronounces, that it *certainly* means, "Retire, begone, make yourself scarce!" &c. And this, in the face of Warburton's plain statement, that it was "a proverbial curse equivalent to "a mischief on you!" Can it be wondered that Shakspeare should swell into twenty or even twice twenty volumes, when the latest editor (like the wind Cecias) constantly draws round himself all the floating errors of his predecessors!

It is not easy to ascertain the origin of this colloquial vulgarism; but that the explanation of Warburton (which Steevens

Quar. Nay, she is too fat to be a fury, sure some walking sow of tallow!

Winw. An inspired vessel of kitchen stuff!

Quar. She'll make excellent geer for the

is pleased to call "far-fetched") is as correct as it is obvious, may be proved "by witnesses more than my pack will hold." It will be sufficient to call two or three:

The first shall be our poet:

"Peace *and be naught!* I think the woman's frantic."
Tale of a Tub.

"————plain boy's play
More manly would become him.
Lady. You would have him
Do worse then, would you, and *be naught*, you varlet!"
New Academy.

Again:

"Come away, and *be naught a whyle!*" *Storie of K. Darius.*

Again:

"Nay, sister, if I stir a foot, hang me; you shall come together of yourselves, *and be naught!*" Green's *Tu Quoque.*

Again:

"What, piper, ho! be *hanged awhile.*" *Old madrigal.*

And, lastly:

"Get you both in, and *be naught awhile!*" *Swetnam.*

This is the passage which convinced Mr. Malone that *be naught awhile!* meant "be employed on mischief." The speaker, he says, is a "maid servant, and she addresses herself to her lady, and her lover." So that Mr. Malone thinks it quite natural for females in this situation, openly to advise their mistresses to commit fornication! In like manner, when *Joice*, in the quotation from Green's *Tu Quoque*, addresses a similar phrase to her sister and her lover, she must mean to excite them—— but enough of such foolery.

It is too much, perhaps, to say that the words "an hour," "a while," are pure expletives; but it is sufficiently apparent that they have no perceptible influence on the exclamations to which they are subjoined. To conclude, "*be naught, hanged, curst,*" &c. with, or without *an hour, a while*, wherever found, bear invariably one and the same meaning; they are, in short, petty and familiar maledictions, and cannot be better rendered than in the words of Warburton—a plague, or a mischief on you! See p. 162.

coachmakers here in Smithfield, to anoint wheels and axletrees with. [*She drinks this while.*

Urs. Ay, ay, gamesters, mock a plain plump soft wench of the suburbs, do, because she's juicy and wholesome; you must have your thin pinched ware, pent up in the compass of a dog-collar, (or 'twill not do) that looks like a long laced conger, set upright, and a green feather, like fennel in the joll on't.

Knock. Well said, Urse, my good Urse! to 'em Urse!

Quar. Is she your quagmire, Daniel Knockem? is this your bog?

Night. We shall have a quarrel presently.

Knock. How! bog? quagmire? foul vapours! humph!

Quar. Yes, he that would venture for't, I assure him, might sink into her and be drown'd a week ere any friend he had could find where he were.

Winw. And then he would be a fortnight weighing up again.

Quar. 'Twere like falling into a whole shire of butter; they had need be a team of Dutchmen should draw him out.

Knock. Answer 'em, Urse: where's thy Bartholomew wit now, Urse, thy Bartholomew wit?

Urse. Hang 'em, rotten, roguy cheaters, I hope to see them plagued one day (pox'd they are already, I am sure) with lean playhouse poultry, that has the bony rump, sticking out like the ace of spades, or the point of a partizan, that every rib of them is like the tooth of a saw; and will so grate them with their hips and shoulders, as (take 'em altogether) they were as good lie with a hurdle.

Quar. Out upon her, how she drips! she's able to give a man the sweating sickness with looking on her.

Urs. Marry look off, with a patch on your face, and a dozen in your breech, though they be of scarlet, sir! I have seen as fine outsides as either of yours, bring lousy linings to the brokers, ere now, twice a week.

Quar. Do you think there may be a fine new cucking-stool[2] in the Fair, to be purchased; one large enough, I mean? I know there is a pond of capacity for her.[3]

Urs. For your mother, you rascal! Out, you rogue, you hedge-bird, you pimp, you pannier-man's bastard, you!

Quar. Ha, ha, ha!

Urs. Do you sneer, you dog's-head, you trendle-tail! you look as you were begotten a top of a cart in harvest time, when the whelp was hot and eager. Go, snuff after your brother's bitch,

[2] *Cucking-stool*] Now frequently corrupted into *ducking-stool*, was a chair at the end of a long beam, supported on an upright post by a kind of pivot or swivel, so as to be every where moveable, like a lever on a pole, used anciently for the punishment of scolds and unquiet women by *ducking* or plunging them in the water. It was sometimes called a *tumbrel*, and *trebuchet:* and was a punishment inflicted on bakers and brewers transgressing the statutes: and this engine, with a pillory, every person ought to have, who had view of frank-pledge.

WHAL.

Whalley, or his authority, (for this heavy passage is probably a quotation,) does not seem to be aware that cucking-stool itself is a corruption. The genuine word is cuckquean, for which see Vol. II. p. 482. To the meaning there given may be added that of *virago*, or as above, an "unquiet scold."

[3] *I know there is a pond of capacity for her.*] Stow is the best commentator here. "*Horse poole* in West Smithfield (he says) was sometime a *great water*, and because the inhabitants in that part of the citie did there water their horses, the same was in old records called horse poole. It is now much decayed, the springs being stopt up, and the land water falling into a small bottom remaining inclosed with bricke, is called Smithfielde *pond.*" It was still, however, large enough to contain Ursula.

mistress Commodity; that's the livery you wear, 'twill be out at the elbows shortly. It's time you went to't for the t'other remnant.

Knock. Peace, Urse, peace, Urse;—they'll kill the poor whale, and make oil of her. Pray thee, go in.

Urs. I'll see them pox'd first, and piled, and double piled.

Winw. Let's away, her language grows greasier than her pigs.

Urs. Does it so, snotty-nose? good Lord! are you sniveling? You were engendered on a she-beggar in a barn, when the bald thrasher, your sire, was scarce warm.

Winw. Pray thee let's go.

Quar. No, faith; I'll stay the end of her now; I know she cannot last long: I find by her similes she wanes apace.

Urs. Does she so? I'll set you gone. Give me my pig-pan hither a little: I'll scald you hence, an you will not go. [*Exit.*

Knock. Gentlemen, these are very strange vapours and very idle vapours, I assure you.

Quar. You are a very serious ass, we assure you.

Knock. Humph, *ass!* and *serious!* nay, then pardon me my vapour. I have a foolish vapour, gentlemen: Any man that does vapour me the ass, master Quarlous—

Quar. What then, master Jordan?

Knock. I do vapour him the lie.

Quar. Faith, and to any man that vapours me the lie, I do vapour that. [*Strikes him.*

Knock. Nay then, vapours upon vapours.

[*They fight.*

Re-enter URSULA *with the dripping-pan.*

Edg. Night. 'Ware the pan, the pan, the pan!

she comes with the pan, gentlemen! [*Ursula falls with the pan.*]—God bless the woman.

Urs. Oh! [*Exeunt Quarlous and Winwife.*

Trash. [*runs in.*] What's the matter?

Over. Goodly woman!

Moon. Mistress!

Urs. Curse of hell, that ever I saw these fiends! oh! I have scalded my leg, my leg, my leg, my leg! I have lost a limb in the service! run for some cream and sallad-oil, quickly. Are you under-peering, you baboon? rip off my hose, an you be men, men, men.

Moon. Run you for some cream, good mother Joan. I'll look to your basket. [*Exit Trash.*

Leath. Best sit up in your chair, Ursula. Help, gentlemen.

Knock. Be of good cheer, Urse; thou hast hindered me the currying of a couple of stallions here, that abused the good race-bawd of Smithfield; 'twas time for them to go.

Night. I'faith, when the pan came,—they had made you run else. This had been a fine time for purchase, if you had ventured.

[*Aside to Edgworth.*

Edg. Not a whit, these fellows were too fine to carry money.

Knock. Nightingale, get some help to carry her leg out of the air: take off her shoes. Body o' me! she has the mallanders,[4] the scratches, the crown scab, and the quitter bone in the t'other leg.

[4] *She has the mallanders*, &c.] Diseases incident to horses. I have already observed that almost the whole of Knockem's conversation is made up of phrases taken from the stable. In his next speech, he mentions the *white of an egg*. This *sneer* at Shakspeare seems to have escaped the commentators. See the *Case is Altered.*

Urs. Oh, the pox! why do you put me in mind of my leg thus, to make it prick and shoot? Would you have me in the hospital afore my time?

Knock. Patience, Urse, take a good heart, 'tis but a blister as big as a windgall. I'll take it away with the white of an egg, a little honey and hog's grease, have thy pasterns well roll'd, and thou shalt pace again by to-morrow. I'll tend thy booth, and look to thy affairs the while: thou shalt sit in thy chair, and give directions, and shine Ursa major.

[*Exeunt Knockem and Mooncalf with Ursula in her chair.*

Over. These are the fruits of bottle-ale and tobacco! the foam of the one, and the fumes of the other! Stay, young man, and despise not the wisdom of these few hairs that are grown grey in care of thee.

Edg. Nightingale, stay a little. Indeed I'll hear some of this!

Enter COKES, *with his box,* WASPE, *Mistress* OVERDO, *and* GRACE.

Cokes. Come, Numps, come, where are you? Welcome into the Fair, mistress Grace.

Edg. 'Slight, he will call company, you shall see, and put us into doings presently.

Over. Thirst not after that frothy liquor, ale; for who knows when he openeth the stopple, what may be in the bottle? Hath not a snail, a spider, yea, a newt been found there? thirst not after it, youth; thirst not after it.

Cokes. This is a brave fellow, Numps, let's hear him.

Waspe. 'Sblood! how brave is he?[5] in a garded coat! You were best truck with him; e'en strip, and truck presently, it will become you. Why will you hear him? because he is an ass, and may be a-kin to the Cokeses?

Cokes. O, good Numps.

Over. Neither do thou lust after that tawney weed tobacco.

Cokes. Brave words!

Over. Whose complexion is like the Indian's that vents it.

Cokes. Are they not brave words, sister?

Over. And who can tell, if before the gathering and making up thereof, the Alligarta hath not piss'd thereon?

Waspe. 'Heart! let 'em be brave words, as brave as they will! an they were all the brave words in a country, how then? Will you away yet, have you enough on him? Mistress Grace, come you away; I pray you, be not you accessary. If you do lose your license, or somewhat else, sir, with listening to his fables, say Numps is a witch, with all my heart, do, say so.

Cokes. Avoid in your satin doublet, Numps.

Over. The creeping venom of which subtle serpent, as some late writers affirm, neither the cutting of the perilous plant, nor the drying of it, nor the lighting or burning, can any way persway[6] or assuage.

Cokes. Good, i'faith! is it not, sister?

[5] *'Sblood how* brave *is he?*] Numps perversely mistakes—Cokes applies the word *brave* to the orator's qualities, and not to his laced or garded coat. In the conclusion of Waspe's speech there is an allusion to the common acceptation of the word *cokes*, which is taken by all our old writers for a simpleton, a noddy, an easy gull.

[6] *Can any way* persway.] i. e. mitigate.

Over. Hence it is that the lungs of the tobacconist are rotted, the liver spotted, the brain smoked like the backside of the pig-woman's booth here, and the whole body within, black as her pan you saw e'en now, without.

Cokes. A fine similitude that, sir! did you see the pan?

Edg. Yes, sir.

Over. Nay, the hole in the nose here of some tobacco-takers, or the third nostril, if I may so call it, which makes that they can vent the tobacco out, like the ace of clubs, or rather the flower-de-lis, is caused from the tobacco, the mere tobacco! when the poor innocent pox, having nothing to do there, is miserably and most unconscionably slandered.

Cokes. Who would have missed this, sister?

Mrs. Over. Not any body but Numps.

Cokes. He does not understand.

Edg. [*picks Cokes's pocket of his purse.*] Nor you feel. [*Aside.*

Cokes. What would you have, sister, of a fellow that knows nothing but a basket-hilt, and an old fox in't?* the best musick in the Fair will not move a log.

Edg. [*Gives the purse aside to Night.*] In, to Ursula, Nightingale, and carry her comfort: see it told. This fellow was sent to us by Fortune, for our first fairing. [*Exit Night.*

Over. But what speak I of the diseases of the body, children of the Fair?

Cokes. That's to us, sister. Brave, i' faith!

Over. Hark, O you sons and daughters of

* *And an old* fox *in it?*] This was a familiar and favourite expression for the old English weapon, the broad-sword of Jonson's days, as distinguished from the small (foreign) sword. It is unnecessary to cite examples of a word common to all our ancient writers.

Smithfield! and hear what malady it doth the mind: it causeth swearing, it causeth swaggering, it causeth snuffling and snarling, and now and then a hurt.

Mrs. Over. He hath something of master Overdo, methinks, brother.

Cokes. So methought, sister, very much of my brother Overdo: and 'tis when he speaks.

Over. Look into any angle of the town, the Streights, or the Bermudas,[7] where the quarrelling lesson is read, and how do they entertain the time, but with bottle-ale and tobacco? The lecturer is o' one side, and his pupils o' the other; but the seconds are still bottle-ale and tobacco, for which the lecturer reads, and the novices pay. Thirty pound a week in bottle-ale! forty in tobacco! and ten more in ale again. Then for a suit to drink in, so much, and, that being slaver'd, so much for another suit, and then a third suit, and a fourth suit! and still the bottle-ale slavereth, and the tobacco stinketh.

Waspe. Heart of a madman! are you rooted

[7] *The* Streights, *or the* Bermudas,] Cant-names then given to the places frequented by bullies, knights of the post, and fencing masters: so our poet, in his epistle to the earl of Dorset:

"——— Turn pirates here at land,
"Have their *Bermudas*, and their *Streights* in the *Strand*."
WHAL.

These *Streights* consisted of a nest of obscure courts, alleys, and avenues, running between the bottom of St. Martin's Lane, Half-moon, and Chandos-street. In Justice Overdo's time, they were the receptacles of fraudulent debtors, thieves, and prostitutes. Their present frequenters, it is to be presumed, are of a more reputable description. At a subsequent period, this cluster of avenues exchanged the old name of the *Bermudas* for that of the *Caribbee Islands*, which the learned professors of the district corrupted, by a happy allusion to the arts cultivated there, into the *Cribbee Islands*, their present appellation.

here? will you never away? what can any man find out in this bawling fellow, to grow here for? He is a full handful higher sin' he heard him. Will you fix here, and set up a booth, sir?

Over. I will conclude briefly———

Waspe. Hold your peace, you roaring rascal, I'll run my head in your chaps else. You were best build a booth, and entertain him; make your will, an you say the word, and him your heir! heart, I never knew one taken with a mouth of a peck afore. By this light, I'll carry you away on my back, an you will not come.

[*He gets Cokes up on pick-back.*

Cokes. Stay, Numps, stay, set me down: I have lost my purse, Numps. O my purse! One of my fine purses is gone!

Mrs. Over. Is it indeed, brother?

Cokes. Ay, as I am an honest man, would I were an arrant rogue else! a plague of all roguy damn'd cut-purses for me. [*Examines his pockets.*

Waspe. Bless 'em with all my heart, with all my heart, do you see! now, as I am no infidel, that I know of, I am glad on't. Ay, I am, (here's my witness,) do you see, sir? I did not tell you of his fables, I! no, no, I am a dull malt horse, I, I know nothing. Are you not justly served, in your conscience, now, speak in your conscience? Much good do you with all my heart, and his good heart that has it, with all my heart again.

Edg. This fellow is very charitable, would he had a purse too! but I must not be too bold all at a time. [*Aside.*

Cokes. Nay, Numps, it is not my best purse.

Waspe. Not your best! death! why should it be your worst? why should it be any, indeed, at all? answer me to that, give me a reason from you, why it should be any?

Cokes. Nor my gold, Numps; I have that yet, look here else, sister. [*Shews the other purse.*

Waspe. Why so, there's all the feeling he has!

Mrs. Over. I pray you, have a better care of that, brother.

Cokes. Nay, so I will, I warrant you; let him catch this that catch can. I would fain see him get this, look you here.

Waspe. So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so! very good.

Cokes. I would have him come again now, and but offer at it. Sister, will you take notice of a good jest? I will put it just where the other was, and if we have good luck, you shall see a delicate fine trap to catch the cut-purse nibbling.

Edg. Faith, and he'll try ere you be out o' the Fair. [*Aside.*

Cokes. Come, mistress Grace, prithee be not melancholy for my mischance; sorrow will not keep it, sweet heart.

Grace. I do not think on't, sir.

Cokes. 'Twas but a little scurvy white money, hang it! it may hang the cut-purse one day. I have gold left to give thee a fairing yet, as hard as the world goes. Nothing angers me but that no body here look'd like a cut-purse, unless 'twere Numps.

Waspe. How! I, I look like a cut-purse? death! your sister's a cut-purse! and your mother and father, and all your kin were cut-purses! and here is a rogue is the bawd o' the cut-purses, whom I will beat to begin with. [*Beats Overdo.*

Over. Hold thy hand, child of wrath, and heir of anger, make it not Childermass day[8] in thy

[8] *Make it not* Childermass *day.*] Overdo alludes to the day observed by the church in commemoration of the slaughter of the Innocents.

fury, or the feast of the French Bartholomew, parent of the massacre.

Cokes. Numps, Numps!

Mrs. Over. Good master Humphrey!

Waspe. You are the Patrico,[9] are you? the patriarch of the cut-purses? You share, sir, they say; let them share this with you. Are you in your hot fit of preaching again? I'll cool you.

[*Beats him again.*

Over. Murther, murther, murther! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Fair.

LANTHORN LEATHERHEAD, JOAN TRASH, *and others, sitting by their wares, as before.*

Enter VAL. WHIT, HAGGISE, *and* BRISTLE.

Whit. Nay, tish all gone, now! dish tish, phen tou wilt not be phitin call, master offisher, phat ish a man te better to lishen out noyshes for tee, and tou art in an oder orld, being very shuffishient noyshes and gallantsh too? one o' their brabblesh would have fed ush all dish fortnight, but tou art so bushy about beggersh still, tou hast no leshure to intend shentlemen, and't be.

Hag. Why, I told you, Davy Bristle.

Bri. Come, come, you told me a pudding,

[9] *You are the* Patrico, &c.] Among strolling beggars and gypsies, the *patrico* is the orator of the gang, the hedge-priest who officiates at their ridiculous ceremonies of marriage, &c.

Toby Haggise; a matter of nothing; I am sure it came to nothing. You said, let's go to Ursula's, indeed; but then you met the man with the monsters, and I could not get you from him. An old fool, not leave seeing yet!

Hag. Why, who would have thought any body would have quarrell'd so early; or that the ale o' the fair would have been up so soon?

Whit. Phy, phat a clock toest tou tink it ish, man?

Hag. I cannot tell.

Whit. Tou art a vish vatchman, i' te mean teem.

Hag. Why, should the watch go by the clock, or the clock by the watch, I pray?

Bri. One should go by another, if they did well.

Whit. Tou art right now! phen didst tou ever know or hear of a shuffishient vatchment, but he did tell the clock, phat bushiness soever he had?

Bri. Nay, that's most true, a sufficient watchman knows what a clock it is.

Whit. Shleeping or vaking: ash well as te clock himshelf, or te Jack dat shtrikes him.

Bri. Let's enquire of master Leatherhead, or Joan Trash here.—Master Leatherhead, do you hear, master Leatherhead?

Whit. If it be a Ledderhead, tish a very tick Ledderhead, tat sho mush noish vill not piersh him.

Leath. I have a little business now, good friends, do not trouble me.

Whit. Phat, because o' ty wrought neet-cap, and ty phelvet sherkin, man? phy! I have sheene tee in ty ledder sherkin, ere now, mashter

o' de hobby-horses, as bushy and stately as tou sheemest to be.

Trash. Why, what an you have, captain Whit? he has his choice of jerkins, you may see by that, and his caps too, I assure you, when he pleases to be either sick or employed.

Leath. God-a-mercy Joan, answer for me.

Whit. Away, be not sheen in my company, here be shentlemen, and men of vorship.

[*Exeunt Haggise and Bristle.*

Enter QUARLOUS *and* WINWIFE.

Quar. We had wonderful ill luck, to miss this prologue o' the purse; but the best is, we shall have five acts of him ere night: he'll be spectacle enough, I'll answer for't.

Whit. O creesh! duke Quarlous, how dosht tou? tou dosht not know me, I fear: I am te vishesht man, but justish Overdo, in all Bartholomew Fair now. Give me twelve pence from tee, I vill help tee to a vife vorth forty marks for't, and't be.

Quar. Away, rogue; pimp, away.

Whit. And she shall shew tee as fine cut orke for't in her shmock too as tou cansht vish i' faith; vilt tou have her, vorshipful Vinvife? I vill help tee to her here, be an't be, into pig-quarter, gi' me ty twelve pence from tee.

Winw. Why, there's twelve pence, pray thee wilt thou begone?

Whit. Tou art a vorthy man, and a vorshipful man still.

Quar. Get you gone, rascal.

Whit. I do mean it, man. Prinsh Quarlous, if tou hasht need on me, tou shalt find me here at

Ursla's, I vill see phat ale and punque ish i' te pigsty for tee, bless ty good vorship. [*Exit.*

Quar. Look! who comes here: John Littlewit!

Winw. And his wife, and my widow, her mother: the whole family.

Quar. 'Slight, you must give them all fairings now.

Winw. Not I, I'll not see them.

Quar. They are going a feasting. What schoolmaster's that is with 'em?

Winw. That's my rival, I believe, the baker.

Enter Rabbi BUSY, *Dame* PURECRAFT, *John* LITTLEWIT, *and Mrs.* LITTLEWIT.

Busy. So, walk on in the middle way, foreright, turn neither to the right hand nor to the left; let not your eyes be drawn aside with vanity, nor your ear with noises.

Quar. O, I know him by that start.

Leath. What do you lack, what do you buy, mistress? a fine hobby-horse, to make your son a tilter? a drum, to make him a soldier? a fiddle, to make him a reveller? what is't you lack? little dogs for your daughters? or babies, male or female?

Busy. Look not toward them, hearken not; the place is Smithfield, or the field of smiths, the grove of hobby-horses and trinkets, the wares are the wares of devils, and the whole Fair is the shop of Satan: they are hooks and baits, very baits, that are hung out on every side, to catch you, and to hold you, as it were, by the gills, and by the nostrils, as the fisher doth; therefore you must not look nor turn toward them.—The heathen man could stop his

ears with wax against the harlot of the sea;[1] do you the like with your fingers against the bells of the beast.

Winw. What flashes come from him!

Quar. O, he has those of his oven; a notable hot baker 'twas when he plied the peel:[2] he is leading his flock into the Fair now.

Winw. Rather driving them to the pens; for he will let them look upon nothing.

Enter KNOCKEM *and* WHIT *from* Ursula's *booth.*

Knock. Gentlewomen, the weather's hot; whither walk you? have a care of your fine velvet caps, the Fair is dusty. Take a sweet delicate booth, with boughs, here in the way, and cool yourselves in the shade; you and your friends. The best pig and bottle-ale in the Fair, sir. Old Ursula is cook, there you may read; [*Points to the sign, a pig's head, with a large writing under it.*] the pig's head speaks it. Poor soul, she has had a stringhalt, the maryhinchco; but she's prettily amended.

Whit. A delicate show-pig, little mistress, with shweet sauce, and crackling, like de bay-leaf i' de fire, la! tou shalt ha' de clean side o' de table-clot, and di glass vash'd with phatersh of dame Annesh Cleare.[3]

[1] *The* harlot *of the sea,*] This is a scurvy designation of the Syren. Whether Bunyan had read *Bartholomew Fair* in the sinful days of his youth, I know not; but we have here the ground work of "Vanity Fair."

[2] *When he plied the* peel,] i. e. the shovel-like instrument with which bakers withdraw their bread from the oven.

[3] *Vash'd with phatersh of dame* Annesh Cleare.] There was anciently, near Hoxton, a spring of water called *Agnes le Clare,* and corruptly *Annis the Clear:* this was the water meant here by the poet. WHAL.

Lit. [*Gazing at the inscription.*] This is fine verily. *Here be the best pigs, and she does roast them as well as ever she did,* the pig's head says.

Knock. Excellent, excellent, mistress; with fire o' juniper and rosemary branches! the oracle of the pig's head, that, sir.

Pure. Son, were you not warn'd of the vanity of the eye? have you forgot the wholsome admonition so soon?

Lit. Good mother, how shall we find a pig, if we do not look about for't! will it run off o' the spit, into our mouths, think you, as in Lubberland, and cry, *wee, wee!*

Busy. No, but your mother, religiously-wise, conceiveth it may offer itself by other means to the sense, as by way of steam, which I think it doth here in this place—huh, huh—yes, it doth.[4] [*He scents after it like a hound.*] And it were a sin of obstinacy, great obstinacy, high and horrible obstinacy, to decline or resist the good titillation of the famelic sense, which is the smell. Therefore be bold—huh, huh, huh—follow the scent: enter the tents of the unclean, for once, and satisfy your wife's frailty. Let your frail wife be satisfied; your zealous mother, and my suffering self, will also be satisfied.

[4] *I think it doth here in this place*—huh, huh—*yes, it doth.* [*He scents after it like a hound.*] This passage alludes to a similar place in the *Plutus* of Aristophanes, where the sycophant scents the good dinner preparing within.

ενδον εςιν ω μιαρωτατω
Πολυ χρῆμα τεμαχῶν και κρεῶν ωπτημενων
ὖὖ, ὖὖ, ὖὖ, ὖὖ, ὖὖ, ὖὖ.

"Therefore be bold, *huh, huh, huh,* follow the scent. *Lepide Aristophanes inducit sycophantam olfacientem sacrificiorum nidorem, qui totum senarium naribus absolvit:* says Vossius on this passage.

UPTON.

Lit. Come, Win, as good winny here as go farther, and see nothing.[5]

Busy. We scape so much of the other vanities, by our early entering.

Pure. It is an edifying consideration.

Mrs. Lit. This is scurvy, that we must come into the Fair, and not look on't.

Lit. Win, have patience, Win, I'll tell you more anon.

[*Exeunt, into the booth, Littlewit, Mrs. Littlewit, Busy, and Purecraft.*

Knock. Mooncalf, entertain within there, the best pig in the booth, a pork-like pig. These are Banbury-bloods, o' the sincere stud, come a pig-hunting. Whit, wait, Whit, look to your charge. [*Exit Whit.*

Busy. [*within.*] A pig prepare presently, let a pig be prepared to us.

Enter MOONCALF *and* URSULA.

Moon. 'Slight, who be these?

Urs. Is this the good service, Jordan, you'd do me?

Knock. Why, Urse, why, Urse? thou'lt have vapours i' thy leg again presently, pray thee go in, it may turn to the scratches else.

Urs. Hang your vapours, they are stale, and stink like you! Are these the guests o' the game you promised to fill my pit withal to-day?

Knock. Ay, what ail they, Urse?

Urs. Ail they! they are all sippers, sippers o' the city; they look as they would not drink off two pen'orth of bottle-ale amongst 'em.

[5] *Come, Win, as good* winny *here as go farther.*] Littlewit is here playing upon his wife's name: *Winny* is the same as the old word *wonne, manere,* to stay, &c. WHAL.

Moon. A body may read that in their small printed ruffs.

Knock. Away, thou art a fool, Urse, and thy Mooncalf too: in your ignorant vapours now! hence; good guests, I say, right hypocrites, good gluttons. In, and set a couple o' pigs on the board, and half a dozen of the biggest bottles afore 'em, and call Whit. [*Exit Mooncalf.*] I do not love to hear innocents abused: fine ambling hypocrites! and a stone-puritan with a sorrel head and beard! good mouth'd gluttons; two to a pig, away.

Urs. Are you sure they are such?

Knock. O' the right breed, thou shalt try 'em by the teeth, Urse; where's this Whit?

Re-enter WHIT.

Whit. *Behold, man, and see,*
What a worthy man am ee!
With the fury of my sword,
And the shaking of my beard,
I will make ten thousand men afeard.

Knock. Well said, brave Whit! in, and *fear* the ale out o' the bottles into the bellies of the brethren, and * * * the sisters drink to the cause, and pure vapours. [*Exeunt Knockem, Whit, and Ursula.*

Quar. My roarer is turn'd tapster, methinks. Now were a fine time for thee, Winwife, to lay aboard thy widow, thou'lt never be master of a better season or place; she that will venture herself into the Fair and a pig-box, will admit any assault, be assured of that.

Winw. I love not enterprises of that suddenness though.

Quar. I'll warrant thee, then, no wife out of

* * * A word or two seems lost; perhaps, *see that.*

the widow's hundred: if I had but as much title to her, as to have breathed once on that straight stomacher of hers, I would now assure myself to carry her, yet, ere she went out of Smithfield; or she should carry me, which were the fitter sight, I confess. But you are a modest undertaker, by circumstances and degrees; come, 'tis disease in thee, not judgment; I should offer at all together.—

Enter OVERDO.

Look, here's the poor fool again, that was stung by the Waspe erewhile.

Over. I will make no more orations, shall draw on these tragical conclusions. And I begin now to think, that by a spice of collateral justice, Adam Overdo deserved this beating; for I, the said Adam, was one cause (a by-cause) why the purse was lost; and my wife's brother's purse too, which they know not of yet. But I shall make very good mirth with it at supper, that will be the sport, and put my little friend, master Humphrey Waspe's choler quite out of countenance: when, sitting at the upper end of my table, as I use, and drinking to my brother Cokes, and mistress Alice Overdo, as I will, my wife, for their good affection to old Bradley, I deliver to them, it was I that was cudgeled, and shew them the marks. To see what bad events may peep out o' the tail of good purposes! the care I had of that civil young man I took fancy to this morning, (and have not left it yet,) drew me to that exhortation, which drew the company indeed; which drew the cut-purse; which drew the money; which drew my brother Cokes his loss; which drew on Waspe's anger;

which drew on my beating: a pretty gradation! and they shall have it in their dish, i' faith, at night for fruit; I love to be merry at my table. I had thought once, at one special blow he gave me, to have revealed myself; but then (I thank thee, fortitude) I remembered that a wise man, and who is ever so great a part of the commonwealth in himself, for no particular disaster ought to abandon a public good design. The husbandman ought not, for one unthankful year, to forsake the plough; the shepherd ought not, for one scabbed sheep, to throw by his tar-box; the pilot ought not, for one leak in the poop, to quit the helm; nor the alderman ought not, for one custard more at a meal, to give up his cloke; the constable ought not to break his staff, and forswear the watch, for one roaring night; nor the piper of the parish, *ut parvis componere magna solebam*, to put up his pipes for one rainy Sunday. These are certain knocking conclusions; out of which, I am resolved, come what come can, come beating, come imprisonment, come infamy, come banishment, nay, come the rack, come the hurdle, (welcome all,) I will not discover who I am, till my due time; and yet still, all shall be, as I said ever, in justice name, and the king's, and for the commonwealth.'[7]

Winw. What does he talk to himself, and act so seriously, poor fool!

Quar. No matter what. Here's fresher argument, intend that.

[7] Overdo begins with saying that he will make no more orations, and immediately launches into one! The matchless judgment with which the consistency and individuality of the numerous characters in this drama are preserved, is above all praise. The author's attention is not relaxed for an instant.

Enter COKES, *Mistress* OVERDO, *and* GRACE WELLBORN, *followed by* WASPE, *loaded with toys.*

Cokes. Come, mistress Grace, come, sister, here's more fine sights yet, i' faith. Od's 'lid, where's Numps?

Leath. What do you lack, gentlemen? what is't you buy? fine rattles, drums, babies, little dogs, and birds for ladies? what do you lack?

Cokes. Good honest Numps, keep afore, I am so afraid thou'lt lose somewhat; my heart was at my mouth, when I mist thee.

Waspe. You were best buy a whip in your hand to drive me.

Cokes. Nay, do not mistake, Numps; thou art so apt to mistake! I would but watch the goods. Look you now, the treble fiddle was e'en almost like to be lost.

Waspe. Pray you take heed you lose not yourself; your best way were e'en get up and ride for more surety. Buy a token's worth of great pins, to fasten yourself to my shoulder.[7]

Leath. What do you lack, gentlemen? fine purses, pouches, pin-cases, pipes? what is't you lack? a pair o' smiths to wake you in the morning? or a fine whistling bird?

Cokes. Numps, here be finer things than any we have bought by odds! and more delicate horses, a great deal; good Numps, stay, and come hither.

Waspe. Will you scourse with him?[8] you are

[7] *Buy a* token's worth *of great pins.*] i. e. A farthing's worth. See Vol. I. p. 29.

[8] *Will you* scourse *with him?*] i. e. Will you *deal with* him for his horses? We usually say horse-courser; but my learned

in Smithfield, you may fit yourself with a fine easy going street-nag, for your saddle, again Michaelmas term, do: has he ne'er a little odd cart for you to make a caroch on, in the country, with four pied hobby-horses? Why the measles, should you stand here, with your train, cheapning of dogs, birds, and babies? you have no children to bestow them on, have you?

Cokes. No, but again I have children, Numps, that's all one.

Waspe. Do, do, do, do; how many shall you have, think you? an I were as you, I'd buy for all my tenants too, they are a kind of civil savages, that will part with their children for rattles, pipes, and knives. You were best buy a hatchet or two, and truck with 'em.

Cokes. Good Numps, hold that little tongue o' thine, and save it a labour. I am resolute Bat, thou know'st.

Waspe. A resolute fool you are, I know, and a very sufficient coxcomb: with all my heart;—nay you have it, sir, an you be angry, t—— in your teeth, twice; if I said it not once afore, and much good do you.

Winw. Was there ever such a self-affliction, and so impertinent?

friend, the editor of Junius, supposes the words should be *horse-coser*: the verb cose was used by the Scots in the sense of bartering, or exchanging. WHAL.

Scourse, in the sense of swap, or exchange, is common to our old poets. Thus Spenser,

"And recompenst him with a better *scorse*."

Again:

"Could not arise the counterchange to *scorse*."
F. Q. B. III. C. 9. St. 16.

But the word was peculiarly applicable to horse dealers: hence the force of Waspe's allusion.

Quar. Alas, his care will go near to crack him; let's in and comfort him.

[*They come forward.*

Waspe. Would I had been set in the ground, all but the head on me, and had my brains bowled at, or threshed out, when first I underwent this plague of a charge!

Quar. How now, Numps! almost tired in your protectorship? overparted, overparted?

Waspe. Why, I cannot tell, sir, it may be I am; does it grieve you?

Quar. No, I swear does't not, Numps; to satisfy you.

Waspe. Numps! 'sblood, you are fine and familiar: how long have we been acquainted, I pray you?

Quar. I think it may be remembered, Numps, that; 'twas since morning, sure.

Waspe. Why, I hope I know't well enough, sir; I did not ask to be told.

Quar. No! why, then?

Waspe. It's no matter why; you see with your eyes now, what I said to you to-day: you'll believe me another time?

Quar. Are you removing the Fair, Numps?

Waspe. A pretty question, and a civil one! yes faith, I have my lading, you see, or shall have anon; you may know whose beast I am by my burden. If the pannierman's jack were ever better known by his loins of mutton, I'll be flayed, and feed dogs for him when his time comes.

Winw. How melancholic mistress Grace is yonder! pray thee let's go enter ourselves in grace with her.

Cokes. Those six horses, friend I'll have——

Waspe. How!

Cokes. And the three Jews-trumps; and half

a dozen o' birds, and that drum, (I have one drum already) and your smiths; I like that device of your smiths, very pretty well; and four halberts——and, let me see, that fine painted great lady, and her three women for state, I'll have.

Waspe. No, the shop; buy the whole shop, it will be best, the shop, the shop!

Leath. If his worship please.

Waspe. Yes, and keep it during the Fair, Bobchin.

Cokes. Peace, Numps.—Friend, do not meddle with him, an you be wise, and would shew your head above board; he will sting thorough your wrought night-cap, believe me. A set of these violins I would buy too, for a delicate young noise I have in the country, that are every one a size less than another, just like your fiddles. I would fain have a fine young masque at my marriage, now I think on't: but I do want such a number of things!—And Numps will not help me now, and I dare not speak to him.

Trash. Will your worship buy any gingerbread, very good bread, comfortable bread?

Cokes. Gingerbread! yes, let's see.

[*Runs to her shop.*

Waspe. There's the t'other springe.

Leath. Is this well, goody Joan, to interrupt my market in the midst, and call away my customers? can you answer this at the pie-poudres?

Trash. Why, if his mastership has a mind to buy, I hope my ware lies as open as another's; I may shew my ware as well as you yours.

Cokes. Hold your peace; I'll content you both: I'll buy up his shop, and thy basket.

Waspe. Will you, i' faith?

Leath. Why should you put him from it, friend?

Waspe. Cry you mercy! you'd be sold too, would you? what's the price on you, jerkin and all, as you stand? have you any qualities?

Trash. Yes, good-man, angry-man, you shall find he has qualities, if you cheapen him.

Waspe. Od's so, you have the selling of him! What are they, will they be bought for love or money?

Trash. No indeed, sir.

Waspe. For what then, victuals?

Trash. He scorns victuals, sir; he has bread and butter at home, thanks be to God! and yet he will do more for a good meal, if the toy take him in the belly; marry then they must not set him at lower ends, if they do, he'll go away, though he fast: but put him a-top o' the table, where his place is, and he'll do you forty fine things. He has not been sent for, and sought out for nothing, at your great city-suppers, to put down Coriat and Cokely,[9] and been laughed at for his labour; he'll play you all the puppets in the town over, and the players, every company, and his own company too; he spares no body.

9 To *put down* Coriat *and* Cokely.] *Coriat* was famous for his travels, an account of which he published under the title of *Coriat's Cruditics*. *Cokely* was the master of a motion or puppet-show, often mentioned in our author's poems. WHAL.

There is undoubtedly some personal allusion in many parts of this description: Inigo Jones had studied in Italy, he was therefore something of a traveller, and he appears to have worn velvet; hence, perhaps, the frequent allusions to the finery of his dress. Still, there is much that cannot by any possibility be applied to him, and not a little that appears to fit the poet himself. It seems not altogether improbable that Jonson might take an unlucky pleasure in sporting with the malevolent curiosity of his enemies, and confound the characteristic features of the objects of his satire, in order to lead them astray. In his imaginary personages there is, I believe, commonly something of reality, and in his real ones, much of imagination.

Cokes. I' faith?

Trash. He was the first, sir, that ever baited the fellow in the bear's skin, an't like your worship: no dog ever came near him since. And for fine motions!

Cokes. Is he good at those too? can he set out a masque, trow?

Trash. O lord, master! sought to far and near for his inventions; and he engrosses all, he makes all the puppets in the Fair.

Cokes. Dost thou, in troth, old velvet jerkin? give me thy hand.

Trash. Nay, sir, you shall see him in his velvet jerkin, and a scarf too at night, when you hear him interpret master Littlewit's motion.

Cokes. Speak no more, but shut up shop presently, friend, I'll buy both it and thee too, to carry down with me; and her hamper beside. Thy shop shall furnish out the masque, and her's the banquet: I cannot go less, to set out any thing with credit. What's the price, at a word, of thy whole shop, case and all as it stands?

Leath. Sir, it stands me in six and twenty shillings seven-pence halfpenny, besides three shillings for my ground.

Cokes. Well, thirty shillings will do all, then! and what comes yours to?

Trash. Four shillings and eleven-pence, sir, ground and all, an't like your worship.

Cokes. Yes, it does like my worship very well, poor woman; that's five shillings more: what a masque shall I furnish out, for forty shillings, twenty pound Scotch, and a banquet of gingerbread! there's a stately thing! Numps? sister? —and my wedding gloves too! that I never thought on afore! All my wedding gloves, gingerbread? O me! what a device will there be,

to make 'em eat their fingers ends? and delicate brooches for the bridemen and all! and then I'll have this poesie put to them, *For the best grace*, meaning mistress Grace, my wedding poesie.

Grace. I am beholden to you, sir, and to your Bartholomew wit.

Waspe. You do not mean this, do you? Is this your first purchase?

Cokes. Yes, faith; and I do not think, Numps, but thou'lt say, it was the wisest act that ever I did in my wardship.

Waspe. Like enough! I shall say any thing, I!

Enter EDGWORTH, NIGHTINGALE *and People, followed, at a distance, by* OVERDO.

Over. I cannot beget a project, with all my political brain yet: my project is how to fetch off this proper young man from his debauched company. I have followed him all the Fair over, and still I find him with this songster, and I begin shrewdly to suspect their familiarity; and the young man of a terrible taint, poetry! with which idle disease if he be infected, there's no hope of him, in a state-course. *Actum est* of him for a commonwealth's-man, if he go to't in rhyme once. [*Aside.*

Edg. [*To Nightingale.*] Yonder he is buying of gingerbread; set in quickly, before he part with too much of his money.

Night. [Advancing and singing.] *My masters, and friends, and good people draw near*——

Cokes. [*Runs to the ballad-man.*] Ballads! hark, hark! pray thee, fellow, stay a little; good Numps, look to the goods. What ballads hast thou? let me see, let me see myself.

Waspe. Why so! he's flown to another lime-

bush, there he will flutter as long more; till he have ne'er a feather left. Is there a vexation like this, gentlemen? will you believe me now, hereafter, shall I have credit with you?

Quar. Yes, faith shalt thou, Numps, and thou art worthy on't, for thou sweatest for't. I never saw a young pimp-errant and his squire better match'd.

Winw. Faith, the sister comes after them well too.

Grace. Nay, if you saw the justice her husband, my guardian, you were fitted for the mess, he is such a wise one his way——

Winw. I wonder we see him not here.

Grace. O! he is too serious for this place, and yet better sport then than the other three, I assure you, gentlemen, wherever he is, though it be on the bench.

Cokes. How dost thou call it? *A caveat against cut-purses!* a good jest, i' faith, I would fain see that demon, your cut-purse you talk of, that delicate handed devil; they say he walks hereabout; I would see him walk now Look you sister, here, here, [*He shews his purse boastingly.*] let him come, sister, and welcome. Ballad-man, does any cut-purses haunt hereabout? pray thee raise me one or two; begin, and shew me one.

Night. Sir, this is a spell against them, spick and span new; and 'tis made as 'twere in mine own person, and I sing it in mine own defence. But 'twill cost a penny alone, if you buy it.

Cokes. No matter for the price; thou dost not know me, I see, I am an odd Bartholomew.

Mrs. Over. Has it a fine picture, brother?[a]

[a] *Has it a fine picture, brother?*] In Jonson's time scarcely any ballad was printed without a wooden cut, illustrative of its

Cokes. O, sister, do you remember the ballads over the nursery chimney at home o' my own pasting up? there be brave pictures, other manner of pictures than these, friend.

Waspe. Yet these will serve to pick the pictures out of your pockets, you shall see.

Cokes. *So I heard them say!* Pray thee mind him not, fellow; he'll have an oar in every thing.

Night. It was intended, sir, as if a purse should chance to be cut in my presence, now, I may be blameless though; as by the sequel will more plainly appear.

Cokes. We shall find that in the matter: pray thee begin.

Night. To the tune of Paggington's pound, sir.[a]

Cokes. [Sings.] *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la!* Nay, I'll put thee in tune and all! mine own country dance! Pray thee begin.

Night. It is a gentle admonition, you must know, sir, both to the purse-cutter and the purse-bearer.

Cokes. Not a word more out of the tune, an

subject. If it was a ballad of "pure love," or of "good life," which afforded no scope for the graphic talents of the Grub-street Apelles, the portrait of "good queen Elizabeth," magnificently adorned with the globe and sceptre, formed no unwelcome substitute for her loving subjects. The houses of the common people, especially those of the distant counties, seem to have had little other ornamental tapestry than was supplied by these fugitive pieces, which came out every term in incredible numbers, and were rapidly dispersed over the kingdom, by shoals of itinerant syrens.

[a] *To the tune of* Paggington's *pound.*] *Packington's pound*, as we now term it: but I am not able to assign the origin of the name. It seems to have been at first a country dance, probably so styled from the inventor of it, in which the performers were *'pounded* or inclosed by each other. WHAL.

thou lov'st me: *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa, la la la.* Come, when?

Night. [sings.] *My masters, and friends, and good people, draw near,*
And look to your purses, for that I do say;

Cokes. Ha, ha, this chimes! Good counsel at first dash.

Night. *And tho' little money in them you do bear,*
It cost more to get, than to lose in a day.

Cokes. Good!

Night. *You oft have been told,*
Both the young and the old,
And bidden beware of the cut-purse so bold;

Cokes. Well said! he were to blame that would not, i' faith.

Night. *Then if you take heed not, free me from the curse,*
Who both give you warning, for, and the cut-purse.
Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy nurse,
Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

Cokes. Good i' faith; how say you, Numps, is there any harm in this?

Night. *It hath been upbraided to men of my trade,*
That oftentimes we are the cause of this crime;

Cokes. The more coxcombs they that did it, I wusse.

Night. *Alack and for pity, why should it be said?*
As if they regarded or places, or time!
Examples have been
Of some that were seen
In Westminster-hall, yea the pleaders between;
Then why should the judges be free from this curse,
More than my poor self, for cutting the purse?

Cokes. God a mercy for that! why should they be more free indeed?

Night. *Youth, youth, thou hadst better been*
starv'd by thy nurse,
Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

Cokes. That again, good ballad-man, that again. [*He sings the burden with him.*] O rare! I would fain rub mine elbow now, but I dare not pull out my hand.—On I pray thee; he that made this ballad shall be poet to my masque.

Night. *At Worc'ster 'tis known well, and even in*
the jail,
A knight of good worship did there shew his face,
Against the foul sinners, in zeal for to rail,
And lost ipso facto *his purse in the place.*

Cokes. Is it possible?

Night. *Nay, once from the seat*
Of judgment so great,
A judge there did lose a fair pouch of velvéte.

Cokes. I' faith?

Night. *O Lord for thy mercy, how wicked or*
worse,
Are those that so venture their necks for a purse!
Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy
nurse,
Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

Cokes. [Sings after him.] *Youth, youth, &c.*—Pray thee stay a little, friend. Yet o' thy conscience, Numps, speak, is there any harm in this?

Waspe. To tell you true, 'tis too good for you, less you had grace to follow it.

Over. It doth discover enormity, I'll mark it more: I have not liked a paltry piece of poetry so well a good while. [*Aside.*

Cokes. *Youth, youth, &c.;* where's this youth now? a man must call upon him for his own good, and yet he will not appear. Look here, here's for him; [*Shews his purse.*] handy dandy, which

hand will he have? On, I pray thee with the rest; I do hear of him, but I cannot see him, this master youth, the cut-purse.

Night. *At plays, and at sermons, and at the sessions,*
'Tis daily their practice such booty to make;
Yea under the gallows at executions,
They stick not the stare-abouts purses to take.
Nay one without grace,[1]
At a [*far*] *better place,*
At court, and in Christmas, before the king's face;

Cokes. That was a fine fellow! I would have him now.

Night. *Alack then for pity must I bear the curse,*
That only belongs to the cunning cut-purse?

Cokes. But where's their cunning now, when they should use it? they are all chain'd now, I warrant you. [*Sings.*] *Youth, youth, thou hadst better*— The rat-catchers' charms are all fools and asses to this: a pox on them, that they will not come! that a man should have such a desire to a thing, and want it!

Quar. 'Fore God I'd give half the Fair, an 'twere mine, for a cut-purse for him, to save his longing.

Cokes. Look you, sister, [*Shews his purse again.*] here, here, where is't now? which pocket is't in, for a wager?

Waspe. I beseech you leave your wagers, and let him end his matter, an't may be.

Cokes. O, are you edified, Numps!

Over. Indeed he does interrupt him too much: there Numps spoke to purpose. [*Aside.*

[1] *Nay, one without grace,* &c.] There is an allusion to a robbery of this kind in the *Masque of Gypsies:* that, however, seems to have taken place at a subsequent period.

Cokes. Sister, I am an ass, I cannot keep my purse! [*Shews it again, and puts it up.*]—On, on, I pray thee, friend.

Night. *Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy nurse,*
Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

[*As Nightingale sings, Edgworth gets up to Cokes, and tickles him in the ear with a straw twice to draw his hand out of his pocket.*

Winw. Will you see sport? look, there's a fellow gathers up to him, mark.

Quar. Good, i' faith! O he has lighted on the wrong pocket.

Winw. He has it! 'fore God, he is a brave fellow: pity he should be detected.

Night. *But O, you vile nation of cut-purses all,*
Relent and repent, and amend and be sound,
And know that you ought not, by honest men's fall,
Advance your own fortunes, to die above ground;
And though you go gay
In silks, as you may,
It is not the highway to heaven, (as they say.)
Repent then, repent you, for better, for worse,
And kiss not the gallows for cutting a purse.
Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy nurse,
Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

All. An excellent ballad! an excellent ballad!

Edg. Friend, let me have the first, let me have the first, I pray you.

[*As Nightingale reaches out the ballad, Edgworth slips the purse into his hand.*

Cokes. Pardon me, sir; first come first serv'd; and I'll buy the whole bundle too.

Winw. That conveyance was better than all, did you see't? he has given the purse to the ballad-singer.

Quar. Has he?

Edg. Sir, I cry you mercy, I'll not hinder the poor man's profit; pray you, mistake me not.

Cokes. Sir, I take you for an honest gentleman, if that be mistaking; I met you to-day afore: ha! humph! O Lord! my purse is gone, my purse, my purse, my purse!

Waspe. Come do not make a stir, and cry yourself an ass thorough the Fair afore your time.

Cokes. Why, hast thou it, Numps? good Numps, how came you by it, I marle?

Waspe. I pray you seek some other gamester to play the fool with; you may lose it time enough, for all your Fair wit.

Cokes. By this good hand, glove and all, I have lost it already if thou hast it not; feel else, and mistress Grace's handkerchief too, out of the t' other pocket.

Waspe. Why, 'tis well, very well, exceeding pretty and well.

Edg. Are you sure you have lost it, sir?

Cokes. O Lord! yes; as I am an honest man, I had it but e'en now, at *Youth, youth.*

Night. I hope you suspect not me, sir?

Edg. Thee! that were a jest indeed! dost thou think the gentleman is foolish? where hadst thou hands, I pray thee? Away ass, away! [*Exit Night.*

Over. I shall be beaten again, if I be spied. [*Aside, retiring.*

Edg. Sir, I suspect an odd fellow, yonder, is stealing away.

Mrs. Over. Brother, it is the preaching fellow: you shall suspect him. He was at your t' other purse, you know! [*Seizes Overdo.*]—Nay stay, sir, and view the work you have done; an you be

[4] *Away, ass, away!*] Edgworth is anxious to get Nightingale off, that he may convey the stolen property to Ursula's booth, and thus escape detection.

beneficed at the gallows, and preach there, thank your own handy-work.

Cokes. Sir, you shall take no pride in your preferment, you shall be silenced quickly.

[*They seize Overdo.*

Over. What do you mean, sweet buds of gentility?

Cokes. To have my pennyworths out on you, bud. No less than two purses a day serve you! I thought you a simple fellow, when my man Numps beat you in the morning, and pitied you.

Mrs. Over. So did I, I'll be sworn, brother; but now I see he is a lewd and pernicious enormity, as master Overdo calls him.

Over. Mine own words turn'd upon me like swords! [*Aside.*

Cokes. Cannot a man's purse be at quiet for you in the master's pocket, but you must entice it forth, and debauch it? [*Overdo is carried off.*

Waspe. Sir, sir, keep your debauch, and your fine Bartholomew terms to yourself, and make as much on 'em as you please. But give me this from you in the mean time; I beseech you, see if I can look to this.

Cokes. Why, Numps?

Waspe. Why! because you are an ass, sir, there's a reason the shortest way, an you will needs have it: now you have got the trick of losing, you'd lose your breech an 'twere loose. I know you, sir, come, deliver, [*Takes the box from him.*] you'll go and crack the vermin you breed now, will you? 'tis very fine; will you have the truth on't? they are such retchless flies as you are, that blow cut-purses abroad in every corner; your foolish having of money makes them. An there were no wiser than I, sir, the trade should lie open for you, sir, it

should, i' faith, sir. I would teach your wit to come to your head, sir, as well as your land to come into your hand, I assure you, sir.

Winw. Alack, good Numps!

Waspe. Nay, gentlemen, never pity me, I am not worth it: Lord send me at home once to Harrow o' the Hill again, if I travel any more, call me Coriat with all my heart.

[*Exeunt Waspe, Cokes, and Mrs. Overdo, followed by Edgworth.*

Quar. [*Stops Edgworth.*] Stay, sir, I must have a word with you in private. Do you hear?

Edg. With me, sir! what's your pleasure, good sir?

Quar. Do not deny it, you are a cut-purse, sir, this gentleman here and I saw you: nor do we mean to detect you, though we can sufficiently inform ourselves toward the danger of concealing you; but you must do us a piece of service.

Edg. Good gentlemen, do not undo me; I am a civil young man, and but a beginner indeed.

Quar. Sir, your beginning shall bring on your ending for us: we are no catchpoles nor constables. That you are to undertake is this; you saw the old fellow with the black box here?

Edg. The little old governor, sir?

Quar. That same: I see you have flown him to a mark already. I would have you get away that box from him, and bring it us.

Edg. Wou'd you have the box and all, sir, or only that that is in't? I'll get you that, and leave him the box to play with still, which will be the harder of the two, because I would gain your worship's good opinion of me.

Winw. He says well, 'tis the greater mastery, and 'twill make the more sport when 'tis mist.

Edg. Ay, and 'twill be the longer a missing, to draw on the sport.

Quar. But look you do it now, sirrah, and keep your word, or——

Edg. Sir, if ever I break my word with a gentleman, may I never read word at my need.[5] Where shall I find you?

Quar. Somewhere i' the Fair, hereabouts: dispatch it quickly. [*Exit Edgworth.*] I would fain see the careful fool deluded! Of all beasts, I love the serious ass; he that takes pains to be one, and plays the fool with the greatest diligence that can be.

Grace. Then you would not choose, sir, but love my guardian, justice Overdo, who is answerable to that description in every hair of him.

Quar. So I have heard. But how came you, mistress Wellborn, to be his ward, or have relation to him at first?

Grace. Faith, through a common calamity, he bought me, sir;[6] and now he will marry me to his wife's brother, this wise gentleman that you see; or else I must pay value o' my land.

Quar. 'Slid, is there no device of disparagement,[7] or so? talk with some crafty fellow, some

[5] *May I never* read *word at my* need.] i. e. may I never have the benefit of clergy, if I am taken and brought to my trial. WHAL.

[6] *He* bought *me, sir,*] Before the abolition of the Court of Wards, (in the 12th of Charles II.) the heir of the king's tenant, who held land, *in capite*, during his or her nonage was in wardship to the king, who might sell or present the guardianship and marriage of the said ward to any of his subjects. Immense fortunes were raised by the nobility, and favourites of the court, from these grants, which were odious and oppressive in the highest degree. See Massinger, Vol. IV.

[7] *Is there no* disparagement,] This has reference to the same subject. "Disparagement," says Cowel, (and Blackstone

picklock of the law: would I had studied a year longer in the Inns of court, an 't had been but in your case.

Winw. Ay, master Quarlous, are you proffering! [*Aside.*

Grace. You'd bring but little aid, sir.

Winw. I'll look to you, in faith, gamester.—[*Aside.*] An unfortunate foolish tribe you are fallen into, lady, I wonder you can endure them.

Grace. Sir, they that cannot work their fetters off must wear them.

Winw. You see what care they have on you, to leave you thus.

Grace. Faith, the same they have of themselves, sir. I cannot greatly complain, if this were all the plea I had against them.

Winw. 'Tis true: but will you please to withdraw with us a little, and make them think they have lost you. I hope our manners have been such hitherto, and our language, as will give you no cause to doubt yourself in our company.

Grace. Sir, I will give myself no cause;[8] I am so secure of mine own manners, as I suspect not yours.

Quar. Look where John Littlewit comes.

Winw. Away, I'll not be seen by him.

Quar. No, you were not best, he'd tell his mother, the widow.

Winw. Heart! what do you mean?

Quar. Cry you mercy, is the wind there?[9] must not the widow be named? [*Exeunt.*

after him,) " is by our common lawyers used especially for matching an heir under his or her degree, or against decency.' Against attempts of this kind, the ward had a legal relief.

[8] *Sir, I will give myself no cause*, &c.] There is excellent sense in Grace's answer. She is one of Jonson's few estimable females.

[9] *Is the wind there?*] A proverbial expression. Is it so! Have

Enter LITTLEWIT *from* Ursula's *booth, followed by Mrs.* LITTLEWIT.

Lit. Do you hear, Win, Win?

Mrs. Lit. What say you, John?

Lit. While they are paying the reckoning, Win, I'll tell you a thing, Win; we shall never see any sights in the Fair, Win, except you long still, Win: good Win, sweet Win, long to see some hobby-horses, and some drums, and rattles, and dogs, and fine devices, Win. The bull with the five legs, Win; and the great hog. Now you have begun with pig, you may long for any thing, Win, and so for my motion, Win.

Mrs. Lit. But we shall not eat of the bull and the hog, John; how shall I long then?

Lit. O yes, Win: you may long to see, as well as to taste, Win: how did the pothecary's wife, Win, that longed to see the anatomy, Win? or the lady, Win, that desired to spit in the great lawyer's mouth, after an eloquent pleading? I assure you, they longed, Win; good Win, go in, and long. [*Exeunt Littlewit and Mrs. Littlewit.*

Trash. I think we are rid of our new customer, brother Leatherhead, we shall hear no more of him.

Leath. All the better; let's pack up all and begone, before he find us.

Trash. Stay a little, yonder comes a company; it may be we may take some more money.

I found you out? He alludes to his suspicion of a growing attachment in Winwife to Grace Wellborn.

Enter KNOCKEM *and* BUSY.

Knock. Sir, I will take your counsel, and cut my hair,[1] and leave vapours: I see that tobacco, and bottle ale, and pig, and Whit, and very Ursla herself, is all vanity.

Busy. Only pig was not comprehended in my admonition, the rest were: for long hair, it is an ensign of pride, a banner; and the world is full of those banners, very full of banners. And bottle ale is a drink of satan's, a diet-drink of satan's, devised to puff us up, and make us swell in this latter age of vanity; as the smoke of tobacco, to keep us in mist and error.: but the fleshly woman, which you call Ursla, is above all to be avoided, having the marks upon her of the three enemies of man; the world, as being in the Fair; the devil, as being in the fire; and the flesh, as being herself.

Enter Mrs. PURECRAFT.

Pure. Brother Zeal-of-the-land! what shall we do? my daughter Win-the-fight is fallen into her fit of longing again.

Busy. For more pig! there is no more, is there?

Pure. To see some sights in the Fair.

Busy. Sister, let her fly the impurity of the place swiftly, lest she partake of the pitch thereof. Thou art the seat of the beast, O Smithfield, and

[1] *And cut my hair,*] To express his reformation. Close hair (see Vol. II. p. 13) was at this time the distinguishing mark of a Puritan. The subject of Busy's admonition is humorously marked by this incidental trait of superstitious attachment to ceremonials.

I will leave thee! Idolatry peepeth out on every side of thee, [*Goes forward.*

Knock. An excellent right hypocrite! now his belly is full, he falls a railing and kicking, the jade. A very good vapour! I'll in, and joy Ursla, with telling how her pig works; two and a half he eat to his share; and he has drunk a pail-full. He eats with his eyes, as well as his teeth. [*Exit.*

Leath. What do you lack, gentlemen? what is't you buy? rattles, drums, babies——

Busy. Peace, with thy apocryphal wares, thou profane publican; thy bells, thy dragons, and thy Tobie's dogs. Thy hobby-horse is an idol, a very idol, a fierce and rank idol; and thou, the Nebuchadnezzar, the proud Nebuchadnezzar of the Fair, that sett'st it up, for children to fall down to, and worship.

Leath. Cry you mercy, sir; will you buy a fiddle to fill up your noise?

Re-enter LITTLEWIT *and his Wife.*

Lit. Look, Win, do, look a God's name, and save your longing. Here be fine sights.

Pure. Ay, child, so you hate them, as our brother Zeal does, you may look on them.

Leath. Or what do you say to a drum, sir?

Busy. It is the broken belly of the beast, and thy bellows there are his lungs, and these pipes are his throat, those feathers are of his tail, and thy rattles the gnashing of his teeth.

Trash. And what's my gingerbread, I pray you?

Busy. The provender that pricks him up. Hence with thy basket of popery, thy nest of images, and whole legend of ginger-work.

Leath. Sir, if you be not quiet the quicklier, I'll have you clapp'd fairly by the heels, for disturbing the Fair.

Busy. The sin of the Fair provokes me, I cannot be silent.

Pure. Good brother Zeal!

Leath. Sir, I'll make you silent, believe it.

Lit. I'd give a shilling you could, i'faith, friend. [*Aside to Leath.*

Leath. Sir, give me your shilling, I'll give you my shop, if I do not; and I'll leave it in pawn with you in the mean time.

Lit. A match, i'faith; but do it quickly then. [*Exit Leatherhead.*

Busy. [*to Mrs. Purecraft.*] Hinder me not, woman. I was moved in spirit, to be here this day, in this Fair, this wicked and foul Fair; and fitter may it be called a Foul than a Fair; to protest against the abuses of it, the foul abuses of it, in regard of the afflicted saints, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled, with the opening of the merchandise of Babylon again, and the peeping of popery upon the stalls here, here, in the high places. See you not Goldylocks, the purple strumpet there, in her yellow gown and green sleeves? the profane pipes, the tinkling timbrels? a shop of relicks! [*Attempts to seize the toys.*

Lit. Pray you forbear, I am put in trust with them.

Busy. And this idolatrous grove of images, this flasket of idols, which I will pull down—— [*Overthrows the gingerbread basket.*

Trash. O my ware, my ware! God bless it!

Busy. In my zeal, and glory to be thus exercised.

Re-enter LEATHERHEAD, *with* BRISTLE, HAGGISE, *and other Officers.*

Leath. Here he is, pray you lay hold on his zeal; we cannot sell a whistle for him in tune. Stop his noise first.

Busy. Thou canst not; 'tis a sanctified noise: I will make a loud and most strong noise, till I have daunted the profane enemy. And for this cause——

Leath. Sir, here's no man afraid of you, or your cause. You shall swear it in the stocks, sir.

Busy. I will thrust myself into the stocks, upon the pikes of the land. [*They seize him.*

Leath. Carry him away.

Pure. What do you mean, wicked men?

Busy. Let them alone, I fear them not.

[*Exeunt Officers with Busy, followed by Dame Purecraft.*

Lit. Was not this shilling well ventured, Win, for our liberty? now we may go play, and see over the Fair, where we list ourselves: my mother is gone after him, and let her e'en go, and lose us.

Mrs. Lit. Yes, John; but I know not what to do.

Lit. For what, Win?

Mrs. Lit. For a thing I am ashamed to tell you, i' faith; and 'tis too far to go home.

Lit. I pray thee be not ashamed, Win. Come, i' faith, thou shalt not be ashamed: is it any thing about the hobby-horse man? an't be, speak freely.

Mrs. Lit. Hang him, base Bobchin, I scorn him; no, I have very great what sha' call 'um John. [*Whispers him.*

Lit. O, is that all, Win? we'll go back to captain Jordan, to the pig-woman's, Win, he'll help us, or she, with a dripping-pan, or an old kettle, or something. The poor greasy soul loves you, Win; and after we'll visit the Fair all over, Win, and see my puppet-play, Win; you know it's a fine matter, Win.

[*Exeunt Littlewit and Mrs. Littlewit.*

Leath. Let's away; I counsell'd you to pack up afore, Joan.

Trash. A pox of his Bedlam purity! He has spoiled half my ware: but the best is, we lose nothing if we miss our first merchant.

Leath. It shall be hard for him to find or know us, when are translated, Joan. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Fair.

Booths, stalls, a pair of stocks, &c.

Enter COKES, BRISTLE, HAGGISE, *and* POCHER, *with* OVERDO, *followed by* TROUBLEALL.

Tro. My masters, I do make no doubt, but you are officers.

Bri. What then, sir?

Tro. And the king's loving and obedient subjects.

Bri. Obedient, friend! take heed what you speak, I advise you; Oliver Bristle advises you.

[a] Oliver *Bristle advises you.*] Bristle forgets his christian

His loving subjects, we grant you; but not his obedient, at this time, by your leave; we know ourselves a little better than so; we are to command, sir, and such as you are to be obedient. Here's one of his obedient subjects going to the stocks; and we'll make you such another, if you talk.

Tro. You are all wise enough in your places, I know.

Bri. If you know it, sir, why do you bring it in question?

Tro. I question nothing, pardon me. I do only hope you have warrant for what you do, and so quit you, and so multiply you. [*Exit.*

Hag. What is he?—Bring him up to the stocks there. Why bring you him not up?

[*Overdo is brought forward.*

Re-enter TROUBLEALL.

Tro. If you have justice Overdo's warrant, 'tis well; you are safe: that is the warrant of warrants. I'll not give this button for any man's warrant else.

Bri. Like enough, sir; but let me tell you, an you play away your buttons thus, you will want them ere night, for any store I see about you; you might keep them, and save pins, I wuss. [*Exit Troubleall.*

Over. What should he be, that doth so esteem and advance my warrant? he seems a sober and discreet person: It is a comfort to a good conscience to be followed with a good fame in his

name: in a former scene, (p. 433,) he is called *Davy*. Perhaps the forgetfulness lies with Jonson. The question is of some importance, but I cannot decide it.

sufferings. The world will have a pretty taste by this, how I can bear adversity; and it will beget a kind of reverence towards me hereafter, even from mine enemies, when they shall see, I carry my calamity nobly, and that it doth neither break me, nor bend me. [*Aside.*

Hag. Come, sir, here's a place for you to preach in. Will you put in your leg?

Over. That I will, chearfully.

[*They put him in the Stocks.*

Bri. O' my conscience, a seminary![3] he kisses the stocks.

Cokes. Well, my masters, I'll leave him with you; now I see him bestowed, I'll go look for my goods, and Numps.

Hag. You may, sir, I warrant you: where's the t'other bawler? fetch him too, you shall find them both fast enough. [*Exit Cokes.*

Over. In the midst of this tumult, I will yet be the author of mine own rest, and not minding their fury, sit in the stocks in that calm as shall be able to trouble a triumph. [*Aside.*

Re-enter TROUBLEALL.

Tro. Do you assure me upon your words? May I undertake for you, if I be ask'd the question, that you have this warrant?

Hag. What's this fellow, for God's sake?

Tro. Do but shew me Adam Overdo, and I am satisfied. [*Exit.*

Bri. He is a fellow that is distracted, they say; one Troubleall: he was an officer in the court of pie-poudres here last year, and put out of his place by justice Overdo.

[3] *O' my conscience, a* seminary!] i. e. a Romish priest educated in the *seminaries* abroad. WHAL. See p. 403.

Over. Ha! [*Aside.*

Bri. Upon which he took an idle conceit, and is run mad upon't: so that ever since he will do nothing but by justice Overdo's warrant; he will not eat a crust, nor drink a little, nor make him in his apparel ready. His wife, sir-reverence, cannot get him make his water, or shift his shirt, without his warrant.

Over. If this be true, this is my greatest disaster. How am I bound to satisfy this poor man, that is of so good a nature to me, out of his wits! where there is no room left for dissembling. [*Aside.*

Re-enter TROUBLEALL.

Tro. If you cannot shew me Adam Overdo, I am in doubt of you; I am afraid you cannot answer it. [*Exit.*

Hag. Before me, neighbour Bristle,—and now I think on't better,—justice Overdo is a very parantory person.

Bri. O, are you advised of that! and a severe justicer, by your leave.

Over. Do I hear ill o' that side too?[4] [*Aside.*

Bri. He will sit as upright on the bench, an you mark him, as a candle in the socket, and give light to the whole court in every business.

Hag. But he will burn blue, and swell like a boil, God bless us, an he be angry.

Bri. Ay, and he will be angry too, when he lists, that's more; and when he is angry, be it right or wrong, he has the law on's side ever: I mark that too.

Over. I will be more tender hereafter. I see

[4] *Do I hear ill o' that side too?*] Am I censured on the side of severity? We have had this latinism more than once before.

compassion may become a justice, though it be a weakness, I confess, and nearer a vice than a virtue. [*Aside.*

Hag. Well, take him out o' the stocks again; we'll go a sure way to work, we'll have the ace of hearts of our side, if we can.

[*They take Overdo out.*

Enter POCHER, *and Officers with* BUSY, *followed by Mrs.* PURECRAFT.

Poch. Come, bring him away to his fellow there.—Master Busy, we shall rule your legs, I hope, though we cannot rule your tongue.

Busy. No, minister of darkness, no; thou canst not rule my tongue; my tongue it is mine own, and with it I will both knock and mock down your Bartholomew abominations, till you be made a hissing to the neighbouring parishes round about.

Hag. Let him alone, we have devised better upon't.

Pure. And shall he not into the stocks then?

Bri. No, mistress, we'll have them both to justice Overdo, and let him do over 'em as is fitting: then I, and my gossip Haggise, and my beadle Pocher are discharged.

Pure. O, I thank you, blessed honest men!

Bri. Nay, never thank us; but thank this madman that comes here; he put it in our heads.

Re-enter TROUBLEALL.

Pure. Is he mad? now heaven increase his madness, and bless it, and thank it.—Sir, your poor handmaid thanks you.

Tro. Have you a warrant? an you have a warrant, shew it.

Pure. Yes, I have a warrant out of the word,[5] to give thanks for removing any scorn intended to the brethren. [*Exeunt all but Troubleall.*

Tro. It is justice Overdo's warrant that I look for; if you have not that, keep your word, I'll keep mine. Quit ye, and multiply ye.

Enter EDGWORTH *and* NIGHTINGALE.

Edg. Come away, Nightingale, I pray thee.

Tro. Whither go you? where's your warrant?

Edg. Warrant! for what, sir?

Tro. For what you go about, you know how fit it is; an you have no warrant, bless you, I'll pray for you, that's all I can do. [*Exit.*

Edg. What means he?

Night. A madman that haunts the Fair; do you not know him? It's marvel he has not more followers after his ragged heels.

Edg. Beshrew him, he startled me: I thought he had known of our plot. Guilt's a terrible thing.[6] Have you prepared the costard-monger?

Night. Yes, and agreed for his basket of pears; he is at the corner here, ready. And your prize, he comes down sailing that way all alone, without his protector; he is rid of him, it seems.

Edg. Ay, I know; I should have followed his protectorship, for a feat I am to do upon him: but this offered itself so in the way, I could not

[5] *Out of the* word,] The puritanical phrase for the scripture.

[6] *Guilt's a terrible thing.*] These incidental reflections, which are scattered through our author's works, sufficiently shew that he had a monitory purpose constantly in view. No writer supports the character of a dramatic moralist with such decorum as Jonson.

let scape: here he comes, whistle; be this sport call'd Dorring the Dotterel.

Re-enter COKES.

Night. Wh, wh, wh, wh, &c. [*whistles.*

Cokes. By this light, I cannot find my gingerbread wife, nor my hobby-horse man, in all the Fair now, to have my money again: and I do not know the way out on't, to go home for more. Do you hear, friend, you that whistle? what tune is that you whistle?

Night. A new tune I am practising, sir.

Cokes. Dost thou know where I dwell, I pray thee? nay, on with thy tune; I have no such haste for an answer: I'll practise with thee.

Enter Costard-monger *with a basket of Pears.*

Cos. Buy any pears, very fine pears, pears fine!

[*Nightingale sets his foot afore him, and he falls with his basket.*

Cokes. Ods so! a muss, a muss, a muss, a muss![7]

[*Falls a scrambling for the pears.*

Cos. Good gentlemen, my ware, my ware; I am a poor man. Good sir, my ware.

Night. Let me hold your sword, sir, it troubles you.

Cokes. Do, and my cloke an thou wilt, and my hat too.

Edg. A delicate great boy! methinks he out-

[7] *A* muss, *a* muss.] i. e. *a scramble.* So Shakspeare,

"Like boys unto a *muss*,
"Kings would start forth and cry——
Antony and Cleopatra, Act. iii. WHAL.

The word is very common in our old writers.

scrambles them all. I cannot persuade myself, but he goes to grammar-school yet, and plays the truant to-day.

Night. Would he had another purse to cut, Zekiel.

Edg. Purse! a man might cut out his kidneys, I think, and he never feel 'em, he is so earnest at the sport.

Night. His soul is half-way out on's body at the game.

Edg. Away, Nightingale; that way.

[*Nightingale runs off with his sword, cloke, and hat.*

Cokes. I think I am furnish'd for cather'ne pears, for one under-meal:[8] Give me my cloke.

Cos. Good gentleman give me my ware.

Cokes. Where's the fellow I gave my cloke to? my cloke and my hat? ha! ods 'lid, is he gone? thieves, thieves! help me to cry, gentlemen. [*Exit hastily.*

Edg. Away, costardmonger, come to us to Ursula's. [*Exit Cost.*] Talk of him to have a soul! 'heart, if he have any more than a thing given him instead of salt, only to keep him from stinking,[9] I'll be hang'd afore my time, presently: where should it be, trow? in his blood? he has not so much toward it in his whole body

[8] *I think I am furnish'd for cather'ne pears, for one* under-meal.] i. e. for an afternoon's meal, for a slight repast after dinner. In the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, undermele is latinized by post-meridies.

[9] *Heart, if he have any thing more than a thing given him instead of salt, only to keep him from stinking.*] The same is said of swine by the Stoic Chrysippus, as we learn from Tully: *Sus vero quid habet præter escam? cui quidem, ne putresceret, animam*

as will maintain a good flea! and if he take this course, he will not have so much land left as to rear a calf, within this twelve-month. Was there ever green plover so pull'd! That his little overseer had been here now, and been but tall enough to see him steal pears, in exchange for his beaver-hat and his cloke thus! I must go find him out next, for his black box, and his patent, it seems, he has of his place; which I think the gentleman would have a reversion of, that spoke to me for it so earnestly. [*Exit.*

Re-enter COKES.

Cokes. Would I might lose my doublet, and hose too, as I am an honest man, and never stir, if I think there be any thing but thieving and cozening in this whole Fair. Bartholomew Fair, quoth he! an ever any Bartholomew had that luck in't that I have had, I'll be martyr'd for him, and in Smithfield too. I have paid for my pears, a rot on 'em! I'll keep them no longer; [*throws away his pears.*] you were choke-pears to me: I had been better have gone to mum-chance

ipsam pro sale datam dicit esse Chrysippus. De Natura Deor. lib. 2. The application by the poet does not seem out of character. WHAL.

This sentiment is repeated elsewhere by our author,

" ——— as scarce hath soul,
" Instead of salt, to keep it sweet." *Devil's an Ass.*

And by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" ——— this soul I speak of,
" Or rather salt, to keep this heap of flesh
" From being a walking stench." *Spanish Curate.*

[1] *I had been better have gone to* mum-chance *for you,*] Some rude kind of play with the dice. It appears from a former passage that the practice to which Cokes alludes, and which may yet

for you, I wuss. Methinks the Fair should not have used me thus, an 'twere but for my name's-sake; I would not have used a dog o' the name so. O, Numps will triumph now!—

Enter TROUBLEALL.

Friend, do you know who I am, or where I lie? I do not myself, I'll be sworn. Do but carry me home, and I'll please thee; I have money enough there. I have lost myself, and my cloke, and my hat, and my fine sword, and my sister, and Numps, and mistress Grace, a gentlewoman that I should have married, and a cut-work handkerchief she gave me, and two purses, to-day; and my bargain of hobby-horses and gingerbread, which grieves me worst of all.

Tro. By whose warrant, sir, have you done all this?

Cokes. Warrant! thou art a wise fellow indeed; as if a man need a warrant to lose any thing with!

Tro. Yes, justice Overdo's warrant, a man may get and lose with, I'll stand to't.

Cokes. Justice Overdo! dost thou know him? I lie there, he is my brother-in-law, he married my sister: pray thee shew me the way; dost thou know the house?

Tro. Sir, shew me your warrant: I know nothing without a warrant, pardon me.

Cokes. Why, I warrant thee; come along: thou shalt see I have wrought pillows there, and

be found by the side of our orange-barrows, was sufficiently familiar:

"Her Grace would have you eat no Dagger pie,
"Nor play with *costarmongers* at *mum-chance*." p. 174.

cambric sheets, and sweet bags too.[a] Pray thee guide me to the house.

Tro. Sir, I'll tell you; go you thither yourself first alone, tell your worshipful brother your mind, and but bring me three lines of his hand, or his clerk's, with Adam Overdo underneath, (here I'll stay you,) I'll obey you, and I'll guide you presently.

Cokes. 'Slid, this is an ass, I have found him: pox upon me, what do I talking to such a dull fool! farewell! you are a very coxcomb, do you hear?

Tro. I think I am; if justice Overdo sign to it, I am, and so we are all: he'll quit us all, multiply us all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Fair.

Enter GRACE, QUARLOUS, *and* WINWIFE, *with their swords drawn.*

Grace. Gentlemen, this is no way that you take; you do but breed one another trouble and offence, and give me no contentment at all. I am no she that affects to be quarrell'd for, or have my name or fortune made the question of men's swords.

Quar. 'Slood, we love you.

Grace. If you both love me, as you pretend, your own reason will tell you, but one can enjoy

[a] *And* sweet bags *too.*] i. e. bags of sweet herbs, or perfumes. They were far from being unnecessary in the bedchambers of those days, and were usually placed under the pillow.

me: and to that point there leads a directer line, than by my infamy, which must follow, if you fight. 'Tis true, I have profest it to you ingenuously, that rather than to be yoked with this bridegroom is appointed me, I would take up any husband almost upon any trust; though subtlety would say to me, I know, he is a fool, and has an estate, and I might govern him, and enjoy a friend beside: but these are not my aims; I must have a husband I must love, or I cannot live with him. I shall ill make one of these politic wives.

Winw. Why, if you can like either of us, lady, say, which is he, and the other shall swear instantly to desist.

Quar. Content, I accord to that willingly.

Grace. Sure you think me a woman of an extreme levity, gentlemen, or a strange fancy, that, meeting you by chance in such a place as this, both at one instant, and not yet of two hours acquaintance, neither of you deserving afore the other of me, I should so forsake my modesty (though I might affect one more particularly) as to say, this is he, and name him.

Quar. Why, wherefore should you not? what should hinder you?

Grace. If you would not give it to my modesty, allow it yet to my wit; give me so much of woman and cunning, as not to betray myself impertinently. How can I judge of you, so far as to a choice, without knowing you more? You are both equal, and alike to me yet, and so indifferently affected by me, as each of you might be the man, if the other were away: for you are reasonable creatures, you have understanding and discourse; and if fate send me an understanding husband, I have no fear at

all but mine own manners shall make him a good one.

Quar. Would I were put forth to making for you then.

Grace. It may be you are, you know not what is toward you: will you consent to a motion of mine, gentlemen?

Winw. Whatever it be, we'll presume reasonableness, coming from you.

Quar. And fitness too.

Grace. I saw one of you buy a pair of tables[8] e'en now.

Winw. Yes, here they be, and maiden ones too, unwritten in.

Grace. The fitter for what they may be employ'd in. You shall write either of you here a word or a name, what you like best, but of two or three syllables at most; and the next person that comes this way, because Destiny has a high hand in business of this nature, I'll demand which of the two words he or she doth approve, and, according to that sentence, fix my resolution and affection without change.

Quar. Agreed; my word is conceived already.

Winw. And mine shall not be long creating after.

Grace. But you shall promise, gentlemen, not to be curious to know which of you it is, taken; but give me leave to conceal that, till you have brought me either home, or where I may safely tender myself.

Winw. Why, that's but equal.

Quar. We are pleased.

Grace. Because I will bind both your endea-

[8] *A pair of tables,*] i. e. a pocket-book, with blank leaves for writing. The word occurs continually in this sense.

vours to work together friendly and jointly each to the other's fortune, and have myself fitted with some means, to make him that is forsaken a part of amends.

Quar. These conditions are very courteous. Well, my word is out of the Arcadia,[4] then; *Argalus.*

Winw. And mine out of the Play *Palemon.*

[*They write.*

Enter TROUBLEALL.

Tro. Have you any warrant for this, gentlemen?

Quar. Winw. Ha!

Tro. There must be a warrant had, believe it.

Winw. For what?

Tro. For whatsoever it is, any thing indeed, no matter what.

Quar. 'Slight! here's a fine ragged prophet dropt down i' the nick!

Tro. Heaven quit you, gentlemen!

Quar. Nay, stay a little: good lady, put him to the question.

Grace. You are content then?

Winw. Quar. Yes, yes.

Grace. Sir, here are two names written——

Tro. Is justice Overdo one?

Grace. How, sir! I pray you read them to yourself; it is for a wager between these gen-

[4] *My word is out of the* Arcadia, *then;* Argalus.] The loves of *Argalus and Parthenia* form an episode, in sir Philip Sidney's romance. The *Play* mentioned in the next line is either *Palemon and Arcite*, written by Richard Edwards for the amusement of Elizabeth, or the *Queen's Arcadia* by Daniel, long subsequent to it, in which *Palemon*, a shepherd, is a prominent character.

tlemen; and with a stroke, or any difference, mark which you approve best.

Tro. They may be both worshipful names for aught I know, mistress; but Adam Overdo had been worth three of them, I assure you in this place, that's in plain English.

Grace. This man amazes me: I pray you like one of them, sir.

Tro. [*marks the book.*] I do like him there, that has the best warrant, mistress, to save your longing, and (multiply him) it may be this. But I am still for justice Overdo, that's my conscience; and quit you.

Winw. Is it done, lady?

Grace. Ay, and strangely, as ever I saw: what fellow is this, trow?

Quar. No matter what, a fortune-teller we have made him: which is it, which is it?

Grace. Nay, did you not promise not to inquire?

Enter EDGWORTH.

Quar. 'Slid, I forgot that, pray you pardon me.—Look, here's our Mercury come; the license arrives in the finest time too! 'tis but scraping out Cokes his name, and 'tis done.

Winw. How now, lime-twig, hast thou touch'd?

Edg. Not yet, sir; except you would go with me and see it, it is not worth speaking on. The act is nothing without a witness. Yonder he is, your man with the box, fallen into the finest company, and so transported with vapours! they have got in a northern clothier, and one Puppy, a western man, that's come to wrestle before my lord mayor anon, and captain Whit, and one

Val. Cutting, that helps captain Jordan to roar, a circling boy;[5] with whom your Numps is so taken, that you may strip him of his clothes, if you will. I'll undertake to geld him for you, if you had but a surgeon ready to sear him. And mistress Justice there, is the goodest woman! she does so love them all over in terms of justice and the style of authority, with her hood upright that—I beseech you come away, gentlemen, and see't.

Quar. 'Slight, I would not lose it for the Fair; what will you do, Ned?

Winw. Why, stay hereabout for you: mistress Wellborn must not be seen.

Quar. Do so, and find out a priest in the mean time; I'll bring the license.—Lead, which way is't?

Edg. Here, sir, you are on the back o' the booth already; you may hear the noise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the Fair.

Ursula's *Booth, as before:* KNOCKEM, WHIT, NORTHERN, PUPPY, CUTTING, WASPE, *and Mrs.* OVERDO, *discovered, all in a state of intoxication.*

Knock. Whit, bid Val. Cutting continue the vapours for a lift, Whit, for a lift. [*Aside to Whit.*

[5] *A* circling *boy:*] Whether this alludes to the mode of surrounding a man, with drawn swords, and driving him from side to side, (so familiar to the Mohawks of a later age,) or to the trick of irritating an adversary by giving him the lie *indirectly*, and so as to avoid the necessity of fighting if he manifested a

Nor. I'll ne mare, I'll ne mare; the eale's too meeghty.

Knock. How now! my galloway nag the staggers, ha! Whit, give him a slit in the forehead. Chear up, man; a needle and thread to stitch his ears. I'd cure him now, an I had it, with a little butter and garlick, long pepper and grains. Where's my horn? I'll give him a mash presently, shall take away this dizziness.

Pup. Why, where are you, zurs? do you, vlinch, and leave us in the zuds now?

Nor. I'll ne mare, I is e'en as vull as a paiper's bag, by my troth, I.

Pup. Do my northern cloth zhrink i' the wetting, ha?

Knock. Why, well said, old flea-bitten;[6] thou'lt never tire I see. [*They fall to their vapours again.*

Cut. No, sir, but he may tire if it please him.

Whit. Who told dee sho, that he vuld never teer, man?

Cut. No matter who told him so, so long as he knows.

Knock. Nay, I know nothing, sir, pardon me there.

Enter behind EDGWORTH *with* QUARLOUS.

Edg. They are at it still, sir; this they call vapours.

Whit. He shall not pardon dee, captain; dou

proper degree of spirit, I am unable to decide. Both practices are alluded to by our old writers; and the last is mentioned in more than one place by Jonson himself. (p. 107.) A third species of *circling* occurs in the next scene: but this has no reference to the passage before us.

[6] *Old flea-bitten; thou'lt never tire,*] This is a familiar observation of the livery-stable. "A flea-bitten horse never tires."

shalt not be pardoned. Pre'dee, shweet-heart, do not pardon him.

Cut. 'Slight, I'll pardon him, an I list, whosoever says nay to't.

Quar. Where's Numps? I miss him.'

Waspe. Why, I say nay to't.

Quar. O, there he is.

Knock. To what do you say nay, sir?

Waspe. To any thing, whatsoever it is, so long as I do not like it.

Whit. Pardon me, little man, dou musht like it a little.

Cut. No, he must not like it at all, sir; there you are i' the wrong.

Whit. I tink I bee: he musht not like it indeed.

Cut. Nay, then he both must and will like it, sir, for all you.

Knock. If he have reason, he may like it, sir.

Whit. By no meensh, captain, upon reason, he may like nothing upon reason.

Waspe. I have no reason, nor I will hear of no reason, nor I will look for no reason, and he is an ass that either knows any, or looks for't from me.

[7] "*Here* (Jonson says) *they continue their game of vapours, which is nonsense. Every man to oppose the last man that spoke, whether it concern'd him or no.*"—There is no doubt that this is an exact copy of the drunken conversation among the bullies, or roarers, of those times: it is, however, so inexpressibly dull that it were to be wished the author had been content with a shorter specimen of it. His object undoubtedly was to inculcate a contempt and hatred of this vile species of tavern pleasantry; and he probably thought with Swift, when he was drawing up his *Polite Conversation*, that this could only be done by pressing it upon the hearer even to satiety. Some degree of confusion was necessary to his plot, as Knockem and Whit want an opportunity to rob the others of their clokes, &c.

Cut. Yes, in some sense you may have reason, sir.

Waspe. Ay, in some sense, I care not if I grant you.

Whit. Pardon me, thou ougsht to grant him nothing in no shensh, if dou do love dyshelf, angry man.

Waspe. Why then, I do grant him nothing; and I have no sense.

Cut. 'Tis true, thou hast no sense indeed.

Waspe. 'Slid, but I have sense, now I think on't better, and I will grant him any thing, do you see.

Knock. He is in the right, and does utter a sufficient vapour.

Cut. Nay, it is no sufficient vapour neither, I deny that.

Knock. Then it is a sweet vapour.

Cut. It may be a sweet vapour.

Waspe. Nay, it is no sweet vapour neither, sir, it stinks, and I'll stand to't.

Whit. Yes, I tink it dosh shtink, captain: all vapour dosh shtink.

Waspe. Nay, then it does not stink, sir, and it shall not stink.

Cut. By your leave, it may, sir.

Waspe. Ay, by my leave it may stink, I know that.

Whit. Pardon me, thou knowesht nothing, it cannot by thy leave, angry man.

Waspe. How can it not?

Knock. Nay never question him, for he is in the right.

Whit. Yesh, I am in de right, I confesh it, so ish de little man too.

Waspe. I'll have nothing confest that concerns me. I am not in the right, nor never was in the

right, nor never will be in the right, while I am in my right mind.

Cut. Mind! why, here's no man minds you, sir, nor any thing else. [*They drink again.*

Pup. Vriend, will you mind this that we do? [*Offering Northern the cup.*

Quar. Call you this vapours! this is such belching of quarrel as I never heard. Will you mind your business, sir?[8]

Edg. You shall see, sir. [*Goes up to Waspe.*

Nor. I'll ne mare, my waimb warkes too mickle with this auready.

Edg. Will you take that, master Waspe, that nobody should mind you?

Waspe. Why, what have you to do? is't any matter to you?

Edg. No, but methinks you should not be unminded, though.

Waspe. Nor I wu' not be, now I think on't. Do you hear, new acquaintance? does no man mind me, say you?

Cut. Yes, sir, every man here minds you, but how?

Waspe. Nay, I care as little how as you do; that was not my question.

Whit. No, noting was ty question, tou art a learned man, and I am a valiant man, i' faith la, tou shalt speak for me, and I will fight for tee.

Knock. Fight for him, Whit! a gross vapour, he can fight for himself.

Waspe. It may be I can, but it may be I wu' not, how then?

Cut. Why then you may choose.

Waspe. Why, then I'll choose whether I choose or no.

[8] *Will you mind your business, sir.*] i. e. make an attempt to get the license from Waspe.

Knock. I think you may, and 'tis true; and I allow it for a resolute vapour.

Waspe. Nay then, I do think you do not think, and it is no resolute vapour.

Cut. Yes, in some sort he may allow you.

Knock. In no sort, sir, pardon me, I can allow him nothing. You mistake the vapour.

Waspe. He mistakes nothing, sir, in no sort.

Whit. Yes I pre dee now, let him mistake.

Waspe. A t— in your teeth, never pre dee me, for I will have nothing mistaken.

Knock. T—! ha, t—? a noisome vapour: strike, Whit. [*Aside to Whit.*

[*They fall together by the ears, while Edgworth steals the license out of the box, and exit.*

Mrs. Over. Why gentlemen, why gentlemen, I charge you upon my authority; conserve the peace. In the king's name, and my husband's, put up your weapons, I shall be driven to commit you myself, else.

Quar. Ha, ha, ha!

Waspe. Why do you laugh, sir?

Quar. Sir, you'll allow me my christian liberty. I may laugh, I hope.

Cut. In some sort you may, and in some sort you may not, sir.

Knock. Nay in some sort, sir, he may neither laugh nor hope in this company.

Waspe. Yes, then he may both laugh and hope in any sort, an't please him.

Quar. Faith, and I will then, for it doth please me exceedingly.

Waspe. No exceeding neither, sir.

Knock. No, that vapour is too lofty.

Quar. Gentlemen, I do not play well at your game of vapours, I am not very good at it, but——

Cut. [*draws a circle on the ground*] Do you hear, sir? I would speak with you in circle.

Quar. In circle, sir! what would you with me in circle?

Cut. Can you lend me a piece, a Jacobus, in circle?

Quar. 'Slid, your circle will prove more costly than your vapours, then. Sir, no, I lend you none.

Cut. Your beard's not well turn'd up, sir.

Quar. How, rascal! are you playing with my beard? I'll break circle with you.

[*They all draw and fight.*

Pup. Nor. Gentlemen, gentlemen!

Knock. [*Aside to Whit.*] Gather up, Whit, gather up, Whit, good vapours.

[*Exit, while Whit takes up the swords, clokes, &c. and conceals them.*

Mrs. Over. What mean you? are you rebels, gentlemen? shall I send out a serjeant at arms, or a writ of rebellion, against you? I'll commit you upon my woman-hood, for a riot, upon my justice-hood, if you persist.

[*Exeunt Quarlous and Cutting.*

Waspe. Upon my justice-hood! marry s— o' your hood: you'll commit! spoke like a true justice of peace's wife indeed, and a fine female lawyer! t— in your teeth for a fee, now.

Mrs. Over. Why Numps, in master Overdo's name, I charge you.

Waspe. Good mistress Underdo, hold your tongue.

Mrs. Over. Alas, poor Numps!

Waspe. Alas! and why *alas* from you, I beseech you? or why *poor* Numps, goody Rich? Am I come to be pitied by your tuft-taffata now? Why, mistress, I knew Adam the clerk, your

husband, when he was Adam Scrivener,[9] and writ for two-pence a sheet, as high as he bears his head now, or you your hood, dame.—

Enter BRISTLE *and other Watchmen.*

What are you, sir?

Bri. We be men, and no infidels; what is the matter here, and the noises, can you tell?

Waspe. Heart, what ha' you to do? cannot a man quarrel in quietness, but he must be put out on't by you? what are you?

Bri. Why, we be his majesty's watch, sir.

Waspe. Watch! 'sblood, you are a sweet watch indeed. A body would think, an you watch'd well a nights, you should be contented to sleep at this time a day. Get you to your fleas and your flock-beds, you rogues, your kennels, and lie down close.

Bri. Down! yes, we will down, I warrant you: down with him, in his majesty's name, down, down with him, and carry him away to the pigeon-holes.

[*Some of the Watch seize Waspe, and carry him off.*

Mrs. Over. I thank you, honest friends, in the behalf o' the crown, and the peace, and in master Overdo's name, for suppressing enormities.

Whi. Stay, Bristle, here ish anoder brash of

[9] *When he was Adam Scrivener.*] Numps had been reading Chaucer, who addresses his amanuensis by this name:

"Adam Scrivenere, if ever it the befalle,
"Boece or Troiles for to write new," &c.

I am sorry to add that Adam was rather a careless secretary, and gave his master a world of trouble by his "negligence and rape," of which Chaucer complains very feelingly.

drunkards, but very quiet, special drunkards, will pay de five shillings very well. [*Points to Northern and Puppy, drunk, and asleep, on the bench.*] Take 'em to de, in de graish o'God: one of hem do's change cloth for ale in the Fair, here; te toder ish a strong man, a mighty man, my lord mayor's man, and a wrastler. He has wrashled so long with the bottle here, that the man with the beard hash almosht streek up hish heelsh.[1]

Bri. 'Slid, the clerk o' the market has been to cry him all the Fair over here, for my lord's service.

Whi. Tere he ish, pre de taik him hensh, and make ty best on him. [*Exeunt Bristle and the rest of the Watch with Northern and Puppy.*]—How now, woman o'shilk, vat ailsh ty shweet faish? art tou melancholy?

Mrs. Over. A little distempered with these enormities. Shall I entreat a courtesy of you, captain?

Whi. Entreat a hundred, velvet voman, I vill do it, shpeak out.

Mrs. Over. I cannot with modesty speak it out, but—— [*whispers him.*

Whi. I vill do it, and more and more, for de. What Ursla, an't be bitch, an't be bawd, an't be!

[1] *The man with the* beard *hash almosht streek up hish heelsh.*] In our author's days, the stone jugs in which ale was brought at public-houses, had the figure of a man, with a large *beard*, drawn on their outside; and to this he compares a host, in the *New Inn*:

"Who's, at the best, some round grown thing, a jug
"Fac'd with a *beard*, that fills out to the guests." WHAL.

See the *New Inn*.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. How now, rascal! what roar you for, old pimp?

Whi. Here, put up de clokes, Ursh; de purchase. Pre de now, shweet Ursh, help dis good brave voman to a jordan, an't be.

Urs. 'Slid call your captain Jordan to her, can you not?

Whi. Nay, pre de leave dy consheits, and bring the velvet woman to de——

Urs. I bring her! hang her: heart, must I find a common pot for every punk in your purlieus?

Whi. O good voordsh, Ursh, it ish a guest o' velvet, i' fait la.

Urs. Let her sell her hood, and buy a spunge, with a pox to her! my vessel is employed, sir. I have but one, and, 'tis the bottom of an old bottle. An honest proctor and his wife are at it within; if she'll stay her time, so. [*Exit.*

Whi. As soon as tou cansht, shweet Ursh. Of a valiant man I tink I am te patientsh man i' the world, or in all Smithfield.

Re-enter KNOCKEM.

Knock. How now Whit! close vapours, stealing your leaps! covering in corners, ha!

Whit. No fait, captain, dough tou beesht a vishe man, dy vit is a mile hence now. I vas procuring a shmall courtesie for a woman of fashion here.

Mrs. Over. Yes, captain, though I am a justice of peace's wife, I do love men of war, and the

sons of the sword, when they come before my husband.

Knock. Say'st thou so, filly? thou shalt have a leap presently, I'll horse thee myself, else.

Urs. [*within.*] Come, will you bring her in now, and let her take her turn?

Whit. Gramercy, good Ursh, I tank de.

Mrs. Over. Master Overdo shall thank her. [*Exit.*

Re-enter URSULA, *followed by* LITTLEWIT, *and Mrs.* LITTLEWIT.

Lit. Good ga'mere Urse, Win and I are exceedingly beholden to you, and to captain Jordan, and captain Whit.—Win, I'll be bold to leave you, in this good company, Win; for half an hour or so, Win; while I go and see how my matter goes forward, and if the puppets be perfect; and then I'll come and fetch you, Win.

Mrs. Lit. Will you leave me alone with two men, John?

Lit. Ay, they are honest gentlemen, Win, captain Jordan and captain Whit; they'll use you very civilly, Win. God be wi' you, Win. [*Exit.*

Urs. What, is her husband gone?

Knock. On his false gallop, Urse, away.

Urs. An you be right Bartholomew-birds, now shew yourselves so: we are undone for want of fowl in the Fair, here. Here will be Zekiel Edgworth, and three or four gallants with him at night, and I have neither plover nor quail[a] for them: persuade this between you two, to become

[a] *I have neither plover nor quail.*] These are cant terms for loose women; too common to require any examples of their use.

a bird o' the game, while I work the velvet woman within, as you call her.

Knock. I conceive thee, Urse: go thy ways. [*Exit Ursula.*]—Dost thou hear, Whit? is't not pity, my delicate dark chestnut here, with the fine lean head, large forehead, round eyes, even mouth, sharp ears, long neck, thin crest, close withers, plain back, deep sides, short fillets, and full flanks; with a round belly, a plump buttock, large thighs, knit knees, strait legs, short pasterns, smooth hoofs, and short heels, should lead a dull honest woman's life, that might live the life of a lady?

Whit. Yes by my fait and trot it is, captain; de honest woman's life is a scurvy dull life indeed, la.

Mrs. Lit. How, sir, is an honest woman's life a scurvy life?

Whit. Yes fait, shweet heart, believe him, de leef of a bond-woman! but if dou vilt hearken to me, I vill make tee a free woman and a lady; dou shalt live like a lady, as te captain saish.

Knock. Ay, and be honest too sometimes; have her wires and her tires, her green gowns and velvet petticoats.

Whit. Ay, and ride to Ware and Rumford in dy coash, shee de players, be in love vit 'em: sup vit gallantsh, be drunk, and cost de noting.

Knock. Brave vapours!

Whit. And lie by twenty on 'em, if dou pleash, shweet heart.

Mrs. Lit. What, and be honest still! that were fine sport.

Whit. Tish common, shweet heart, tou may'st do it by my hand: it shall be justified to thy husband's faish, now: tou shalt be as honesht as the skin between his hornsh, la:

Knock. Yes, and wear a dressing, top and top-gallant, to compare with e'er a husband on 'em all, for a foretop: it is the vapour of spirit in the wife to cuckold now a days, as it is the vapour of fashion in the husband not to suspect. Your prying cat-eyed citizen is an abominable vapour.

Mrs. Lit. Lord, what a fool have I been!

Whit. Mend then, and do every ting like a lady hereafter; never know ty husband from another man.

Knock. Nor any one man from another, but in the dark.

Whit. Ay, and then it ish no digsrash to know any man.

Urs. [*within.*] Help, help here!

Knock. How now? what vapour's there?

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. O, you are a sweet ranger, and look well to your walks! Yonder is your punk of Turnbull, ramping Alice, has fallen upon the poor gentlewoman within, and pull'd her hood over her ears, and her hair through it.

Enter ALICE, *beating and driving in Mrs.* OVERDO.

Mrs. Over. Help, help, in the king's name!

Alice. A mischief on you, they are such as you are that undo us and take our trade from us, with your tuft-taffata haunches.

Knock. How now, Alice!

Alice. The poor common whores can have no traffic for the privy rich ones; your caps and hoods of velvet call away our customers, and lick the fat from us.

Urs. Peace, you foul ramping jade, you——

Alice. Od's foot, you bawd in grease, are you talking?

Knock. Why, Alice, I say.

Alice. Thou sow of Smithfield, thou!

Urs. Thou tripe of Turnbull!

Knock. Cat-a-mountain vapours, ha!

Urs. You know where you were taw'd lately; both lash'd and slash'd you were in Bridewell.

Alice. Ay, by the same token you rid that week,[3] and broke out the bottom of the cart, night-tub.

Knock. Why, lion face, ha! do you know who I am? shall I tear ruff,* slit waistcoat, make rags of petticoat, ha! go to, vanish for fear of vapours. Whit, a kick, Whit, in the parting vapour. [*They kick out Alice.*] Come, brave woman, take a good heart, thou shalt be a lady too.

Whit. Yes fait, dey shall all both be ladies, and write madam: I vill do't myself for dem. Do is the word, and D is the middle letter of madam, D D, put 'em together, and make deeds, without which all words are alike, la.

Knock. 'Tis true: Ursula, take them in, open thy wardrobe, and fit them to their calling. Green gowns, crimson petticoats, green women, my

[3] *You* rid *that week.*] i. e. you were carted for a bawd. Thus Dol in the *Alchemist*, A. i, S. 1.

"————Rascals
Would run themselves from breath, to see me *ride.*"

To *taw*, which occurs just above, is to supple leather by briskly rubbing and *beating* it: hence the use of the word as applied by Ursula.

* Shall I *tear ruff*, &c.] This is something in the strain of Ancient Pistol, whose prowess, if we may trust Dol Tearsheet, was chiefly manifested in exploits of this kind. "You a captain, you slave! for what? for *tearing a poor whore's ruff* in a bawdy-house?" *Henry IV.* Part II.

lord mayor's green women! guests o' the game, true bred. I'll provide you a coach to take the air in.

Mrs. Lit. But do you think you can get one?

Knock. O, they are common as wheelbarrows where there are great dunghills. Every pettifogger's wife has 'em; for first he buys a coach that he may marry, and then he marries that he may be made cuckold in't: for if their wives ride not to their cuckolding, they do them no credit. [*Exeunt Ursula, Mrs. Littlewit, and Mrs. Overdo.*]—*Hide and be hidden, ride and be ridden,* says the vapour of experience.

Enter TROUBLEALL.

Tro. By what warrant does it say so?

Knock. Ha, mad child o' the pie-poudres! art thou there? fill us a fresh can, Urse, we may drink together.

Tro. I may not drink without a warrant, captain.

Knock. 'Slood, thou'll not stale without a warrant shortly. Whit, give me pen, ink, and paper, I'll draw him a warrant presently.

Tro. It must be justice Overdo's.

Knock. I know, man; fetch the drink, Whit.

Whit. I pre dee now, be very brief, captain; for de new ladies stay for dee.

[*Exit, and re-enters with a can.*

Knock. O, as brief as can be, here 'tis already. [*Gives Trouble-all a paper.*] Adam Overdo.

Tro. Why now I'll pledge you, captain.

Knock. Drink it off, I'll come to thee anon again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The back of Ursula's Booth. OVERDO *in the stocks, People, &c.*

Enter QUARLOUS *with the license, and* EDGEWORTH.

Quar. Well, sir, you are now discharged; beware of being spied hereafter.

Edg. Sir, will it please you, enter in here at Ursula's, and take part of a silken gown, a velvet petticoat, or a wrought smock; I am promised such, and I can spare a gentleman a moiety.

Quar. Keep it for your companions in beastliness, I am none of them, sir. If I had not already forgiven you a greater trespass, or thought you yet worth my beating, I would instruct your manners, to whom you made your offers. But go your ways, talk not to me, the hangman is only fit to discourse with you; the hand of beadle is too merciful a punishment for your trade of life. [*Exit Edgworth.*]—I am sorry I employ'd this fellow, for he thinks me such; *facinus quos inquinat, æquat.* But it was for sport; and would I make it serious, the getting of this license is nothing to me, without other circumstances concur. I do think how impertinently I labour, if the word be not mine that the ragged fellow mark'd; and what advantage I have given Ned Winwife in this time now of working her, though it be mine. He'll go near to form to her what a debauched rascal I am, and fright her out of all good conceit of me: I should do so by him, I am sure, if I had the opportunity. But my hope is in her temper yet; and it must needs be next to despair, that is grounded on

any part of a woman's discretion. I would give, by my troth now, all I could spare, to my clothes and my sword, to meet my tatter'd soothsayer again, who was my judge in the question, to know certainly whose word he has damn'd or saved; for till then I live but under a reprieve. I must seek him. Who be these?

Enter BRISTLE *and some of the Watch, with* WASPE.

Waspe. Sir, you are a Welsh cuckold, and a prating runt, and no constable.

Bri. You say very well.—Come, put in his leg in the middle roundel, and let him hole there.

[*They put him in the stocks.*

Waspe. You stink of leeks, metheglin, and cheese, you rogue.

Bri. Why, what is that to you, if you sit sweetly in the stocks in the mean time? if you have a mind to stink too, your breeches sit close enough to your bum. Sit you merry, sir.

Quar. How now, Numps?[4]

Waspe. It is no matter how; pray you look off.

Quar. Nay, I'll not offend you, Numps; I thought you had sat there to be seen.

Waspe. And to be sold, did you not? pray you mind your business, an you have any.

Quar. Cry you mercy, Numps; does your leg lie high enough?

[4] "I know not," says one of the commentators on Shakspeare, whom I should be sorry to think Dr. Farmer, "if the circumstance of putting Kent in the stocks (in *King Lear*) be not *ridiculed* in the punishment of Waspe." What can be said to such gratuitous blundering? Nothing, except perhaps it be, that prejudice is blinder than a mill-horse.

Enter HAGGISE.

Bri. How now, neighbour Haggise, what says justice Overdo's worship to the other offenders?

Hag. Why, he says just nothing; what should he say, or where should he say? He is not to be found, man; he has not been seen in the Fair here all this live-long day, never since seven a clock i' the morning. His clerks know not what to think on't. There is no court of pie-poudres yet. Here they be return'd.

Enter others of the Watch with BUSY.

Bri. What shall be done with them then, in your discretion?

Hag. I think we were best put them in the stocks in discretion (there they will be safe in discretion) for the valour of an hour, or such a thing, till his worship come.

Bri. It is but a hole matter if we do, neighbour Haggise; come, sir, [*to Waspe.*] here is company for you; heave up the stocks.

[*As they open the stocks, Waspe puts his shoe on his hand, and slips it in for his leg.*

Waspe. I shall put a trick upon your Welsh diligence perhaps. [*Aside.*

Bri. Put in your leg, sir. [*To Busy.*

Quar. What, rabbi Busy! is he come?

Busy. I do obey thee; the lion may roar, but he cannot bite. I am glad to be thus separated from the heathen of the land, and put apart in the stocks, for the holy cause.

Waspe. What are you, sir?

Busy. One that rejoiceth in his affliction, and sitteth here to prophesy the destruction of fairs

and May-games, wakes and Whitson-ales, and doth sigh and groan for the reformation of these abuses.

Waspe. [*to Overdo.*] And do you sigh and groan too, or rejoice in your affliction?

Over. I do not feel it, I do not think of it, it is a thing without me:[5] Adam, thou art above these batteries, these contumelies. *In te manca ruit fortuna*, as thy friend Horace says; thou art one, *Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent.* And therefore, as another friend of thine says, I think it be thy friend Persius, *Non te quæsiveris extra.*

Quar. What's here! a stoic in the stocks? the fool is turned philosopher.

Busy. Friend, I will leave to communicate my spirit with you, if I hear any more of those superstitious relics, those lists of Latin, the very rags of Rome, and patches of Popery.

Waspe. Nay, an you begin to quarrel, gentlemen, I'll leave you. I have paid for quarrelling too lately: look you, a device, but shifting in a hand for a foot. God be wi' you.

[*Slips out his hand.*

Busy. Wilt thou then leave thy brethren in tribulation?

Waspe. For this once, sir. [*Exit, running.*

Busy. Thou art a halting neutral; stay him there, stop him, that will not endure the heat of persecution.

Bri. How now, what's the matter?

Busy. He is fled, he is fled, and dares not sit it out.

[5] *It is a thing without me:*] The justice is humourously affecting the lofty language of stoicism. He begins with the distinctions of Epictetus—τα εφ' ἡμιν and τα ουκ εφ' ἡμιν.

Bri. What, has he made an escape! which way? follow, neighbour Haggise.

[*Exeunt Haggise and Watch.*

Enter Dame PURECRAFT.

Pure. O me, in the stocks! have the wicked prevail'd?

Busy. Peace, religious sister, it is my calling, comfort yourself; an extraordinary calling, and done for my better standing, my surer standing, hereafter.

Enter TROUBLEALL, *with a can.*

Tro. By whose warrant, by whose warrant, this?

Quar. O, here's my man dropt in I look'd for.

Over. Ha!

Pure. O, good sir, they have set the faithful here to be wonder'd at; and provided holes for the holy of the land.

Tro. Had they warrant for it? shew'd they justice Overdo's hand? if they had no warrant, they shall answer it.

Re-enter HAGGISE.

Bri. Sure you did not lock the stocks sufficiently, neighbour Toby.

Hag. No! see if you can lock them better.

Bri. They are very sufficiently lock'd, and truly; yet something is in the matter.

Tro. True, your warrant is the matter that is in question; by what warrant?

Bri. Madman, hold your peace, I will put you in his room else, in the very same hole, do you see?

Quar. How, is he a madman!

Tro. Shew me justice Overdo's warrant, I obey you.

Hag. You are a mad fool, hold your tongue.

[*Exeunt Haggise and Bristle.*

Tro. In justice Overdo's name, I drink to you, and here's my warrant. [*Shews his can.*

Over. Alas, poor wretch! how it yearns my heart for him! [*Aside.*

Quar. If he be mad, it is in vain to question him. I'll try him though.—Friend, there was a gentlewoman shew'd you two names some hours since, Argalus and Palemon, to mark in a book; which of them was it you mark'd?

Tro. I mark no name but Adam Overdo, that is the name of names, he only is the sufficient magistrate; and that name I reverence, shew it me.

Quar. This fellow's mad indeed: I am further off now than afore.

Over. I shall not breathe in peace till I have made him some amends. [*Aside.*

Quar. Well, I will make another use of him is come in my head: I have a nest of beards in my trunk, one something like his.

Re-enter BRISTLE *and* HAGGISE.

Bri. This mad fool has made me that I know not whether I have lock'd the stocks or no; I think I lock'd them. [*Tries the locks.*

Tro. Take Adam Overdo in your mind, and fear nothing.

Bri. 'Slid, madness itself! hold thy peace, and take that. [*Strikes him.*

Tro. Strikest thou without a warrant? take thou that.

[*They fight, and leave open the stocks in the scuffle.*

Busy. We are delivered by miracle; fellow in

fetters, let us not refuse the means; this madness was of the spirit: the malice of the enemy hath mock'd itself. [*Exeunt Busy and Overdo.*

Pure. Mad do they call him! the world is mad in error, but he is mad in truth: I love him o' the sudden (the cunning man said all true) and shall love him more and more. How well it becomes a man to be mad in truth! O, that I might be his yoke-fellow, and be mad with him, what a many should we draw to madness in truth with us! [*Exit.*

Bri. How now, all 'scaped! where's the woman? it is witchcraft! her velvet hat is a witch, o' my conscience, or my key! the one.—The madman was a devil, and I am an ass; so bless me, my place, and mine office! [*Exeunt, affrighted.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Fair, as before.

A Booth.

LANTHORN LEATHERHEAD *dressed as a puppet-show man,* FILCHER, *and* SHARKWELL *with a flag.*

Leath. Well, luck and Saint Bartholomew! out with the sign of our invention, in the name of wit, and do you beat the drum the while: all the foul i' the Fair, I mean all the dirt in Smithfield, — that's one of master Littlewit's car-whitchets now—will be thrown at our banner to-day, if the matter does not please the people. O the motions that I Lanthorn Leatherhead have given light to, in my time, since my master Pod[6]

[6] "Pod was a master of motions before him."
This is Jonson's note; and certainly does not tend to corro-

died! Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was Nineveh, and the city of Norwich, and Sodom and Gomorrah, with the rising of the prentices, and pulling down the bawdy-houses there upon Shrove-Tuesday; but the Gun-powder-plot, there was a get-penny!' I have presented that to an eighteen or twenty pence audience, nine times in an afternoon. Your home-born projects prove ever the best, they are so easy and familiar; they put too much learning in their things now o'days: and that I fear will be the spoil of this. Littlewit! I say, Micklewit! if not too mickle! look to your gathering there, goodman Filcher.

Filch. I warrant you, sir.

Leath. An there come any gentlefolks, take two-pence apiece, Sharkwell.

Shark. I warrant you, sir, three-pence an we can. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Fair.

Enter OVERDO *diguised like a Porter.*

Over. This latter disguise, I have borrow'd of a porter, shall carry me out to all my great and good ends; which however interrupted, were never destroyed in me: neither is the hour of my severity yet come to reveal myself, wherein,

borate the notion that Lanthorn Leatherhead was Inigo Jones "Old Ben generally spoke out," and he would scarcely have made the predecessor of Jones a puppet-show man. It seems far more probable that the author had the manager of some minor theatre in view.

7 *There was a* get-penny!] This was the theatrical term for a favourite piece. "Thy name shall be written upon conduits, and thy deeds played in thy lifetime by the best company of players, and called their *Get-penny.*" *Eastward Hoe.*

cloud-like, I will break out in rain and hail, lightning and thunder, upon the head of enormity. Two main works I have to prosecute: first, one is to invent some satisfaction for the poor kind wretch, who is out of his wits for my sake, and yonder I see him coming, I will walk aside, and project for it.

Enter WINWIFE *and* GRACE.

Winw. I wonder where Tom Quarlous is, that he returns not, it may be he is struck in here to seek us.

Grace. See, here's our madman again.

Enter QUARLOUS, *in* TROUBLEALL'S *clothes, followed by Dame* PURECRAFT.

Quar. I have made myself as like him, as his gown and cap will give me leave.

Pure. Sir, I love you, and would be glad to be mad with you in truth.

Winw. How! my widow in love with a madman?

Pure. Verily, I can be as mad in spirit as you.

Quar. By whose warrant? leave your canting. Gentlewoman, have I found you? [*To mistress Grace.*] save ye, quit ye, and multiply ye! Where's your book? 'twas a sufficient name I mark'd, let me see't, be not afraid to shew't me.

Grace. What would you with it, sir?

Quar. Mark it again and again at your service.

Grace. Here it is, sir, this was it you mark'd.

Quar. Palemon! fare you well, fare you well.

Winw. How, Palemon!

Grace. Yes faith, he has discovered it to you now, and therefore 'twere vain to disguise it longer; I am yours, sir, by the benefit of your fortune.

Winw. And you have him, mistress, believe it,

that shall never give you cause to repent her benefit; but make you rather to think that in this choice she had both her eyes.

Grace. I desire to put it to no danger of protestation. [*Exeunt Grace and Winwife.*

Quar. Palemon the word, and Winwife the man!

Pure. Good sir, vouchsafe a yoke-fellow in your madness, shun not one of the sanctified sisters, that would draw with you in truth.

Quar. Away, you are a herd of hypocritical proud ignorants, rather wild than mad; fitter for woods, and the society of beasts, than houses, and the congregation of men. You are the second part of the society of canters, outlaws to order and discipline, and the only privileged church-robbers of Christendom. Let me alone: *Palemon* the word, and Winwife the man!

Pure. I must uncover myself unto him, or I shall never enjoy him, for all the cunning men's promises. [*Aside.*] Good sir, hear me, I am worth six thousand pound, my love to you is become my rack; I'll tell you all and the truth, since you hate the hypocrisy of the party-colour'd brotherhood. These seven years I have been a wilful holy widow, only to draw feasts and gifts from my entangled suitors: I am also by office an assisting sister of the deacons, and a devourer, instead of a distributer of the alms. I am a special maker of marriages for our decayed brethren with our rich widows, for a third part of their wealth, when they are married, for the relief of the poor elect: as also our poor handsome young virgins, with our wealthy bachelors or widowers; to make them steal from their husbands, when I have confirmed them in the faith, and got all put into their custodies. And if I have not my bargain, they may sooner turn

a scolding drab into a silent minister, than make me leave pronouncing reprobation and damnation unto them. Our elder, Zeal-of-the-land, would have had me, but I know him to be the capital knave of the land, making himself rich, by being made a feoffee in trust to deceased brethren, and cozening their heirs, by swearing the absolute gift of their inheritance. And thus having eased my conscience, and utter'd my heart with the tongue of my love; enjoy all my deceits together, I beseech you. I should not have revealed this to you, but that in time I think you are mad, and I hope you'll think me so too, sir?

Quar. Stand aside, I'll answer you presently. [*He walks by.*] Why should I not marry this six thousand pound, now I think on't, and a good trade too that she has beside, ha? The t' other wench Winwife is sure of; there's no expectation for me there. Here I may make myself some saver yet, if she continue mad, there's the question. It is money that I want, why should not I marry the money when 'tis offered me? I have a license and all, it is but razing out one name, and putting in another. There's no playing with a man's fortune! I am resolved: I were truly mad an I would not!—Well, come your ways, follow me, an you will be mad, I'll shew you a warrant!

[*Takes her along with him.*

Pure. Most zealously, it is that I zealously desire.

Over. [*Stopping him.*] Sir, let me speak with you.

Quar. By whose warrant?

Over. The warrant that you tender, and respect so; Justice Overdo's. I am the man, friend

Troubleall, though thus disguised (as the careful magistrate ought) for the good of the republic in the Fair, and the weeding out of enormity. Do you want a house, or meat, or drink, or clothes? speak whatsoever it is, it shall be supplied you; what want you?

Quar. Nothing but your warrant.

Over. My warrant! for what?

Quar. To be gone, sir.

Over. Nay, I pray thee stay; I am serious, and have not many words, nor much time to exchange with thee. Think what may do thee good.

Quar. Your hand and seal will do me a great deal of good; nothing else in the whole Fair that I know.

Over. If it were to any end, thou shouldst have it willingly.

Quar. Why, it will satisfy me, that's end enough to look on; an you will not give it me, let me go.

Over. Alas! thou shalt have it presently; I'll but step into the scrivener's here by, and bring it. Do not go away. [*Exit.*

Quar. Why, this madman's shape will prove a very fortunate one, I think. Can a ragged robe produce these effects? if this be the wise justice, and he bring me his hand, I shall go near to make some use on't.

Re-enter OVERDO.

He is come already!

Over. Look thee! here is my hand and seal, Adam Overdo; if there be any thing to be written above in that paper that thou want'st

now, or at any time hereafter, think on't, it is my deed, I deliver it so; can your friend write?

Quar. Her hand for a witness, and all is well.

Over. With all my heart.

[*He urges her to sign it.*

Quar. Why should not I have the conscience to make this a bond of a thousand pound now, or what I would else? [*Aside.*

Over. Look you, there it is, and I deliver it as my deed again.

Quar. Let us now proceed in madness.

[*Exeunt Quarlous and Dame Purecraft.*

Over. Well, my conscience is much eased; I have done my part, though it doth him no good, yet Adam hath offered satisfaction. The sting is removed from hence! Poor man, he is much altered with his affliction, it has brought him low. Now for my other work, reducing the young man, I have follow'd so long in love, from the brink of his bane to the centre of safety. Here, or in some such like vain place, I shall be sure to find him. I will wait the good time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the Fair.

The Puppet-show Booth, as before.

Enter SHARKWELL *and* FILCHER, *with bills, and* COKES *in his doublet and hose, followed by the Boys of the Fair.*

Cokes. How now! what's here to do, friend? art thou the master of the monuments?

Shar. 'Tis a motion, an't please your worship.

Enter OVERDO *behind.*

Over. My fantastical brother-in-law, master Bartholomew Cokes!

Cokes. A motion! what's that? [*Reads.*] *The ancient modern history of Hero and Leander,*[8] *otherwise called the Touchstone of true Love, with as true a trial of friendship between Damon and Pythias, two faithful friends o' the Bank-side.*—Pretty, i'

[8] *The* ancient modern *history of Hero and Leander*, &c.] This is a burlesque on the absurd titles of some of our ancient dramas; but more particularly on that of Preston's. "A lamentable Tragedy of the life of *King Cambyses*, mixed full of pleasant mirth," &c. The "motion" itself is a ridiculous parody (at least, as far as the language is concerned) on the old play of *Damon and Pithias*, by Richard Edwards. There is yet a circumstance to be noticed, which has escaped the commentators. *Bartholomew Fair* was first acted in 1614, and yet we have an allusion to this part of it in the *Satiromastix*, which appeared in 1602.

Horace. I'll lay my hands under your feet, captain Tucca.

Tucca. Say'st thou me so, *old Cole!* Come, do it then: yet, 'tis no matter, neither; I'll have thee in league first with these two rollypollies; they shall be thy *Damons* and thou their *Pithiases.* A. I.

As Horace is known to be meant for our author, there can be no doubt, I think, that the reference was to this interlude of *Damon and Pithias:* it would seem, therefore, that it had been exhibited at an early period as a simple burlesque, and that Jonson was induced, by its popularity, to recast it, and with the addition of Busy and some other characters, to interweave it with the present drama. However this be, the idea of introducing it was most happy, the execution at once skilful and diverting, and the success complete.

Old Cole is used by Marston, in the *Malcontent*, (1604,) which is dedicated to our author; the term therefore must have been familiar to the stage: another proof, perhaps, of the celebrity of this little piece, at a period long anterior to *Bartholomew Fair*, and to any of Inigo Jones.

faith, what's the meaning on't? is't an interlude, or what is't?

Filch. Yes, sir, please you come near, we'll take your money within.

Cokes. Back with these children; they do so follow me up and down!

Enter LITTLEWIT.

Lit. By your leave, friend.

Filch. You must pay, sir, an you go in.

Lit. Who I! I perceive thou know'st not me; call the master of the motion.

Shark. What, do you not know the author, fellow Filcher? You must take no money of him; he must come in gratis: master Littlewit is a voluntary; he is the author.

Lit. Peace, speak not too loud, I would not have any notice taken that I am the author, till we see how it passes.

Cokes. Master Littlewit, how dost thou?

Lit. Master Cokes! you are exceeding well met: what, in your doublet and hose, without a cloke or a hat?

Cokes. I would I might never stir, as I am an honest man, and by that fire; I have lost all in the Fair, and all my acquaintance too: didst thou meet any body that I know, master Littlewit? my man Numps, or my sister Overdo, or mistress Grace? Pray thee, master Littlewit, lend me some money to see the interlude here; I'll pay thee again, as I am a gentleman. If thou'lt but carry me home, I have money enough there.

Lit. O, sir, you shall command it; what, will a crown serve you?

Cokes. I think it will; what do we pay for coming in, fellows?

Filch. Two-pence, sir.

Cokes. Two-pence! there's twelve-pence, friend: nay, I am a gallant, as simple as I look now; if you see me with my man about me, and my artillery again.

Lit. Your man was in the stocks e'en now, sir.

Cokes. Who, Numps?

Lit. Yes, faith.

Cokes. For what, i' faith? I am glad o' that; remember to tell me on't anon; I have enough now. What manner of matter is this, master Littlewit? what kind of actors have you? are they good actors?

Lit. Pretty youths, sir, all children both old and young; here's the master of 'em——

Enter LEATHERHEAD.

Leath. [*aside to Littlewit.*] Call me not Leatherhead, but Lantern.[9]

Lit. Master Lantern, that gives light to the business.

Cokes. In good time, sir! I would fain see them, I would be glad to drink with the young company; which is the tiring-house?

Leath. Troth, sir, our tiring-house is somewhat little; we are but beginners yet, pray pardon us; you cannot go upright in't.

Cokes. No! not now my hat is off? what would you have done with me, if you had had me feather and all, as I was once to day? Have you none of your pretty impudent boys now, to

[9] *Call me not Leatherhead, but Lantern.*] To prevent his being recognised by Cokes, whom, under the former name, he had defrauded of thirty shillings. See p. 448.

bring stools,[1] fill tobacco, fetch ale, and beg money, as they have at other houses? Let me see some of your actors.

Lit. Shew him them, shew him them. Master Lantern, this is a gentleman that is a favourer of the quality. [*Exit Leatherhead.*

Over. Ay, the favouring of this licentious quality is the consumption of many a young gentleman; a pernicious enormity. [*Aside.*

Re-enter LEATHERHEAD *with a basket.*

Cokes. What! do they live in baskets?

Leath. They do lie in a basket, sir, they are o' the small players.

Cokes. These be players minors indeed. Do you call these players?

Leath. They are actors, sir, and as good as any, none dispraised, for dumb shows: indeed, I am the mouth of them all.

Cokes. Thy mouth will hold them all. I think one tailor would go near to beat all this company with a hand bound behind him.

Lit. Ay, and eat them all too, an they were in cake-bread.[2]

Cokes. I thank you for that, master Littlewit; a good jest! Which is your Burbage now?

Leath. What mean you by that, sir?

[1] *Have you none of your boys now to bring stools, &c.*] Cokes alludes to the common practice at the regular theatres. See Vol. II. p. 224.

[2] *Ay, and eat them too, an they were in cake-bread.*] This allusion to the voracity of tailors for *cake-bread*, must have conveyed some pleasant idea to the audiences of those times, of the nature of which we are now ignorant, since it is found in most of our old dramas. Several instances of it are given in

Cokes. Your best actor, your Field?

Lit. Good, i'faith! you are even with me,[3] sir.

Leath. This is he, that acts young Leander, sir: he is extremely beloved of the womenkind, they do so affect his action, the green gamesters, that come here! and this is lovely Hero; this with the beard, Damon; and this pretty Pythias: this is the ghost of king Dionysius in the habit of a scrivener; as you shall see anon at large.

Cokes. Well, they are a civil company, I like 'em for that; they offer not to fleer, nor jeer, nor break jests, as the great players do: and then, there goes not so much charge to the feasting of them, or making them drunk, as to the other, by reason of their littleness. Do they use to play perfect, are they never fluster'd?

Leath. No, sir, I thank my industry and policy for it; they are as well govern'd a company, though I say it——And here is young Leander, is as proper an actor of his inches, and shakes his head like an hostler.[4]

the notes to Massinger, (Vol. III. 447,) to which, may be added the following from Nabbes.

Ralph. I could take the wall of three times three tailors, though in the morning, and at a *baker's* stall.

Dolio. That were a way to have thy skin bodkined full of oislet holes.* *Covent Garden.*

[3] *Good, i'faith! you are even with me,*] Whalley supposes (according to the established mode) that some reflections on the players were intended; but the language is purely complimentary. Field was the Burbage of some rival theatre.

[4] *Shakes his head like an hostler.*] Whalley calls this an allusion to Will. Ostler, the player, and then quarrels with Jonson for his bad pun! I do not understand the allusion.

* Not of *eyes of needles*, as Mr. Weber interprets *eyletholes*; (Ford, vol. ii. p. 45.) but of holes punched with a bodkin, for the admission of inkle, tape, &c. To stumble in difficult ground is common to all: it is peculiar to this unfortunate gentleman to blunder where no one besides himself ever encountered the slightest rub.

Cokes. But do you play it according to the printed book? I have read that.[5]

Leath. By no means, sir.

Cokes. No! how then?

Leath. A better way, sir; that is too learned and poetical for our audience: what do they know what *Hellespont* is, *guilty of true love's blood?* or what *Abydos* is? or *the other, Sestos hight?*

Cokes. Thou art in the right; I do not know myself.

Leath. No, I have entreated master Littlewit to take a little pains to reduce it to a more familiar strain for our people.

Cokes. How, I pray thee, good master Littlewit?

Lit. It pleases him to make a matter of it, sir; but there is no such matter, I assure you: I have only made it a little easy, and modern for the times, sir, that's all. As for the Hellespont, I imagine our Thames here; and then Leander I make a dyer's son about Puddle-wharf: and Hero a wench o' the Bank-side, who going over one morning to Old Fish-street, Leander spies her land at Trig-stairs, and falls in love with her. Now do I introduce Cupid, having metamorphosed himself into a drawer, and he strikes Hero in love with a pint of sherry; and other pretty passages there are of the friendship, that will delight you, sir, and please you of judgment.

Cokes. I'll be sworn they shall: I am in love

[5] *According to the printed book?*] i. e. according to Marlow's translation of the Greek poem by Musæus. This version of the Loves of Hero and Leander was very popular, and, indeed, not without reason. It commences thus:

> "Of *Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,*
> In view, and opposite, two cities stood,
> Sea-borderers, disjoin'd by Neptune's might
> The one *Abydos, th' other Sestos hight,*" &c.

with the actors already, and I'll be allied to them presently.—They respect gentlemen, these fellows:—Hero shall by my fairing: but which of my fairings?—let me see—i' faith, my fiddle; and Leander my fiddle-stick: then Damon my drum, and Pythias my pipe, and the ghost of Dionysius my hobby-horse. All fitted.

Enter WINWIFE, *and* GRACE.

Winw. Look, yonder's your Cokes gotten in among his play-fellows; I thought we could not miss him at such a spectacle.

Grace. Let him alone, he is so busy he will never spy us.

Leath. Nay, good sir!

[*To Cokes, who is handling the puppets.*

Cokes. I warrant thee I will not hurt her, fellow; what, dost thou think me uncivil? I pray thee be not jealous; I am toward a wife.

Lit. Well, good master Lantern, make ready to begin that I may fetch my wife; and look you be perfect, you undo me else, in my reputation.

Leath. I warrant you, sir, do not you breed too great an expectation of it among your friends; that's the hurter of these things.

Lit. No, no, no. [*Exit.*

Cokes. I'll stay here and see; pray thee let me see.

Winw. How diligent and troublesome he is!

Grace. The place becomes him, methinks.

Over. My ward, mistress Grace, in the company of a stranger! I doubt I shall be compell'd to discover myself before my time. [*Aside.*

Enter KNOCKEM, EDGWORTH, *and Mrs.* LITTLEWIT, *followed by* WHIT *supporting Mrs.* OVERDO, *masked.*[6]

Filch. Two-pence apiece, gentlemen, an excellent motion.

Knock. Shall we have fine fire-works, and good vapours?

Shark. Yes, captain, and water-works too.

Whit. I pree dee take care o' dy shmall lady there, Edgworth; I will look to dish tall lady myself.

Leath. Welcome, gentlemen, welcome, gentlemen.

Whit. Predee mashter o' the monshtersh, help a very sick lady here to a chair to shit in.

Leath. Presently, sir.

[*A chair is brought in for Mrs. Overdo.*

Whit. Good fait now, Ursula's ale and aqua-vitæ ish to blame for't; shit down, shweet-heart, shit down and sleep a little.

Edg. [*To Mrs. Littlewit.*] Madam, you are very welcome hither.

Knock. Yes, and you shall see very good vapours.

Over. Here is my care come! I like to see him in so good company: and yet I wonder that persons of such fashion should resort hither.

[*Aside.*

Edg. There is a very private house, madam.

Leath. Will it please your ladyship sit, madam?

Mrs. Lit. Yes, goodman. They do so all-to-

[6] *Mrs. Littlewit and Overdo masked.*] This was not an unusual practice at the theatres. But there was a necessity for wearing masks on the present occasion, to prevent their being recognized by their acquaintance.

be-madam me, I think they think me a very lady.

Edg. What else, madam?

Mrs. Lit. Must I put off my mask to him?

Edg. O, by no means.

Mrs. Lit. How should my husband know me then?

Knock. Husband! an idle vapour; he must not know you, nor you him: there's the true vapour.

Over. Yea! I will observe more of this. [*Aside.*] Is this a lady, friend?

Whit. Ay, and dat is anoder lady, shweetheart; if dou hasht a mind to 'em, give me twelve-pence from tee, and dou shalt have eder oder on 'em.

Over. Ay! this will prove my chiefest enormity: I will follow this. [*Aside.*

Edg. Is not this a finer life, lady, than to be clogg'd with a husband?

Mrs. Lit. Yes, a great deal. When will they begin, trow, in the name o' the motion?

Edg. By and by, madam; they stay but for company.

Knock. Do you hear, puppet-master, these are tedious vapours, when begin you?

Leath. We stay but for master Littlewit, the author, who is gone for his wife; and we begin presently.

Mrs. Lit. That's I, that's I.

Edg. That was you, lady; but now you are no such poor thing.

Knock. Hang the author's wife, a running vapour! here be ladies will stay for ne'er a Delia of them all.

Whit. But hear me now, here ish one o' de ladish ashleep, stay till shee but vake, man.

Enter WASPE.

Waspe. How now, friends! what's here to do?

Filch. Two-pence apiece, sir, the best motion in the Fair.

Waspe. I believe you lie; if you do, I'll have my money again, and beat you.

Mrs. Lit. Numps is come!

Waspe. Did you see a master of mine come in here, a tall young 'squire of Harrow o' the Hill, master Bartholomew Cokes?

Filch. I think there be such a one within.

Wapse. Look he be, you were best: but it is very likely: I wonder I found him not at all the rest. I have been at the Eagle, and the Black Wolf, and the Bull with the five legs and two pizzles:—he was a calf at Uxbridge fair two years agone—and at the dogs that dance the morrice, and the hare of the Tabor; and mist him at all these! Sure this must needs be some fine sight that holds him so, if it have him.

Cokes. Come, come, are you ready now?

Leath. Presently, sir.

Waspe. Hoyday, he's at work in his doublet and hose! do you hear, sir, are you employ'd, that you are bare-headed and so busy?

Cokes. Hold your peace, Numps; you have been in the stocks, I hear.

Waspe. Does he know that! nay, then the date of my authority is out; I must think no longer to reign, my government is at an end. He that will correct another must want fault in himself.

Winw. Sententious Numps! I never heard so much from him before.

Leath. Sure master Littlewit will not come; please you take your place, sir; we'll begin.

Cokes. I pray thee do, mine ears long to be at it, and my eyes too. O Numps, in the stocks, Numps! where's your sword, Numps!

Waspe. I pray you intend your game, sir, let me alone.

Cokes. Well then, we are quit for all. Come, sit down, Numps; I'll interpret to thee: did you see mistress Grace? It's no matter, neither, now I think on't, tell me anon.

Winw. A great deal of love and care he expresses!

Grace. Alas, would you have him to express more than he has? that were tyranny.

Cokes. Peace, ho! now, now.

Leath. *Gentles,*[6] *that no longer your expectations*
may wander,
Behold our chief actor, amorous Leander.

[6] *Gentles*, &c.] When I read the opening of the *Hecuba* of Euripides:

ΗΚΩ, νεκρων κευθμωνα και σκοτιε πυλας
Λιπων,—Πολυδωρος, κ. τ. λ.—

that of the *Persæ* of Æschylus:

Ταδε μεν Περσων των οιχομενων
Ελλαδ' εις αιαν πιστα καλειται:—

or even the

——— αυλος ωδ' εληλυθα
Ὁ πασι κλεινος Οιδιπους καλουμενος—

of Sophocles, I cannot help thinking of the single actor of Thespes, announcing his own name and family, and telling the simple tale of his achievements or misfortunes.

This sort of *direct* explanation was afterwards, with much more propriety, taken from the *persons* of the *drama*, and consigned to the *actors* in a *detached* prologue, such as those of *Plautus* and *Terence:* a practice which, if we did not know the attachment of Ben Jonson to every thing ancient, we might

With a great deal of cloth, lapp'd about him like a scarf,
For he yet serves his father, a dyer at Puddle-wharf;
Which place we'll make bold with, to call it our Abydus,
As the Bankside is our Sestos; and let it not be deny'd us.
Now as he is beating to make the dye take the fuller,
Who chances to come by, but fair Hero in a sculler;
And seeing Leander's naked leg and goodly calf,
Cast at him from the boat a sheep's eye and an half.
Now she is landed, and the sculler come back.
By and by you shall see what Leander doth lack.

Lean. *Cole, Cole, old Cole!*

Leath. *That is the sculler's name without controul.*

Lean. *Cole, Cole, I say, Cole!*

Leath. *We do hear you.*

Lean. *Old Cole!*

Leath. *Old Cole! is the dyer turn'd collier? how do you sell?*

Lean. *A pox o' your manners, kiss my hole here, and smell.*

Leath. *Kiss your hole and smell! there's manners indeed.*

Lean. *Why, Cole, I say, Cole!*

Leath. *Is't the sculler you need?*

suspect he meant to ridicule, by the pleasant use he has made of it in the prologue to his puppet-shew of *Hero and Leander*, in *Bartholomew Fair:*

"Gentles, that no longer, &c.

TWINING'S *Aristotle*, p. 222.

This was undoubtedly the poet's object; though it may be thought to detract from that habitual reverence with which he is supposed to have contemplated even the errors of the ancient writers:—but though he was strongly prejudiced, he was not absolutely blind, and this is not the only instance in which he has noticed their improprieties *naso adunco*.

Lean. *Ay, and be hang'd.*
Leath. *Be hang'd! look you yonder.*
Old Cole, you must go hang with master Leander.
Cole. *Where is he?*
Lean. *Here, Cole: what fairest of fairs,*
Was that fare that thou landedst but now at Trig-stairs?
Cokes. What was that, fellow? pray thee tell me, I scarce understand them.
Leath. *Leander does ask, sir, what fairest of fairs,*
Was the fare he landed but now at Trig-stairs?
Cole. *It is lovely Hero.*
Lean. *Nero?*
Cole. *No, Hero.*
Leath. *It is Hero*
Of the Bankside, he saith, to tell you truth without erring,
Is come over into Fish-street to eat some fresh herring.
Leander says no more, but as fast as he can,
Gets on all his best clothes, and will after to the Swan.
Cokes. Most admirable good, is't not?
Leath. *Stay, sculler.*
Cole. *What say you?*
Leath. *You must stay for Leander,*
And carry him to the wench.
Cole. *You rogue, I am no pander.*
Cokes. He says he is no pander. 'Tis a fine language; I understand it now.
Leath. *Are you no pander, goodman Cole? here's no man says you are;*
You'll grow a hot cole, it seems; pray you stay for your fare.
Cole. *Will he come away?*
Leath. *What do you say?*
Cole. *I'd have him come away.*

Leath. *Would you have Leander come away? why, pray sir, stay.*
You are angry, goodman Cole; I believe the fair maid
Came over with you a' trust: tell us, sculler, are you paid?

Cole. *Yes, goodman Hogrubber of Pickthatch.*

Leath. *How, Hogrubber of Pickthatch.*

Cole. *Ay, Hogrubber of Pickthatch. Take you that.* [Strikes him over the pate.

Leath. *O, my head!*

Cole. *Harm watch, harm catch.*

Cokes. *Harm watch, harm catch,* he says; very good, i' faith: the sculler had like to have knock'd you, sirrah.

Leath. Yes, but that his fare call'd him away.

Lean. *Row apace, row apace, row, row, row, row, row.*

Leath. *You are knavishly loaden, sculler, take heed where you go.*

Cole. *Knave in your face, goodman rogue.*

Lean. *Row, row, row, row, row.*

Cokes. He said, knave in your face, friend.

Leath. Ay, sir, I heard him; but there's no talking to these watermen, they will have the last word.

Cokes. Od's my life! I am not allied to the sculler yet; he shall be *Dauphin my boy.* But my fiddle-stick[7] does fiddle in and out too much: I pray thee speak to him on't; tell him I would have him tarry in my sight more.

Leath. I pray you be content; you'll have enough on him, sir.

[7] *But my fiddle-stick,* &c.] Cokes means Leander, who was now represented, in the show, as rowing away. *Dauphin my boy,* is the burden of a ridiculous old song, of which mention is made by Steevens in his notes on *King Lear,* A. 3. S. 4.

Now, gentles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid,
But that you have heard of a little god of love call'd Cupid;
Who out of kindness to Leander, hearing he but saw her,
This present day and hour doth turn himself to a drawer.
And because he would have their first meeting to be merry,
He strikes Hero in love to him with a pint of sherry;
Which he tells her from amorous Leander is sent her,[8]
Who after him into the room of Hero doth venture.

[Leander goes into mistress Hero's room.

Jonas. *A pint of sack, score a pint of sack in the Coney.*

Cokes. Sack! you said but e'en now it should be sherry.

Jonas. *Why so it is; sherry, sherry, sherry!*

Cokes. *Sherry, sherry, sherry!* By my troth he makes me merry. I must have a name for Cupid too. Let me see, thou might'st help me now, an thou would'st, Numps, at a dead lift; but thou art dreaming of the stocks still.—Do not think on't, I have forgot it; 'tis but a nine days' wonder, man; let it not trouble thee.

[8] *Which he tells her, &c.*] It was the fashion not only for the puppets of the text, but for those of flesh and blood, to introduce themselves to strangers with a propitiatory cup of wine, which preceded their appearance. There is a story told of bishop Corbet and Jonson, which illustrates this practice, and is at the same time so characteristic of both, that it has every appearance of being genuine. "Ben Jonson was at a tavern, in comes bishop Corbet (but not so then) into the next room. Ben Jonson calls for a quart of *raw* wine, and gives it to the tapster. 'Sirrah!' says he, 'carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him I sacrifice my service to him The fellow did and in those terms. 'Friend,' says bishop Corbet, 'I thank him for his love, but prithee tell him from me that he is mistaken, for sacrifices are always *burnt*.'" *Merry Passages and Jeastes.* Harl. MSS. No. 6395.

Waspe. I would the stocks were about your neck, sir; condition I hung by the heels in them till the wonder were off from you, with all my heart.

Cokes. Well said, resolute Numps! but hark you, friend, where's the friendship all this while between my drum Damon, and my pipe Pythias?

Leath. You shall see by and by, sir.

Cokes. You think my hobby-horse is forgotten too; no, I'll see them all enact before I go; I shall not know which to love best else.

Knock. This gallant has interrupting vapours, troublesome vapours; Whit, puff with him.

Whit. No, I pre dee, captain, let him alone; he is a child, i' faith, la.

Leath. *Now, gentles, to the friends, who in number are two,*
And lodged in that ale-house in which fair Hero does do.
Damon, for some kindness done him the last week,
Is come, fair Hero, in Fish-street, this morning to seek:
Pythias does smell the knavery of the meeting,
And now you shall see their true-friendly greeting.

Pythias. *You whore-masterly slave, you.*

Cokes. Whore-masterly slave you! very friendly and familiar, that.

Damon. *Whore-master in thy face,*
Thou hast lain with her thyself, I'll prove it in this place.

Cokes. Damon says Pythias has lain with her himself, he'll prove't in this place.

Leath. *They are whore-masters both, sir, that's a plain case.*

Pythias. *You lie like a rogue.*[9]

[9] *You lie like a rogue.*] This squabble is a burlesque on the quarrel between Jack and Wylle, in the old drama of *Damon and Pithias.*

Leath. *Do I lie like a rogue?*
Pythias. *A pimp and a scab.*
Leath. *A pimp and a scab!*
I say, between you, you have both but one drab.
Damon. *You lie again.*
Leath. *Do I lie again?*
Damon. *Like a rogue again.*
Leath. *Like a rogue again!*
Pythias. *And you are a pimp again.*
Cokes. And you are a pimp again, he says.
Damon. *And a scab again.*
Cokes. And a scab again, he says.
Leath. *And I say again, you are both whore-masters again.*
And you have both but one drab again.
Damon and Pythias. *Dost thou, dost thou, dost thou?* [They fall upon him.
Leath. *What, both at once?*
Pythias. *Down with him, Damon.*
Damon. *Pink his guts, Pythias.*
Leath. *What, so malicious?*
Will ye murder me, masters both, in my own house?
Cokes. Ho! well acted, my drum, well acted, my pipe, well acted still!
Waspe. Well acted, with all my heart.
Leath. *Hold, hold your hands.*
Cokes. Ay, both your hands, for my sake! for you have both done well.
Damon. *Gramercy, pure Pythias.*
Pythias. *Gramercy, dear Damon.*
Cokes. Gramercy to you both, my pipe and my drum.
Pythias and Damon. *Come, now we'll together to breakfast to Hero.*
Leath. *'Tis well you can now go to breakfast to Hero.*

You have given me my breakfast, with a hone and honero.

Cokes. How is't, friend, have they hurt thee?

Leath. O no:

Between you and I, sir, we do but make show.—

Thus, gentles, you perceive, without any denial,
'Twixt Damon and Pythias here, friendship's true trial.
Though hourly they quarrel thus, and roar each with other,
They fight you no more than does brother with brother;
But friendly together, at the next man they meet,
They let fly their anger, as here you might see't.

Cokes. Well, we have seen it, and thou hast felt it, whatsoever thou sayest. What's next, what's next?

Leath. *This while young Leander with fair Hero is drinking,*
And Hero grown drunk to any man's thinking!
Yet was it not three pints of sherry could flaw her,
Till Cupid, distinguish'd like Jonas the drawer,
From under his apron, where his lechery lurks,
Put love in her sack. Now mark how it works.

Hero. *O Leander, Leander, my dear, my dear Leander,*
I'll for ever be thy goose, so thou'lt be my gander.

Cokes. Excellently well said, Fiddle, she'll ever be his goose, so he'll be her gander; was't not so?

Leath. Yes, sir, but mark his answer now.

Lean. *And sweetest of geese, before I go to bed,*
I'll swim over the Thames, my goose, thee to tread.

Cokes. Brave! he will swim over the Thames, and tread his goose to-night, he says.

Leath. Ay, peace, sir, they'll be angry if they

hear you eaves-dropping, now they are setting their match.

Lean. *But lest the Thames should be dark, my goose, my dear friend,*
Let thy window be provided of a candle's end.

Hero. *Fear not, my gander, I protest I should handle*
My matters very ill, if I had not a whole candle.

Lean. *Well then, look to't, and kiss me to boot.*

Leath. *Now here come the friends again, Pythias and Damon,*
And under their clokes they have of bacon a gammon.

Pythias. *Drawer, fill some wine here.*

Leath. How, some wine there!
There's company already, sir, pray forbear.

Damon. *'Tis Hero.*

Leath. *Yes, but she will not to be taken,*
After sack and fresh-herring, with your Dunmow-bacon.

Pythias. *You lie, it's Westfabian.*

Leath. *Westphalian* you should say.

Damon. *If you hold not your peace, you are a coxcomb, I would say.*

[Leander and Hero kiss.

What's here, what's here? kiss, kiss, upon kiss!

Leath. *Ay, wherefore should they not? what harm is in this?*
'Tis mistress Hero.

Damon. *Mistress Hero's a whore.*

Leath. *Is she a whore? keep you quiet, or, sir, knave, out of door.*

Damon. *Knave out of door!*

Hero. *Yes, knave out of door.*

Damon. *Whore out of door.*

[They fall together by the ears.

Hero. *I say, knave out of door.*

Damon. *I say, whore out of door.*
Pythias. *Yea, so say I too.*
Hero. *Kiss the whore o' the a—.*
Leath. *Now you have something to do*
You must kiss her o' the a—, she says.
Damon and Pythias. *So we will, so we will.*
[They kick her.
Hero. *O my haunches, O my haunches, hold, hold.*
Leath. *Stand'st thou still!*
Leander, where art thou? stand'st thou still like a sot,
And not offer'st to break both their heads with a pot?
See who's at thine elbow there! puppet Jonas and Cupid.
Jonas. *Upon 'em, Leander, be not so stupid.*
Lean. *You goat-bearded slave!*
Damon. *You whore-master knave!* [They fight.
Lean. *Thou art a whore-master.*
Jonas. *Whore-masters all.*
Leath. *See, Cupid with a word has tane up the brawl.*
Knock. These be fine vapours!
Cokes. By this good day, they fight bravely; do they not, Numps?
Waspe. Yes, they lack'd but you to be their second all this while.
Leath. *This tragical encounter falling out thus to busy us,*
It raises up the ghost of their friend Dionysius;
Not like a monarch, but the master of a school,
In a scrivener's furr'd gown, which shews he is no fool:
For therein he hath wit enough to keep himself warm.
O Damon, he cries, and Pythias, what harm
Hath poor Dionysius done you in his grave,
That after his death you should fall out thus and rave,
And call amorous Leander whore-master knave?

Damon. *I cannot, I will not, I promise you, endure it.*

Rabbi Busy *rushes in.*

Busy. Down with Dagon! down with Dagon! 'tis I, I will no longer endure your profanations.

Leath. What mean you, sir?

Busy. I will remove Dagon there, I say, that idol, that heathenish idol, that remains, as I may say, a beam, a very beam,—not a beam of the sun, nor a beam of the moon, nor a beam of a balance, neither a house-beam, nor a weaver's beam, but a beam in the eye, in the eye of the brethren; a very great beam. an exceeding great beam; such as are your stage-players, rimers, and morrice-dancers, who have walked hand in hand, in contempt of the brethren, and the cause; and been born out by instruments of no mean countenance.

Leath. Sir, I present nothing but what is licensed by authority.

Busy. Thou art all license, even licentiousness itself, Shimei!

Leath. I have the master of the revels' hand for't, sir.

Busy. The master of the rebels' hand thou hast, Satan's! hold thy peace, thy scurrility, shut up thy mouth, thy profession is damnable, and in pleading for it thou dost plead for Baal. I have long opened my mouth wide, and gaped; I have gaped as the oyster for the tide,[1] after thy

[1] *I have gaped as the oyster for the tide.*] A satire upon the low, familiar, and profane jargon of the Puritans in their public prayers and preachings. A specimen of it is given by Eachard, in his *Contempt of the Clergy*. "Our souls are constantly *gaping* after thee, O Lord, yea, verily, our souls do gape *even as an oyster gapeth.*"

destruction: but cannot compass it by suit or dispute; so that I look for a bickering, ere long, and then a battle.[2]

Knock. Good Banbury vapours!

Cokes. Friend, you'd have an ill match on't, if you bicker with him here; though he be no man of the fist, he has friends that will to cuffs for him. Numps, will not you take our side?

Edg. Sir, it shall not need; in my mind he offers him a fairer course, to end it by disputation: hast thou nothing to say for thyself, in defence of thy quality?

Leath. Faith, sir, I am not well-studied in these controversies, between the hypocrites and us. But here's one of my motion, puppet Dionysius, shall undertake him, and I'll venture the cause on't.

Cokes. Who, my hobby-horse! will he dispute with him?

Leath. Yes, sir, and make a hobby-ass of him, I hope.

Cokes. That's excellent! indeed he looks like the best scholar of them all. Come, sir, you must be as good as your word now.

Busy. I will not fear to make my spirit and gifts known: assist me zeal, fill me, fill me, that is, make me full!

Winw. What a desperate, profane wretch is this! is there any ignorance or impudence like his, to call his zeal to fill him against a puppet?

Quar. I know no fitter match than a puppet to commit with an hypocrite!

[2] *I look for a bickering ere long, and then a battle.*] The Rabbi was gratified in both.—All this proves how profoundly Jonson had entered into the views and expectations of this turbulent and aspiring race: had his royal master understood them half so well, long years of calamity and disgrace might have been averted.

Busy. First, I say unto thee, idol, thou hast no calling.

Dion. *You lie, I am call'd Dionysius.*

Leath. The motion says, you lie, he is call'd Dionysius in the matter, and to that calling he answers.

Busy. I mean no vocation, idol, no present lawful calling.

Dion. *Is yours a lawful calling?*

Leath. The motion asketh, if yours be a lawful calling.

Busy. Yes, mine is of the spirit.

Dion. *Then idol is a lawful calling.*

Leath. He says, then idol is a lawful calling; for you call'd him idol, and your calling is of the spirit,

Cokes. Well disputed, hobby-horse.

Busy. Take not part with the wicked, young gallant: he neigheth and hinnieth;[3] all is but hinnying sophistry. I call him idol again; yet, I say, his calling, his profession is profane, it is profane, idol.

Dion. *It is not profane.*

Leath. It is not profane, he says.

Busy. It is profane.[4]

[3] *He neigheth and hinnieth, &c.*] This is not much unlike the furious burst of zeal of *Hope-on-high Bomby*, against the hobby-horse. See vol. ii. p. 51.

Dion. *It is not profane.*

[4] Busy. *It is profane.*] Mr. Selden (see his *Table Talk*) observes on this passage, that the author intended satirically to express the vain disputes of the puritanical divines, by Inigo Lanthorn's disputing with a puppet in Bartholomew Fair: *It is so, it is not so: It is so, it is not so:* crying thus to one another a quarter of an hour together. Mr. Selden quoted from memory, but this is the passage he meant. WHAL.

Mr. Whalley adds, that Selden understood Inigo Jones to be meant by Lanthorn Leatherhead. It appears so; and yet it is

Dion. *It is not profane.*
Busy. It is profane.

evident that no jot of this ridiculous scene attaches to any part of his character. Jones was neither a theologist, nor a puppet-show man; he was a painter and an architect, and in one or other of these capacities, had Jonson meant to be severe on him, he would assuredly have been introduced. Selden had a very imperfect recollection of this scene: he confounds Lanthorn with Busy, &c. In a word, (to have done at once with the subject,) I am convinced that Jonson has been as unjustly treated in this, as in a hundred other, instances, and charged with maligning those of whom he never thought. The fact is, that when a growing sense of propriety had driven the mysteries and moralities from the stage, the Vice and the Devil of those pieces, from whose grotesque extravagancies the vulgar could not be suddenly weaned, took refuge in the puppet-shows, where they wantoned with serious subjects more indecently than before. Happily, all traces of these profane exhibitions have long been lost among us; but they are still found on the continent. I have seen, in one of the chief cities of France, the Crucifixion played by puppets; and though the sight was inexpressibly revolting, I could not perceive that the people, who were probably accustomed to it, were either shocked or disgusted. Against these monstrosities, then, as has been already observed, Jonson in the first place directed his satire; making it, at the same time, the vehicle of a well deserved attack on the blind zeal, hypocrisy, and ignorance of those unwearied persecutors of the stage, the Puritans.

But this was not all. It would seem that there was scarcely a regular play, of which some imitation was not performed by puppets. "I have seen," says a personage in an old play, "all our stories, (i. e. historical dramas), acted by mammets:" and Decker tells us, that he saw *Julius Cæsar*, and the *Duke of Guise* in a puppet-show; "villainous motions," he calls them: and, indeed, it is scarcely possible to name a popular event that was not taken up by these wooden competitors of the "quality." A ready guess may be formed at the ignorance and absurdities of these drolleries; and Jonson appears, in some measure, to have written his *Damon and Pythias* to expose and correct them. Hence the gross and vulgar language, the motley assemblage of characters, the ridiculous confusion of time and place, &c. in this laughable interlude. If the reader wishes to suppose that he also looked somewhat higher, and included a few of the minor theatres in his censure, I have

Dion. *It is not profane.*

Leath. Well said, confute him with *Not*, still. You cannot bear him down with your base noise, sir.

Busy. Nor he me, with his treble creeking, though he creek like the chariot wheels of Satan; I am zealous for the cause——

no objection to it. The result of all this is, that his Lanthorn Leatherhead is the representative of one of those depredators on the property of the regular stage, which he degraded, and thus *mixed his heels with other men's heads;* and that Inigo Jones, unless it can be proved that he ever *headed a company of players, and baited a fellow in a bear's skin,* (p. 448,) must be dismissed from *Bartholomew Fair.*

A word may yet be added on behalf of the poet. He has been, I trust, already exculpated from the absurd charge of *sneering* at Shakspeare, in his mention of *servant-monsters,* (p. 370,) but full justice cannot be done to him unless a reference be continually made to the real state of Bartholomew Fair in those times. An extract from an old treatise of this name, will shew that Jonson was no careless observer of the passing scene, and that he alludes, in almost every instance, to what had actually met his view. "Hither," (says this ancient tract,) "resort people of all sorts and conditions. Christ Church Cloisters are then hunge full of pictures. It is remarkable and worth your observation to beholde and heare the strange sights and confused noise in the Faire. Here a knave in a foole's coat," (this is our author's Arthur o'Bradley) "with a trumpet sounding, or on a drum beating, invites you to see his puppets: there a rogue *like a wild woodman,* or in an *antick shape like an incubus,* desires your company to view his motion, &c. &c., *Burthol. Faire,*" 4to. p. 5.

It is unnecessary to quote more, though there is much more to the purpose, but this is sufficient to prove the malice of the poet's enemies. It is manifest (exclusive of what appears in the notes on the Induction) that there really were *servant-monsters,* in Bartholomew Fair, though Jonson did not choose to introduce them into his drama, and that he might therefore venture to notice the circumstance without any disrespect to Shakspeare, who, like himself, might be indebted to the inventive talents of those "knaves," and whose Caliban perhaps appeared on the stage, "*in an antick shape, like an incubus.*"

Leath. As a dog for a bone

Busy. And I say, it is profane, as being the page of Pride, and the waiting woman of Vanity.

Dion. *Yea! what say you to your tire-women, then?*

Leath. Good.

Dion. *Or feather-makers in the Friers,*[5] *that are of your faction of faith? are not they with their perukes, and their puffs, their fans, and their huffs, as much pages of Pride, and waiters upon Vanity? What say you, what say you, what say you?*

Busy. I will not answer for them.

Dion. *Because you cannot, because you cannot. Is a bugle-maker a lawful calling? or the confect-makers? such you have there; or your French fashioner? you would have all the sin within yourselves, would you not, would you not?*

Busy. No, Dagon.

Dion. *What then, Dagonet? is a puppet worse than these?*

Busy. Yes, and my main argument against you is, that you are an abomination; for the male, among you, putteth on the apparel of the female,[6] and the female of the male.

[5] *Or feather-makers in the Friers, &c.*] See vol. ii. p. 466. This is a home-thrust.

[6] *The male among you putteth on the apparel of the female, &c.*] This was, as Jonson says, the old stale argument against the players, for it had been urged with great bitterness, by Stubbs, and other Puritans of Elizabeth's days; and recently inforced with illiberal vehemence on the strength of some ill-understood passages of Scripture. It appears from Hawkins, that many difficulties were encountered at Cambridge, (which then abounded in Puritans,) in procuring proper persons to act the parts of Surda, Rosabella, &c. solely from the unwillingness of the students to put on a female dress, which, they affirmed, it was unlawful for a man to wear. The worst is, that when women appeared in female characters, the objectors were not a jot better satisfied than before.

Dion. *You lie, you lie, you lie abominably.*

Cokes. Good, by my troth, he has given him the lie thrice.

Dion. *It is your old stale argument against the players, but it will not hold against the puppets; for we have neither male nor female amongst us. And that thou may'st see, if thou wilt, like a malicious purblind zeal as thou art!* [Takes up his garment.

Edg. By my faith, there he has answer'd you, friend, a plain demonstration.

Dion. *Nay, I'll prove, against e'er a Rabbin of them all, that my standing is as lawful as his; that I speak by inspiration, as well as he; that I have as little to do with learning as he; and do scorn her helps as much as he.*"

Busy. I am confuted,[7] the cause hath failed me.

Dion. *Then be converted, be converted.*"

Leath. Be converted, I pray you, and let the play go on!

Busy. Let it go on; for I am changed, and will become a beholder with you.

Cokes. That's brave, i'faith, thou hast carried it away, hobby-horse; on with the play.

Over. [*discovering himself.*] Stay, now do I forbid; I am Adam Overdo! sit still, I charge you.

[7] *I am confuted, &c.*] It appears from D'Urfey that this defeat of the Rabbi, was a source of infinite delight to the audience. The triumph of Dionysius, however, was of a transient nature; and he was *confuted*, in his turn, with more effectual weapons than those of "demonstrations." This is beautifully touched by lord Buckhurst, in the epilogue to *Tartuffe*.

"Many have been the vain attempts of wit
Against the still prevailing hypocrit:
Once, *and but once*, a poet got the day,
And vanquish'd Busy in a puppet-play!
But Busy rallying, fill'd with holy rage,
Possess'd the pulpit, and pull'd down the stage."

Cokes. What, my brother in law!

Grace. My wise guardian!

Edg. Justice Overdo!

Over. It is time to take enormity by the forehead, and brand it; for I have discovered enough.

Enter QUARLOUS *in* Troubleall's *clothes, as before, and Dame* PURECRAFT.

Quar. Nay, come, mistress bride; you must do as I do, now. You must be mad with me, in truth. I have here justice Overdo for it.

Over. Peace, good Troubleall; come hither, and you shall trouble none. I will take the charge of you, and your friend too; you also, young man, [*to* EDGWORTH.] shall be my care; stand there.

Edg. Now, mercy upon me.

Knock. Would we were away, Whit, these are dangerous vapours, best fall off with our birds, for fear o' the cage. [*They attempt to steal away.*

Over. Stay, is not my name your terror?

Whit. Yesh fait, man, and it ish for tat we would be gone, man.

Enter LITTLEWIT.

Lit. O, gentlemen! did you not see a wife of mine? I have lost my little wife, as I shall be trusted; my little pretty Win. I left her at the great woman's house in trust yonder, the pig-woman's, with captain Jordan, and captain Whit, very good men, and I cannot hear of her. Poor fool, I fear she's stepp'd aside. Mother, did you not see Win?

Over. If this grave matron be your mother, sir, stand by her, *et digito compesce labellum;* I

may perhaps spring a wife for you anon. Brother Bartholomew, I am sadly sorry to see you so lightly given, and such a disciple of enormity, with your grave governor Humphrey: but stand you both there, in the middle place; I will reprehend you in your course. Mistress Grace, let me rescue you out of the hands of the stranger.

Winw. Pardon me, sir, I am a kinsman of hers.

Over. Are you so! of what name, sir?

Winw. Winwife, sir.

Over. Master Winwife! I hope you have won no wife of her, sir; if you have, I will examine the possibility of it, at fit leisure. Now, to my enormities: look upon me, O London,! and see me, O Smithfield! the example of justice, and Mirrour of Magistrates; the true top of formality, and scourge of enormity. Hearken unto my labours, and but observe my discoveries; and compare Hercules with me, if thou dar'st, of old; or Columbus, Magellan, or our countryman Drake, of later times. Stand forth, you weeds of enormity, and spread. First, Rabbi Busy, thou superlunatical hypocrite;——[*to Leatherhead.*] Next thou other extremity, thou profane professor of puppetry, little better than poetry:—— [*to Whit.*] Then thou strong debaucher and seducer of youth; witness this easy and honest young man, [*pointing to Edge.*]——[*to Knock.*] Now, thou esquire of dames, madams, and twelvepenny ladies;—Now, my green madam herself of the price; let me unmask your ladyship.

[*discovers Mrs. Lit.*

Lit. O my wife, my wife, my wife!

Over. Is she your wife? *redde te Harpocratem.*

Enter TROUBLEALL, *with a dripping-pan, followed by* URSULA *and* NIGHTINGALE.

Trou. By your leave, stand by, my masters, be uncover'd.

Urs. O stay him, stay him, help to cry, Nightingale; my pan, my pan!

Over. What's the matter?

Night. He has stolen gammar Ursula's pan.

Tro. Yes, and I fear no man but justice Overdo.

Over. Ursula! where is she? O the sow of enormity, this! welcome, stand you there; you, songster, there.

Urs. An't please your worship, I am in no fault: a gentleman stripped him in my booth, and borrowed his gown, and his hat; and he ran away with my goods here for it.

Over. [*to Quarlous.*] Then this is the true madman, and you are the enormity!

Quar. You are in the right; I am mad but from the gown outward.

Over. Stand you there.

Quar. Where you please, sir.

Mrs. Over. [*waking.*] O, lend me a bason, I am sick, I am sick! where's master Overdo? Bridget, call hither my Adam.

Over. How! [*He is shamed and silenced.*

Whit. Dy very own wife, i' fait, worshipful Adam.

Mrs. Over. Will not my Adam come at me? shall I see him no more then?

Quar. Sir, why do you not go on with the enormity? are you oppressed with it? I'll help you: hark you, sir, in your ear—Your innocent young man, you have ta'en such care of all this day, is a cut-purse, that hath got all your brother

Cokes' things, and helped you to your beating and the stocks; if you have a mind to hang him now, and shew him your magistrate's wit, you may: but I should think it were better recovering the goods, and to save your estimation in him. I thank you, sir, for the gift of your ward, mistress Grace; look you, here is your hand and seal, by the way. Master Winwife, give you joy, you are *Palemon*, you are possessed of the gentlewoman, but she must pay me value, here's warrant for it. And, honest madman, there's thy gown and cap again; I thank thee for my wife. Nay, I can be mad, sweet-heart, [*to Mrs. Pure.*] when I please still; never fear me; and careful Numps, where's he? I thank him for my license.

Waspe. How!

Quar. 'Tis true, Numps.

Waspe. I'll be hang'd then.

Quar. Look in your box, Numps.—Nay, sir, [*to Overdo.*] stand not you fix'd here, like a stake in Finsbury, to be shot at, or the whipping-post in the Fair, but get your wife out o' the air, it will make her worse else; and remember you are but Adam, flesh and blood! you have your frailty, forget your other name of Overdo, and invite us all to supper. There you and I will compare our discoveries; and drown the memory of all enormity in your biggest bowl at home.

Cokes. How now, Numps, have you lost it? I warrant 'twas when thou wert in the stocks: Why dost not speak!

Waspe. I will never speak while I live again, for aught I know.

Over. Nay, Humphrey, if I be patient, you must be so too; this pleasant conceited gentleman hath wrought upon my judgment, and pre-

vail'd: I pray you take care of your sick friend, mistress Alice, and my good friends all——

Quar. And no *enormities.*

Over. I invite you home with me to my house to supper: I will have none fear to go along, for my intents are *ad correctionem, non ad destructionem; ad ædificandum, non ad diruendum:* so lead on.

Cokes. Yes, and bring the actors along, we'll have the rest of the play at home. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Your Majesty hath seen the play, and you
Can best allow it from your ear and view.
You know the scope of writers, and what store
Of leave is given them, if they take not more,
And turn it into license: you can tell
If we have us'd that leave you gave us well:
Or whether we to rage or license break,
Or be profane, or make profane men speak:
This is your power to judge, great sir, and not
The envy of a few. Which if we have got,
We value less what their dislike can bring,
If it so happy be, t' have pleas'd the King.[8]

[8] Whether this play *pleased the king* we have no means of ascertaining. James, indeed, disliked the Puritans, and must have been gratified with the well drawn portraiture of them in Zeal-of-the-Land Busy; but it is not altogether so certain that he would take delight in the strong ridicule thrown upon the controversies with them in the dispute between the Rabbi and puppet Dionysius. He had himself entered into more than one theological contest with them, and with a deplorable blindness in regard to their real object, always expected, poor man, in some auspicious moment, to reconcile them to the establishment in church and state, by the force of his own reasoning.

Dr. Johnson observes of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, that "it is remarkable for the number of the personages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and discriminated than perhaps can be found in any other play:" while the author of the *Biographia Dramatica* remarks, with far more accuracy (for Johnson knew nothing of our poet) that *Bartholomew Fair* exhibits perhaps the greatest assemblage of characters that ever was brought together within the compass of one single piece.

This play is placed by Milton, or his nephew, nearly on a level with those exquisite dramas the *Fox* and the *Alchemist*; and not unjustly, for it abounds in powerful satire, no less than in wit and humour; and the characters, numerous as they are, are all kept distinct from one another, and supported with a minuteness of attention which has probably never been exceeded. That the humour is of no elevated kind must be admitted; but it is suited to the persons; and the poet has prepared his reader for *the manners and the language* which he is about to adopt, in the introductory verses. That his choice of a subject was judicious, all may not be disposed to grant; but none will deny that he has treated it with consummate ability. Of Busy enough has been said. Cokes is unquestionably the most finished picture of a simpleton that the mimetic art ever produced. With sufficient natural powers to take from us all sense of uneasiness at his exposure, he is for ever wantoning on the verge of imbecility. His childish, but insatiable curiosity, his eagerness to possess every object within his reach, his total abandonment of himself to every amusement that offers, his incapacity of receiving more than one of two events at a time, with his anxious fears that the other will escape him, joined to the usual concomitants of folly, selfishness, cunning, and occasional fits of obstinacy, tend altogether to form a character infinitely amusing, and fully sufficient (in the hands of Nokes) to justify the "merry monarch," for the unusual glee with which he is reported to have witnessed its representation.

I have no design to analyze the rest of the dramatis personæ, though I cannot refrain from observing that there is scarcely one of them which does not manifest a degree of skill, little if at all inferior to that displayed in the character of Cokes. Even the trifling part of Troubleall, in any other writer than Jonson, would be thought deserving of praise, for its correct delineation of a particular species of insanity, too inoffensive for fear, and too slight for commiseration.

No small part of the mirth of this play arises from the ridiculous mortifications to which the various characters are subjected by the ingenious progress of the plot. The confident and careful Numps is tricked and disgraced on every occasion. Cokes is

stript in succession of every thing valuable, even to his clothes, and makes his last appearance nearly in a state of nudity. The wise justice is in a maze of dupery from the first scene to the last. The widow-hater marries an *ancient trillibub* of that description. In a word, there is scarcely one of the numerous dramatis personæ, who does not furnish his share of entertainment by appearing in situations directly opposite to his pretensions.

From the success which attended this play, the epiphonema "O rare Ben Jonson!" (afterwards placed on his tomb-stone), is said to have been first given to our author.

END OF VOL. IV.

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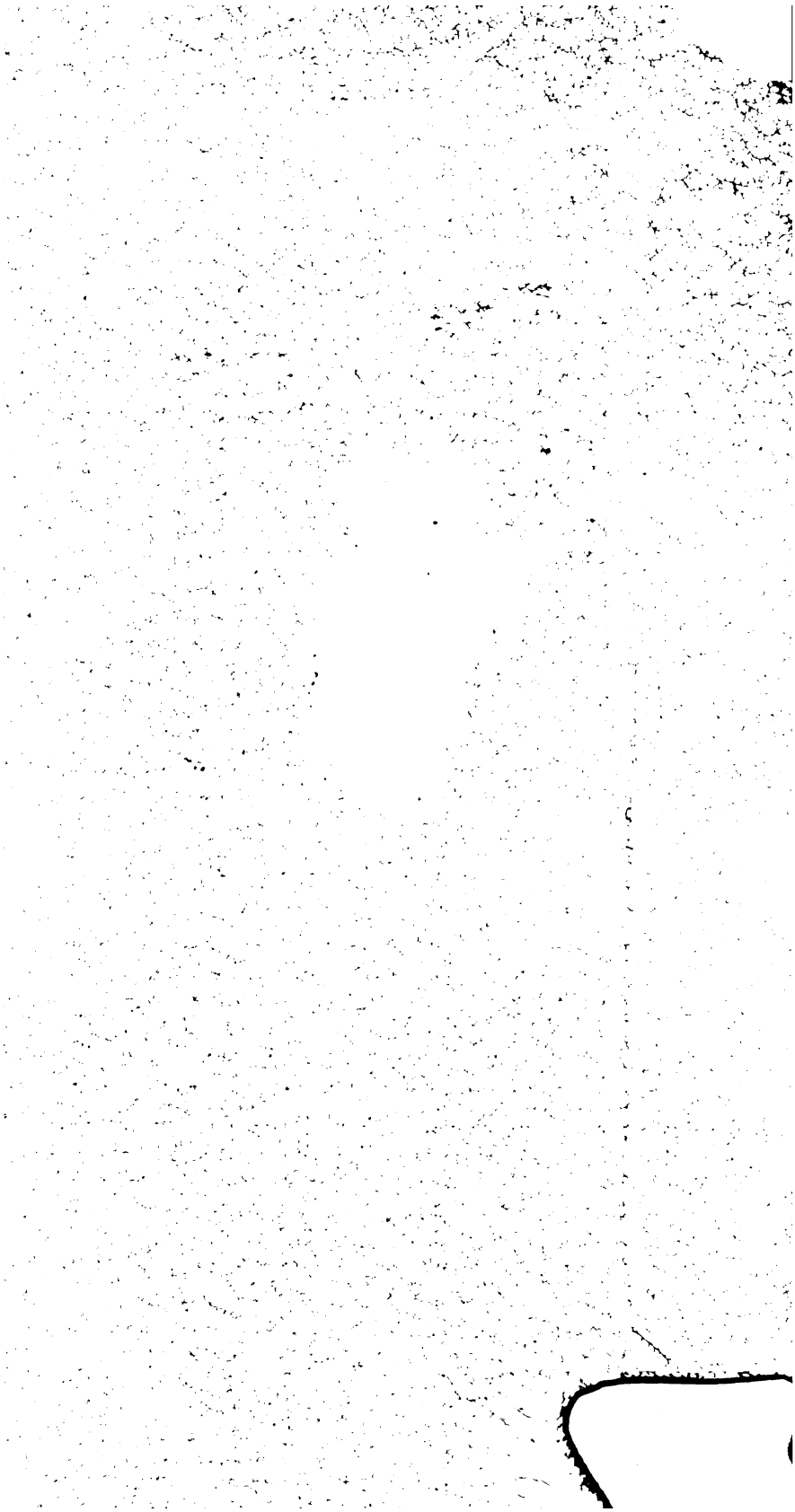
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